

N e u e
Englische Sprachlehre

nach

Johnson's und Murray's Grundsätzen.

Zweiter Theil,

welcher die englische Chrestomathie enthält.

11 2 11

Erklärung der

von

Geometrie und Arithmetik

Erster Teil

von der Geometrie und Arithmetik

Englische Chrestomathie

oder

Aehrenlese auf dem Felde der brittischen Literatur

begleitet mit

einer Einleitung zur englischen Unterhaltung,
kaufmännischen Correspondenz = Formularen und einem
Verzeichnisse kaufmännischer Ausdrücke.

von

Carl Joseph Hencke,

Lehrer der englischen und italienischen Sprache in Elberfeld.

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V o r w o r t.

Die Einwendungen, die hie und da gegen die Chrestomathien hörbar geworden sind, die Widersprüche, die sie gefunden, halten bei einer nähern Beleuchtung nicht Stich. Man macht diesen Aehrenlesen auf dem Felde der Literatur den Vorwurf, daß sie nur Bruchstücke gäben, dem tiefern Eindringen in den Geist der Schriftsteller, aus denen sie genommen, hinderlich wären, und daß sie bei ihrer Verschiedenartigkeit nach Inhalt und Form der Geseßtheit des Styles entgegen arbeiteten. Wir können dieser Meinung nicht beipflichten. Eine gut ausgewählte Chrestomathie ist einer Sammlung guter Landschaften vergleichbar, die verschiedenen Himmelsstrichen angehörig, dem verständigen Beschauer zur Reiselust ermuntern. Die reizenden Kleinbilder, die natürlicherweise nur einzelne interessante Puncte darbieten können, wecken das Verlangen nach einer nähern Betrachtung des ganzen Landes, dem die zierlichen Ausschnitte eigenthümlich sind. Die Wanderlust macht sich auf, um an Ort und Stelle die in einzelnen Umrissen gezeigte Herrlichkeit näher zu betrachten, und die Physionomie, die Sprache und Weise des von fern gezeigten Landes in der Nähe zu beschauen. Ein besonnener Reisender bindet sich nicht engherzig an die Sprache eines Landes; er eignet sich deren gern mehrere an, er faßt vereint deren Genius auf, vergleicht und wählt, und kommt so durch Vergleich und Wahl zu der ihn am meisten ansprechenden Redeart.

Wir glauben durch dieses Bild, das wir für den verständigen Leser unserer Chrestomathie zur Ausstellung bringen, einen Vorwurf zu beseitigen, der schon oft den literarischen Aehrenlesen gemacht worden ist.

Wenn die Auctorität der Alten, auf deren Zeugniß doch unsere literarischen Behmgerichte noch immer zu achten pflegen, nicht ganz werthlos ist, so können wir uns dreist darauf beziehen. Die Anthologien der Griechen und Römer sind in gewisser Beziehung Chrestomathien, gegen die wir freilich noch die besondere Verpflichtung haben, daß sie uns den Humor der Alten, der oft ein Stegreisleben führte, und sich nicht nach der Art altspanischer Büchernächter an Ketten legen ließ, wenigstens in Bruchstücken erhalten konnten.

Unsere Chrestomathie führt den Leser in die Gesellschaft der achtungswerthesten Schriftsteller Englands ein. Wir können zu der Bekanntschaft der bewährtesten Autoren alter und neuer Zeiten gewisse Hoffnung machen. Spencer eröffnet das Haus, und der überreiche Walter Scott stehet an der Thüre, und ladet freundlich zum Sitzen ein. Jeder trägt das Seinige zur Unterhaltung bei, jeder giebt nach seiner Weise, wie es in einer gutgebildeten Gesellschaft Sitte ist.

Die Einleitung zur englischen Unterhaltung, vorangeschickte Gespräche, erleichtern den Eingang in unsern Schriftsteller-Verein. Die Sammlung kaufmännischer Ausdrücke und merkantilischer Correspondenz-Artikel wird der Kaufmann von Profession hier sehr gerne sehen, und es uns Dank wissen, daß wir das Nützliche mit dem Schönen zu vereinigen gesucht haben. So glaubten wir dem Titel dieses Buches am besten zu entsprechen. Bei einer guten Aehrenlese, die freilich zuerst die Nothdurft bedenkt, darf auch die Lust nicht ganz vergessen werden. Demeter pflanzte sinnvoll die Kornblume in den Teppich der Saat, damit es dem sauern Erwerbe auch nicht an Kränzen gebräche.

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E i n l e i t u n g

z u r e n g l i s c h e n U n t e r h a l t u n g .

Anmerkung. Diese so nöthigen Wörter, wie auch die folgenden Uebungen über die Anwendung der Zeitwörter, Gespräche 2c., sollten außer den Unterrichtsstunden vom Anfänger im Wörterbuche nachgesucht und niedergeschrieben werden, weil sie sich so, durch die Feder geflossen, dem Gedächtnisse am besten einprägen.

V o f a b u l a r i u m .

Of sacred things.		
God,	the grave,	moon-light,
the Trinity,	the new year's day,	the world,
the father,	twelfth-day,	the east,
the son,	candlemas,	the west,
the holy ghost,	shrove-tuesday,	the north,
the creator,	ash wednesday,	the south,
the redeemer,	lent,	the light,
paradise,	ember-week,	the darkness,
hell,	palm-sunday,	the shadow,
an angel,	good-friday,	the four elements,
a devil,	easter,	the air,
the blessed,	whitsuntide,	the weather,
a preacher,	midsummer,	the cold,
a priest,	michaelmas,	the dryness,
a curate,	christmas,	the frost,
a parish,	the holydays.	the thunder,
a church,		a flash of lightning,
a steeple,		the rain-bow,
a bell,		an earthquake,
an altar,		the wind,
the pulpit,		a storm,
the organ,		a whirlwind,
the church-yard,		the water,
a burial,		the sea.
		a river,

Of the world in general.

Heaven,
the sun,
the sun-beams,
the stars,
the sky or firmament,
the moon,

the spring,
 the stream,
 the bank,
 the shore,
 a lake,
 a pond,
 a marsh,
 a fountain,
 a brook,
 the tide,
 the waves,
 the rain,
 the dampness,
 a cloud,
 the fog,
 the dew,
 the thaw,
 the ice,
 the snow,
 the hail,
 the fire,
 the heath,
 the light,
 the blaze,
 coals,
 a spark,
 the smoke,
 the ashes,
 the soot,
 the earth,
 dust,
 sand,
 gravel,
 a flint,
 mud,
 slime,
 the mire,
 a quarry,
 a stone,
 an island,
 a peninsula,
 a cape,

a promontory,
 a point,
 the sea coast.

Of time.

The day,
 the break of day,
 the dawn,
 the sun-rising,
 the morning,
 noon,
 the sun-set,
 the evening,
 the night,
 midnight,
 a holyday,
 a work-day,
 to-day,
 yesterday,
 the day before yesterday,
 to-morrow,
 the next day,
 an hour,
 half an hour,
 a quarter of an hour,
 a minute,
 an age,
 a year,
 the spring,
 the summer,
 the autumn,
 the winter,
 the month,
 january,
 february,
 march,
 april,
 may,
 june,
 july,
 august,

september,
 october,
 november,
 december,
 a week,
 sunday,
 monday,
 tuesday,
 wednesday,
 thursday,
 friday,
 saturday,
 the beginning,
 the middle,
 the end.

Of man.

A man,
 a woman,
 a boy,
 a young man,
 a girl,
 a tooth,
 an old man,
 an old woman,
 youth,
 old age,
 a blind man,
 a one-ey'd man,
 a squint-ey'd man,
 a deaf man,
 a dumb man,
 a lame man,
 a cripple,
 a crooked man,
 a glutton,
 a drunkard.

Of the human body.

The body,
 the five senses,
 the sight,

hearing,
 the smell,
 the taste,
 feeling,
 a member *or* limb,
 the head,
 the hair,
 the beard,
 the face,
 the forehead,
 the temples,
 the eyes,
 the eye-ball,
 the eye-lid,
 the eye-brow,
 the cheek,
 the ear,
 the nose,
 the nostrils,
 the mouth,
 the lips,
 the jaw,
 the gums,
 a child,
 the tongue,
 the palate,
 the chin,
 the neck,
 the throat,
 the shoulder,
 the arm,
 the elbow,
 the wrist,
 the fist,
 the hand,
 the right hand,
 the left hand,
 the fingers,
 the thumb,
 the little finger,
 the nails,

the bosom,
 the breast,
 the ribs,
 the side,
 the belly,
 the thigh,
 the knee,
 the leg,
 the calf of the leg,
 the foot,
 the feet,
 the ham,
 the ancles,
 the sole of the foot,
 the heel,
 a toe,
 the skin,
 the flesh,
 a bone,
 the brain,
 the heart,
 the lungs,
 the spleen,
 the liver,
 the bowels,
 a vein,
 a nerve,
 the stomach,
 the blood,
 the head-ache,
 the tooth-ache,
 the fever,
 a cold,
 a cough,
 the small-pox,
 a sore throat.

The different degrees of kindred.

A grand-father,
 a father,

a son,
 a grand-son,
 a brother,
 a sister,
 a cousin,
 an uncle,
 a nephew,
 a grand-mother,
 a mother,
 a daughter,
 a grand-daughter,
 an aunt,
 a niece,
 a husband,
 a wife,
 a father-in-law,
 a mother-in-law,
 a son-in-law,
 a daughter-in-law,
 a god-father,
 a god-mother,
 a god-son,
 a god-daughter,
 a widower,
 a widow,
 a foundling.

Of dress.

A suit of cloaths,
 a shirt,
 a shift,
 drawers,
 breeches,
 stockings,
 garters,
 slippers,
 boots,
 shoes,
 buckles,
 a neckcloth,
 the coat,
 waistcoat,

the sleeves,
 the pockets,
 a fob,
 the buttons,
 the buttonholes,
 the lining,
 the collars,
 a cloke,
 a great coat,
 trousers,
 a wig,
 a hat,
 a handkerchief,
 gloves,
 a cap,
 a muff,
 a comb,
 a brush,
 a watch,
 a snuff-box,
 a ring,
 spectacles,
 a sword,
 a cane,
 a petticoat,
 an apron,
 a gown,
 a looking-glass,
 powder,
 the powder-box,
 the puff,
 pins,
 a pin-cushion,
 ear-rings,
 a necklace,
 lace,
 a ribbon,
 jewels,
 a set of diamonds,
 a fan.

Of a house.

A house,
 the door,
 the bolt,
 the lock,
 the key,
 the latch,
 the yard,
 the poultry-yard,
 the stair-case,
 the garret,
 the roof,
 a story,
 an apartment,
 the parlour,
 the bed-room,
 the hall,
 a room,
 a chimney,
 a closet,
 a floor,
 the cellar,
 the kitchen,
 the oven,
 a coach-house,
 the stable,
 a well,
 a bucket,
 a garden,
 a pigeon-house,
 the wardrobe,
 the wall,
 the window,
 the shutters,
 a table,
 a carpet,
 a chair,
 a bed,
 the bolster,
 a pillow,
 the sheets,

a blanket,
 the curtains,
 a warming-pan,
 a candle,
 a candlestick,
 the snuffers,
 the bellows,
 the shovel,
 the tongs,
 wood,
 a clock,
 a broom,
 a kettle,
 a spit,
 a jack,
 a basket.

Of the country.

The country,
 the road,
 the high-way,
 a hedge,
 a ditch,
 a path,
 a village,
 a country-house,
 a country-seat,
 a mill,
 a wind-mill,
 a farm,
 a barn,
 the dairy,
 a hog-sty,
 an orchard,
 a bower,
 a wood,
 a cavern,
 a grotto,
 a den,
 a plain,
 a valley,
 a hill,

a mountain,
a rock,
a field,
a furrow,
a pasture,
a meadow,
a vineyard,
the harvest,
grass,
hay,
corn,
wheat,
rye,
barley,
oats,
an ear of corn,
straw,

flax,
hemp,
a plough,
a scythe,
a rake,
a cart,
a waggon,
the wheels.

Of study.

A book,
paper,
a sheet of paper,
a quire of paper,
a ream,
a leaf,
a page,

a line,
a desk,
a foul copy,
a pen knife,
a pen,
a pencil,
a sand-box,
ink,
the ink-stand,
a seal,
a scholar,
a letter,
a word,
a master,
a teacher,
a Professor,
a Doctor.

Article and Substantive.

A bush,
a tree,
a flower,
an apple,
an orange,
an almond,
a nut,
a house,
a hunter,
an hour,
an honour,
an hostler,
the garden,
the rainbow,
the clouds,
the napkin,
the scholar's duty,
the horizon,
virtue,
the vices,
temperance,
a variety,

the Rhine,
a prince,
a rivulet,
the hummer,
the pope,
an abbess,
an owl,
a building,
the weavers' company,
the sciences,
the planets,
the sun,
a volume,
parchment,
the pens,
a disposition,
benevolence,
an oversight,
a design,
the governess,
an ornament,

the girl's school,
a grammar,
mathematics,
the elements,
an earthquake.
the king's prerogative,
Africa,
the continent,
boundary,
a declivity,
blackness,
an inclination,
the undertaking,
Constancy,
an entertainment,
a fever,
the stars,
a comet,
a miracle,
a prophecy,
depravity,

the constitution.	wisdom,	a vacancy,
the laws,	the Caesars,	the hollow,
beauty,	the Thames,	an idea,
a consumption,	a river,	a whim,
an elevation,	the shadows,	something, nothing.
the conqueror,		

Article, Adjective and Substantive.

A good heart,	a plain narrative,
a wise head,	an historical fiction,
a strong body,	relentless war,
an obedient son,	an obdurate heart,
a diligent scholar,	tempestuous passions,
a happy parent,	a temper unhappy,
shady trees,	a sensual mind,
a fragrant flower,	the babbling brook,
the verdant fields,	a limpid stream,
a peaceful mind,	the devious walk,
composed thoughts,	a winding canal,
a serene aspect,	the Serpentine river,
an affable deportment,	a melancholy fact,
the whistling winds,	an interesting history,
a boisterous sea,	a happier life,
the howling tempest,	the woodbine's fragrance,
a gloomy cavern,	a cheering prospect,
rapid streams,	an harmonious sound,
unwholesome dews,	fruit delicious,
a severe winter,	the sweetest incense,
a useless drone,	an odorous garden,
the industrious bees,	the sensitive plant,
harmless doves,	a convenient mansion,
the careless ostrich,	warm clothing,
the dutiful stork,	a temperate climate,
the spacious firmament,	wholesome aliment,
cooling breezes,	an affectionate parent,
a amiable woman,	a free government,
a dignified character,	the diligent farmer,
a pleasing address,	a fruitful field,
an open countenance,	the crowning harvest,
a candid reasoner,	a virtuous conflict,
fair proposals,	a final reward,
a mutual agreement,	peaceful abodes,

the noblest prospect,
 a profligate life,
 a miserable end,
 regions gloomy,
 an incomprehensible subject.
 a controverted point,
 the cool sequestered vale,
 a garden enclosed,
 the ivy-mantled tower,
 virtue's fair form,
 a mahogany table,

sweet-scented myrtle,
 a resolution wise, noble, distinte-
 rested,
 consolation's lenient hand,
 a better world,
 a cheerful, good old man,
 a silver tea-urn,
 tender-looking charity,
 my brother's wife's mother,
 a book of my friend's.

Pronoun and verb, &c.

I am sincere.
 Thou art industrious.
 He is disinterested.
 We honour them.
 You encourage us.
 They commend her.
 Thou dost improve.
 He assisted me.
 We completed our journey.
 Our hopes did flatter us.
 They have deceived me.
 Your expectation has failed.
 The accident had happened.
 He had resigned himself.
 Their fears will detect them.
 You shall submit.
 They will obey us.
 Good humour shall prevail.
 He will have determined.
 We shall have agreed.
 Let me depart.
 Do you instruct him.
 Prepare your lessons.
 Let him consider.
 Let us improve ourselves.
 Know yourselves.
 Let them advance.
 They may offend.
 I can forgive.

He might surpass them.
 We could overtake him.
 I would be happy.
 You should repent.
 He may have deceived me.
 They may have forgotten.
 Thou mightst have improved.
 We should have considered.
 To see the sun is pleasant.
 To live well, is honourable.
 To have conquered himself, was
 his highest praise.
 Promoting other's welfare, they
 advanced their own interest.
 He lives respected.
 Having resigned his office, he re-
 tired.
 They are discouraged.
 He was condemned.
 We have been rewarded.
 She had been admired.
 Virtue will be rewarded.
 The person will have been exe-
 cuted, when the pardon arrives.
 Let him be animated.
 Be you entreated.
 Let them be prepared.
 It can be enlarged.
 You may be discovered.

He might be convinced.	Your conduct met their approbation.
It would be caressed.	None met who could avoid it.
I may have been deceived.	His esteem is my honour.
They might have been honoured.	Her work does her credit.
To be trusted, we must be virtuous.	Each must answer the question.
To have been admired, availed him little.	Every heart knows its own sorrows.
Ridiculed, despised, persecuted, he maintained his principles.	Which was his choice?
Being reviled, we bless.	It was neither.
Having been deserted, he became discouraged.	Hers is finished, thine is to do.
The sight being new, he startled.	This is what I feared.
This uncouth figure startled him.	That is the thing which I desired.
I have searched.	Who can preserve himself?
I have found it.	Whose books are these?
They searched those rooms; he was gone.	Whom have we served?
The book is his, it was mine.	Some are negligent, others industrious.
These are yours, those are ours.	One may deceive one's self.
Our hearts are deceitful.	All have a talent to improve.
	Can any dispute it?
	Such is our condition.

Adverb, Preposition, Conjunction and Interjection.

I have seen him once, perhaps twice.
 Thirdly and lastly, I shall conclude.
 This plant is found here, and elsewhere.
 Only to-day is properly ours.
 The task is already performed.
 We could not serve him then, but we will hereafter.
 We often resolve, but seldom perform.
 He is much more promising now than formerly.
 We are wisely and happily directed.
 He has certainly been diligent, and will probably succeed.
 How sweetly the birds sing!
 Why art thou so heedless.
 He is little attentive, nay, absolutely stupid.
 When will they arrive? Where shall we stop?
 Mentally and bodily, we are curiously and wonderfully formed.
 They travelled through France, in haste, towards Italy.
 From virtue to vice, the progress is gradual.
 By diligence and frugality, we arrive at competency.

We are often below our wishes, and above our desert.
Some things make for him, others against him.
By this imprudence, he was plunged into new difficulties.
Without the aid of charity, he supported himself with credit.
Of his talents much might be said; concerning his integrity,
nothing.

On all occasions, he behaved with propriety.

We in vain look for a path between virtue and vice.

He lives within his income.

The house was sold at a great price, and above its value.

She came down stairs slowly, but went briskly, up again.

His father, and mother, and uncle, reside at Rome.

We must be temperate, if we would be healthy.

He is as old as his brother, but not so learned.

Charles is esteemed, because he is both discreet and benevolent.

We will stay till he arrives.

He retires to rest soon, that he may rise early.

We ought to be thankful, for we have received much.

Though he is often advised, yet he does not reform.

Reproof either softens, or hardens, its object.

Neither prosperity, nor adversity, has improved him.

He can acquire no virtue, unless he make some sacrifices.

Let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall.

If thou wert his superior, thou shouldst not have boasted.

He will be detected, though he deny the fact.

If he has promised, he should act accordingly.

She will transgress, unless she be admonished.

If he were encouraged, he would amend.

Though he condemn me, I will respect him.

Their talents are more brilliant than useful.

Notwithstanding his poverty, he is a wise and worthy person.

If our desires are moderate, our wants will be few.

Hope often amuses, but seldom satisfies us.

Though he is lively, yet he is not volatile.

O peace! how desirable thou art!

I have been often occupied, alas! with trifles.

Strange! that we should be so infatuated.

O! the humiliations to which vice reduces us.

Hark! how sweetly the woodlark sings!

Ah! the delusions of hope.

Hail, simplicity! source of genuine joy.

Behold! how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Welcome again! my long lost friend.

A few instances of the same word's constituting several of the parts of speech.

Calm was the day, and the scene delightful.

We may expect a calm after a storm.

To prevent passion, is easier, than to calm it.

Better is a little with content, than a great deal with anxiety.

The gay and dissolute think little of the miseries, which are stealing softly after them.

A little attention will rectify some errors.

Though he is out of danger, he is still afraid.

He laboured to still the tumult.

Still waters are commonly deepest.

Damp air is unwholesome.

Guilt often casts a damp over our sprightliest hours.

Soft bodies damp the sound much more than hard ones.

Tho' she is rich and fair, yet she is not amiable.

They are yet young, and must suspend their judgment yet a while.

Many persons are better than we suppose them to be.

The few and the many have their prepossessions.

Few days pass without some clouds.

Much money is corrupting.

Think much, and speak little.

He has seen much of the world, and been much caressed.

His years are more than hers; but he has not more knowledge.

The more we are blessed, the more grateful we should be.

The desire of getting more is rarely satisfied.

He has equal knowledge, but inferior judgment.

She is his inferior in sense, but his equal in prudence.

Every being loves its like.

Behave yourselves like men.

We are too apt to like evil company.

He may go or stay as he likes.

They strive to learn.

He goes to and fro.

To his wisdom we owe our privilege.

The proportion is ten to one.

He has served them with his utmost ability.

When we do our utmost, no more is required.

I will submit, for I know submission brings peace.

It is for our health to be temperate.

O! for better times.

I have a regard for him.

He is esteemed, both on his own account, and on that of his parents.

Both of them deserve praise.

Yesterday was a fine day.

I rode out yesterday.

I shall write to-morrow.

To-morrow may be brighter than to-day.

Exercises upon the irregular verbs which occur most frequently in conversation.

I *bore* (to bear) my sorrows with patience, and he has not *borne* his with the same resignation.

He *beat* (to beat) all his enemies.

We *began* (to begin) our exercises yesterday, and you have not yet *begun* yours.

You *bent* (to bend) your course to England.

They *bereft* (to bereave) me of all my property.

I *besought* (to beseech) you to do it.

He *bid* (to bid) me go home.

We *bound* (to bind) two servants.

The dog that *bit* (to bite) has not *bitten* you.

They *bled* (to bleed) me three times.

The wind *blew* (to blow) so hard that several houses were *blown* down.

I *broke* (to break) my leg, and he has *broken* his arm.

He was *bred* (to breed) a scholar.

We *brought* (to bring) him to reason.

You *built* (to build) a very fine house.

They *burnt* (to burn) their fingers.

I *burst* (to burst) into tears.

He *bought* (to buy) a fine horse.

We *cast* (to cast) ourselves at his feet.

You *chose* (to choose or to chuse) a few english books, but you have not *chosen* the best.

12 Uebungen über die unregelmäßigen Zeitwörter.

They *came* (to came) yesterday, but they are not *come* today.

This lace *cost* (to cost) me twenty guineas.

This opinion *crept* (to creep) insensibly into people's minds.

The whole army was *cut* (to cut) in pieces.

He *dealt* (to deal) with me very honestly.

My brother *died* (to die) last week, and my father has been *dead* these ten years.

I *did* (to do) him a great kindness, and he has *done* me a great deal of harm.

Four horses *drew* (to draw) his carriage, and mine was *drawn* by two.

I *dreamt* (to dream) all night long.

We *drank* (to drink) your health.

You *drove* (to drive) him mad, and he has *driven* you out of his house.

They *eat* (to eat) a deal of bread; but you have *eaten* very little.

His reputation *fell* (to fall) and every thing is *fallen* withit.

They *fed* (to feed) only upon rice, milk and herbs.

I *felt* (to feel) a great pain in my head.

He *fought* (to fight) for the cause of liberty.

We *found* (to find) every day some new diversions.

He *flung* (to fling) away his money.

Your bird *flew* (to fly) away, and mine is *flown* too.

All his friends *forsook* (to forsake) him; but I was *forsaken* even by my nearest relations.

It *froze* (to freeze) very hard yesterday; but it has *frozen* harder to-day.

He *got* (to get) riches and glory.

Your brother *gave* (to give) me ten guineas, and you have given me five.

I *went* (to go) to his house, and he was gone to the play.

Your cousin *grew* (to grow) rich, and you are *grown* poor.

I never *heard* (to hear) of such a thing.

He *hid* (to hide) his treasures; but where has he *hidden* them?

You *hit* (to hit) it right.

They *held* (to hold) the dagger to his throat.

I never *hurt* (to hurt) him.

He *kept* (to keep) his promise.

We *knew* (to know) him, before we were *known* by him.

The rain has *laid* (to lay) the dust.

He *led* (to lead) us in the path of virtue.

We *left* (to leave) it to your choice.

They *lent* (to lend) us a great deal of money.

I *let* (to let) him go out.

He *lay* (to lie) in the same bed in which I have *lain* twenty times.

We have *lost* (to lose) our property.

You *made* (to make) me happy.

They *meant* (to mean) no harm to us.

I *met* (to meet) him by chance.

He *paid* (to pay) me with ingratitude.

We have *put* (to put) every thing in its place.

You have *read* (to read) many english books.

They *rode* (to ride) out with him in his coach.

The bells *rang* (to ring) in the morning, and have *rung* again in the after-noon.

I *rose* (to rise) before you were *risen*.

He *ran* (to run) very fast; but you have *run* faster than he.

We *said* (to say) many silly things.

You *saw* (to see) your friend last night, and I have not *seen* him.

They have always *sought* (to seek) after truth.

I *sold* (to sell) all my books.

He *sent* (to send) me a letter by the post.

We *set* (to set) the inkstand upon the table.

You *shook* (to shake) me by the hand.

They have *shed* (to shed) tears.

I have *shewn* (to shew or to show) him a great deal of kindness.

His arms *shone* (to shine).

That tree has *shot* (to shoot) forth leaves.

We *shut* (to shut) the door upon him.

You have *sung* (to sing) a very pretty song.

They *sat* (to sit) down to table at five o'clock.

I *slept* (to sleep) very soundly.

He *smelt* (to smelt) it at a distance.

We *spoke* (to speak) english; this language is now *spoken* all over Europe.

You have *spent* (to spend) all your money.

They *spit* (to spit) a great deal of blood.

There is a report *spread* (to spread) about the town.

I *stood* (to stand) to my opinion.

He *stole* (to steal) my watch, and would have *stolen* my money.

We *struck* (to strike) him on the head.

14 Übungen über die unregelmäßigen Zeitwörter.

You *strove* (to strive) against the stream.

They *swore* (to swear) my ruin, and I have *sworn* to forgive them.

I *took* (to take) his advice, and I wish he had *taken* mine.

He *taught* (to teach) you the English language.

We *tore* (to tear) many books; but we have not *torn* yours.

You *told* (to tell) me a very entertaining story.

It is *thought* (to think).

They *threw* (to throw) a stone at me, and might have *thrown* me down.

I *wore* (to wear) a green coat which is now quite *worn* out.

He *wept* (to weep) bitterly.

You *won* (to win) his money.

Whilst they *wrote* (to write) two pages, I could have *written* twenty.

*Familiar Phrases. *)*

Questioning, affirming,
denying, going, coming &c.

What is that?

What is the matter there?

What do you say?

What are you doing?

Have you done?

What would you please to have?

What do you mean?

What's the meaning of that?

May one ask you?

What do you ask?

Do you call? Does any body
call?

What is your name?

Whose house is that?

Whose books are these?

What is to be done?

What do you advise me to do?

Do you know that?

Do you hear me?

Do you understand me?

Do you remember that?

Why don't you answer?

What do you look for?

What have you lost?

What's that good for?

Pray, give me — send me —
bring me — lend me.

Go and fetch.

I assure you, I can assure you.

I could say something.

That is true — It is but too true.

It is not so — It is not true.

I was told so — Every body
says so.

Upon my word and honour.

As I am an honest man.

I don't doubt it.

Do you jest?

I spoke in earnest, I warrant you.

I believe you.

You are right.

He is wrong.

I say yes — I say no.

There is no such thing.

You have been imposed upon.

I cannot help it.

*) An Englishman seldom interrogates or replies without the addition of Sir, Miss, &c.

I will — I consent to it.
 I am against it.
 It would be better for me to go.
 I had rather.
 Hold your tongue.
 I say nothing.
 Don't say a word.
 I know nothing of it.
 Be quiet.
 Don't make a noise.
 Do you know the gentleman?
 I know him by sight — by reputation.
 I have forgot his name.
 Speak loud — louder.
 Don't talk of that.
 'Tis not worth while.
 You are very obliging — very kind.
 You are very good.
 I will do it with pleasure, with all my heart.
 You give yourselves too much trouble.
 Rely (depend) upon me.
 Where are you going?
 I am going home.
 You go too fast, too slow.
 Are you in such a hurry?
 Let us cross the street.
 Let us go in — let us go out — let us go down.
 Let us go this way — that way.
 Go to the left — to the right.
 Go straight along.
 Draw back a little.
 Go back again.
 Don't stir.
 Where do you come from?
 I come from home — from my uncle's.
 Come here (hither).

Come up — come forwards — come near me.
 Sit down by me.
 Come near the fire.
 Stop — stay a little.
 I stay for you.
 Open the window.
 Shut the door.

To enquire after health.

How do you do, Sir?
 Very well, at your service.
 How do they all do at your house?
 How does your sister do?
 How does your brother do?
 Is your mother in good health?
 She is not well.
 She is a little indisposed.
 What's her illness?
 She has got a cold.
 She has the head-ach.
 I have heard your uncle is also out of order.
 He has got a sore throat.
 He has got the tooth-ach.
 How long has he been ill?
 It is not long since.
 But now I think on't, how does your cousin do?
 He is much better than he was.
 I am glad to hear he is on the mending hand.
 Give my compliments to him.
 Farewell, Good bye?

On the age.

How old are you?
 I am eighteen years of age.
 How old is your father?
 I don't know; but he is very well, and that is the chief thing.
 How many brothers have you

I have three brothers.
 How old is the eldest?
 He is nineteen years old.
 And the youngest?
 He is turned of sixteen.
 He is very tall for his age.
 Is not Mr. B. a great deal older
 than Mr. R.?
 Certainly, for Mr. B. is in his
 forty-sixth year.
 How old may this young lady be?
 She is in the prime of her age.
 She cannot be more than twenty-
 two years old.

On the Hour.

What o'clock is it?
 Tell me what o'clock it is?
 What o'clock do you think it is?
 It is late?
 No, it is early.
 It is six o'clock.
 I did not think it was so late.
 Did you not hear the clock strike?
 No, for do not always hear the
 clock strike here.
 It struck six just now.
 It is time to get up.
 It is day-light.
 It is a quarter past six o'clock.
 It is half past six.
 It wants a quarter to seven.
 It wants but a few minutes.
 It is almost eight.
 It is breakfast time.
 It is not ten yet.
 It is twelve.
 See by the sun-dial.
 It does not agree with our clock.
 How time passes away!

It is almost time for us to go
 home.
 At what time must you go home?
 At two o'clock exactly.
 It is dinner-time.
 It will soon be night.
 The sun is just set.
 The night comes on.
 The moon is rising already.
 The moon shines.
 It is night.
 It is supper-time.
 It is time to go to bed.
 It is past eleven o'clock.
 It is very near twelve (at night).
 See what o'clock it is by your
 watch.
 It is down.
 Wind it up.
 'Tis an old watch, but it used to
 go right for all that.
 There is something broke in it.
 The spring is broke.
 The hand is lost.
 Look at yours.
 Mine is a repeater.
 But it don't go right.
 Yesterday it went too fast.
 To-day it goes too slow.
 It stops sometimes.
 It is out of order.

At Breakfast.

Is breakfast ready?
 What have we for breakfast?
 Have you breakfasted?
 Will you breakfast with us?
 What do you choose?
 Whatever you please.
 Will you have some chocolate?
 Do you like coffee better?

I like chocolate very well.
 Bring the chocolate-pot.
 Set it upon the fire.
 Where are the cups?

Sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

None at all, Sir, though you had not been here, I would have had chocolate.

Put the tea-board upon the table, set on the water to boil, I will also make some tea.

Not for me, a dish of chocolate is sufficient.

I have some delicious tea, I must have you taste it.

Is it bohea?

No, Sir, 'tis green, the finest I have ever tasted.

Here is fine china, I have never seen a more beautiful set than this is.

The sugar-basin and tea-pot are of the newest fashion.

The cups, the saucers, the slop bason, and the milk-jug are very elegant.

If I had any handsomer, I would present you with them.

You must now take a dish of coffee.

I had rather be excused.

It is very good; taste it, Sir.

Certainly, it cannot be better.

But it is too strong.

'Tis a fault on the right side.

Take a cup of tea, if you like it is better.

No sugar, Miss, if you please.

3weiter Theil.

For my part, I always drink it without sugar.

Every one to his taste.

This green tea is excellent.

Is there sugar enough in it.

Eat some of this toast, or a slice of bread and butter.

Take some.

Your tea grows cold.

Don't you choose to drink another cup?

No more, I thank you, I have breakfasted.

Now, I must take my leave of you, for I have a friend who is waiting for me.

I am sorry you are in such a hurry.

Farewell then, Sir.

On the weather.

How is the weather?

Is it fine weather?

It is very bad weather.

It is dull weather.

It is cloudy weather.

It is wet, windy, stormy, dry weather.

It is dark or gloomy weather.

It is foggy weather.

The wind blows, it is windy.

The wind blows cold.

The wind is very high.

The wind is turned, it falls.

I think it will rain to-day.

'Tis likely enough.

It drizzles.

Does it rain?

Does it not rain?

It rained just now.
 It is going to rain.
 It rains very fast.
 It hails.
 See how it rains.
 'Tis but a shower.
 It will soon be over.
 I am wet thro'.
 Let us shelter ourselves.
 Are you afraid of getting wet?
 I am afraid to catch cold.
 It is cold — very cold.
 It is excessive cold.
 I am cold.
 My fingers are benumbed with cold.
 Is there a fire in the parlour?
 It snows, it thaws, it freezes.
 It is a hard frost.
 The river is frozen over.
 The ice bears.
 One may slide safely.
 I had rather skate.
 It thaws, doesn't it thaw?
 The snow melts away.
 The sun shines.
 The weather is now mild.
 It begins to be warm.
 How warm (or hot) it is?
 It is extremely hot.
 It is sultry hot.
 I am warm.
 I am excessive hot.
 Let us go into the shade.
 We shall have a storm.
 The sky is overcast.
 It lightens prodigiously.
 One can see nothing but flashes of lightning.
 It thunders, the thunder roars.
 What a clap of thunder!

Are you afraid of thunder?
 There are few people who are not afraid of it.
 Make yourselves easy, the storm is over.
 It clears up.
 I see the rain-bow.
 'Tis a prognostic of fair weather.
 It grows fine.
 It begins to be fair again.
 The rain has laid the dust.
 It is dirty.
 The streets are very dirty.
 It is bad walking.
 The stones are very slippery.
 A coach has splashed me all over.

At dinner.

At what o' clock do you usually dine?
 At two o' clock, and I beg you will take a dinner with me to-day.
 With all my heart.
 Let us sit down.
 There wants a cover here.
 This soup seems good: who will have any?
 As for my part, I don't love soup, but I will eat some of this boiled fowl.
 There it is, help yourself.
 That is the best way, but I am not in a hurry.
 Take the soup away, and bring the roast meat.
 Now, who understands carving?
 Are you a good carver, Sir?
 I sometimes take it upon me, though I am very unhandy at it.

Be so kind as to carve that duck,
and help this lady to some of
the breast.

You don't eat.

Shall I help you to some of this
fricassee?

Do you rather choose some of the
Scotch collops?

I save my stomach for the roast
meat.

Shall I help you to some of this
sirloin of beef?

Tell me what you like.

Will you have fat or lean?

A little of both.

I'll give you a nice piece.

And you, Miss?

Some of the turbot, if you please.

Who will dress the sallad?

Season it well.

Who will have any?

This game has a charming fla-
vour, and is done nicely.

I am very glad it is to your taste.

Madam, give me leave to help
you to a wing of this partridge.

It is very tender, and well-tasted.

Some drink. Let's drink.

Ladies, to all your healths.

I drink to all the company's
health.

Sir, here is to you.

Madam, my humble service (or
respects) to you.

Sir, you do me honour.

I most humbly thank you.

Come, fill bumpers all around.

Perhaps these ladies may like
champaign better.

Serve the lady with a glass of
champaign.

Bring me some Burgundy.

Let's hob and nob.

How do you like this wine?

It is excellent.

Be so kind as to hand the aspa-
ragus this way.

Those pigeons look well.

I can assure you they taste still
better.

I do not doubt it.

Give the gentleman some bread.

This hare is not done enough.

I think so too.

Sir, will you do me the favour,
to help me to a bit of it?

Here is some, madam; I do not
know whether it be to your
mind.

It is just what I like best.

I am glad I happened to guess
so well.

Take away, and bring the des-
sert.

Do you love strawberries with
wine, or cream?

We shall have some both ways.

These strawberries have a fine
flavour, take some, Sir?

I am no great admirer of fruit;
I choose rather to eat a bit of
that cheese.

Miss, won't you help yourself to
our strawberries?

No, Sir, I thank you, I'll eat
some of these sweetmeats.

A glass of wine after this will
not be amiss.

What do you think of it?

It is a very good thought.

Let me have a glass of wine.

I have fared sumptuously.

Concerning the English language.

Do you learn English?

Do you understand English?

Can you speak English?

A little, just enough to make myself understood.

Speak English to me.

Do not speak so fast.

I do not understand you.

Are you very well versed in the English language?

No Sir.

Be so kind as to tell me how you call that in english.

It is called —

Very well, and this?

I believe they call it —

You will speak English well, provided you take pains.

I have just begun to learn, or I am but a beginner.

I know but little of it.

I hardly know any thing.

Yet, your master has told me that you improve wonderfully.

I wish it were true.

He is mightily pleased with you.

You pronounce perfectly well.

Don't you understand what I say to you?

I understand it well; but I find it difficult to reply.

That will come in time, don't be discouraged for that.

How long have you been learning?

Not long.

About six months.

You have improved very much for the time.

The English tongue is not very difficult for Germans to learn.

To hire a lodging.

Ma'am, have you any rooms to let?

Yes, Sir, will you be pleased to see them?

I am come on purpose.

How many must you have?

I want a dining-room, and a bed-chamber, with a closet to it.

Must your rooms be furnish'd, or unfurnish'd?

Furnish'd.

Be so kind as to stay a moment in this parlour, and I will go and fetch the keys.

Well, Ma'am, I'll stay for you.

Will you take the trouble to step up?

We follow you, madam.

Here is the apartment you desire to have on the first floor.

There is a very good bed.

You see that there are all things necessary in a furnish'd lodging; as tables, looking-glasses, stands, chairs and sofa.

But where is the closet?

Here it is.

This suits me well enough.

I am glad of it.

How much do you demand per week?

I never let my chambers but by the month or the quarter.

Well, I will take them by the month; and the rent?

I never had less than two guineas a month for these two rooms.

It is too much.

You ought to consider that this is the finest part of the town, and that you are within a step of the court.

But now I think of it, can I not board at your house?

Yes, Sir, you can.

How much do you charge a week for board.

At the rate of sixty pounds a year.

How much does that come to?

To about twenty - four shillings a week.

And what do you charge for lodging and board together?

Sixteen pounds a quarter.

Well, I will enter to-morrow.

When you please.

Good night, sir.

Good night, ma'am.

To embark in the packet-boat.

Sir, are you a Frenchman?

No, sir, I am an Englishman, at your service.

Do you return to Calais?

Yes, sir, when the wind serves.

Have you many passengers?

I have ten or twelve.

When shall you start?

To-morrow, or perhaps to-night.

How much do you ask for my passage?

You will give me — —

There is your money.

Where do you lodge?

At the sign of — —

I know where it is.

Be prepared. I will call you when it is time.

Pray do.

Must I carry any victuals, or provisions?

As you please.

Sir, the wind serves.

Let us go then.

Step into the boat.

In an Inn.

When does the stage set out for London? Let me speak with the coachman.

Will you not dine first?

Yes. What have you for dinner?

Will you dine in company?

Yes, if there is any. Is dinner ready?

It is upon table.

How much do you ask a-head?

Half a crown.

Will you not stay here?

I think not. I shall take the opportunity of the stage.

When will it set off?

Presently. There is the master of the stage.

Are you ready to set out?

We shall start in an hour.

Where shall we stop?

At Canterbury.

Give me a good place.

You shall have the best.

I thank you. Pray, what is your fare?

A guinea.

When shall we arrive at London?

On monday.

Landlord, we must go. There is what I owe you. Good bye.

Sir, I am your most humble servant; I hope you will come and see me when you return. I will not fail. Are you satisfied? Yes, sir, I am much obliged to you.

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London, August 6th 1823. For £ 1123.

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No. 4701.

Murray & Co

Mr. William Davidson
London.

Second Bill.

Naples, August 15th 1823. For £ 1590 : 10 s.

Three Months date, please to pay, by this second of exchange (first not paid) to Mess. Carli & Co or order, the sum of one thousand five hundred ninety pounds ten shillings Sterling, value in goods, and please to put it on account as advised

No. 13571.

Falcon & Co

Mess. Doxat & Divet
London.

First for acceptance with Mess. Smith Payne & Smith.

Endorsement.

Pay to Mr. James Leith or order, value in account.

Augsburgh, 25. Aug. 23.

Carli & Co

Accepted Bill.

Manchester, August 15th 1823. For £ 500.

Ten days after sight please to pay for this first of Exchange, order of Mr. Robert Lowe, the sum of five hundred pounds Sterling value received as advised by

No. 1571.

Blessing & Peace.

Mr. George Wilkins
London.

Accepted 17. August payable with
Mess. Ranson Morland & Co

George Wilkins.

Sole Bill.

York, August 15th 1823. For £ 500.

Three days date please to pay by this sole of exchange to Mr. James Duncan the sum of five hundred pounds Sterling, value received in cash and as advised by

Charles Morgan.

Mess. Wilson Agasiz & Co
London.

*Promissory Notes and Receipts.**Notes of hand.*

Two months date I promise to pay to Mr. Robt Busby or order, the sum of two hundred pounds Sterling, value received in goods.

Birmingham, September 3rd 1823.

£ 200.

James Byron.

On demand I promise to pay to Mr. George Walter or order the sum of one hundred fifty-three pounds thirteen Shillings Sterling, value received in cash.

Bristol, October 1823.

£ 153 : 13 s.

Joseph Smith.

We, the underwriters, promise conjointly to pay, on the twentieth of next November to Mess. Silver & Co the sum of six hundred forty-two pounds ten shillings and six pence Sterling, which they have lent to oblige us.

Hull, July 7th 1823.

£ 641 : 10 s.

Richard Brass.

James Copper.

R e c e i p t s.

I, the underwritten declare to have received of Mr. Lewis Banks the sum of sixty pounds lent him, according to his promissory note of the fifteenth of last March, which, on this account, I now return into the hands of the said Mr. Banks as discharged.

London, June the 15th 1823.

John Bridge.

This is to acknowledge that I have received from Mr. Adolphus Hankay the sum of fifteen pounds for a year's interest of the sum of three hundred pounds he owes me, due on the 25th of July last.

Windsor, August the 1st 1823.

Francis Whitly.

C a r d s a n d N o t e s ,

oder Handbillette.

Anmerkung. Da die Engländer die Einladungs-Karten und Briefzettel oder Handbilletts in der dritten Person abfassen, worin sowohl die Anrede als Unterschrift wegleibt, so wird man hier zur Kenntniß des Lesenden einige anführen.

No. 1.

Mr. B.'s compliments to Mr. G. and would be glad, to be favoured with his company thursday next, to drink tea, and spend the evening.

Manchester Square,

January 5th

To Mr. G. No. 15 Lombard Street.

No. 2.

Mr. G. returns his compliments to Mr. B., and will not fail to wait on him next thursday.

Tuesday morning.

No. 3.

Mr. A. finding himself obliged to go to Windsor, desires Mr. J. not to give himself the trouble of calling upon him to-morrow.

Lombard street,

August 1st.

To M. J. No. 11. Finsbury Square.

No. 4.

Mrs. and Mr. B. have the honour to present their respectful compliments to Lady and Lord G., and request the favour of their company to dinner on tuesday next.

General Worthy and Colonel Anderson will be there likewise with their Ladies.

Portland Place,

February 1st.

The favour of an answer is requested.

A n s w e r No. 5.

Lady and Lord G. return their compliments to Mrs. and Mr. B. and are sorry that a preengagement permits not of accepting their polite invitation.

St. James Street.

Monday Morning.

To Mr. B. Portland Place.

No. 6.

Mrs. M.'s respects to Mrs. and Mr. L. and the young Ladies, and would be glad of the favour of their company this evening to tea and cards.

Fleet street.

Wednesday morning 9 o'clock.

Answer No. 7.

Mrs. and Mr. L. return their compliments to Mrs. M. and will do themselves the pleasure of waiting upon her with their two eldest daughters this evening.

From home. Wednesday.

2 o'clock after-noon.

To Mrs. M. No. 314 Fleet street.

No. 8.

Mrs. F. wishes Mr. S. a good morning. As she is going this evening to a ball she cannot have the pleasure of seeing him to-day, and desires him to be so kind, as not to come to-morrow till eleven o'clock.

Friday noon.

To Mr. S. No. 51. Oxford street.

No. 9.

Mrs. and Mr. Walker present their compliments to Mrs. and Mr. W. and hope they will favor them with the honour of their company to dinner on Wednesday next at five o'clock.

Strand Monday morning.

No 10.

Mrs. and Mr. W. return their compliments and will do themselves the pleasure to wait on Mrs. and Mr. W. at the appointed day and hour.

Cornhill. Monday noon.

No. 11.

Miss. Amelia T.'s best compliments to Miss. Emma and Mary S., and begs the favour of their company on Friday next in the afternoon to celebrate her birth day, on which occasion her mamma has allowed her to invite several of her young friends to a little entertainment.

From home.

Wednesday noon.

To Miss. Emma and Mary S.

No. 14 Lombard street.

No. 12.

Miss. Emma and Mary S. send their best compliments to Miss. T. and will do themselves the pleasure of joining in the celebration of her birth-day on friday next.

Wednesday evening.

To Miss. Amelia T.

No. 96. Coventgarden.

No. 13.

Mrs. H.'s compliments and the weather being very fine will do herself the pleasure of calling on Mrs. S. this afternoon at 5 o'clock to pay their long intended visit to Mrs. W. at her Country-house.

A n s w e r No. 14.

Mrs. S. returns her compliments and will be happy to see Mrs. H. at 5 o'clock, but fears the weather will prevent their visiting Mrs. W.

No. 15.

Mr. H. presents respects to Mr. W. and if convenient will take the liberty of calling on him at any time he will fix, having to communicate to him something important on the last enterprize with Mr. B.

No. 16. A n s w e r.

Mr. W. will be happy to see Mr. H. at any time and will remain at home to-morrow the whole morning.

No. 17.

Mr. D. 's best compliments to Mrs. F. and begs her to accept some wild fowl just received from the country.

No. 18. A n s w e r.

Mrs. F. returns her thanks for his polite present and understanding by the bearer that Mr. D. is quite alone in town, would be very happy, if he would enhance the obligation by favouring her with his agreeable company at 5 o'clock to partake of it.

No. 19.

Mr. H.'s compliments to Charles B. Esqr and having composed a work intituled. "Political observations made during his travels in Italy, sends him the manuscript to hear his valuable opinion.

Little fashionable letters.

No. 1.

I invite you my dear, to come and drink a dish of tea with me this evening. I shall be alone in the garden, and hope to be favoured with your agreeable conversation.

Your

Sophia.

No. 2. Answer.

I am much obliged to you my dear friend, for your kind invitation; but am extremely sorry, it is not in my power to comply with it, because we expect company this evening at our house in town. As for to-morrow, I am at your service, and if you don't call on me in the morning, I will certainly wait on you in the afternoon.

Von Titulaturen.

Hierin sind die Engländer nicht so weitläufig wie wir. Zu einer Bittschrift an den König ist die Form diese:

Die Anrede: Sire!

Sodann fängt man an: May it please Your Majesty &c., oder Your most Sacred Majesty &c.

In dem Schreiben wechselt man ab mit Sire, Your Majesty, Most Gracious Sir, Royal Sir &c. Beim Schlusse sagt man Sire.

Your Majesty's

most &c.

Aufschrift an den König von England.

To his Majesty George the IVth King of Great Britain, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith &c.

An den Kron- und andere königlichen Prinzen,

Die Anrede: Sir! May it please Your Royal Highness.

Anfang des Schreibens: Your Royal Highness &c.

Das Abwechseln im Schreiben mit Sir!

Auswendige Adresse: To His Royal Highness N. &c.

An eine königliche Prinzessin.

Die Aufschrift: To her Royal Highness N.

Die Anrede: Madam.

Der Schluß: Your Royal Highness's &c.

An einen Erzbischof.

Die Anrede: May it please Your Grace &c.

Die Aufschrift: To the most Reverend Father in God N.
Lord Archbishop of N. oder auch To his Grace &c.

An einen Bischof.

Die Aufschrift: To the Right Reverend Father in God N.
Lord Bishop of N. &c.

Die Anrede: My Lord! und dann weiter: Your Lordship.

An einen englischen Herzog,
der nicht von der königlichen Familie ist.

Die Aufschrift: To his Grace the Duke of N.

Die inwendige Anrede und der Anfang: May it please your
Grace, oder your Grace &c.

An eine Herzogin.

Die Aufschrift: To her Grace the Duchness of N.

Die inwendige Anrede: Madam! oder May it please your
Grace.

Der Anfang zum Schreiben, wie bei dem Herzoge.

An einen englischen Markgrafen, Grafen &c.

Die Aufschrift: To the most noble the Marquis of N. oder
the Earl of N. &c.

Die inwendige Anrede: My Lord! Sodann Your Lordship &c.

An eine Gräfin.

Die inwendige Anrede: Madam! oder My Lady.

Die Aufschrift: To the Right Honourable the Marchioness
(Countess) of N. &c.

Ein wirklicher Minister und Gesandter hat den Titel:
Excellency.

An einen Baron.

Die Anrede: My Lord! Your Lordship's &c.

Die Aufschrift: Lord &c.

Damen von diesem Range nennt man: My Lady! Your Ladyship!

An einen Ritter. (Baronet.)

Die Aufschrift: To Sir (James) N. Knight.

Die Anrede: Sir!

An den Lord Mayor, (Bürgermeister in London.)

Die Aufschrift: To the Right Honourable N. N. Lord Mayor of the City of London &c.

Die Anrede: My Lord! Sodann Your Lordship &c.

Den Titel Esquire (Esqr.) giebt man Jedem, der ein öffentliches Amt bekleidet, bis zum Sekretär, oder sonst eigenen Güterbesitzern, auch Professoren und angesehenen Künstlern.

Die Anrede ist aber immer nur Sir! es sey denn, daß er ein Friedensrichter oder dergleichen wäre, so nennt man ihn Sir! oder Your Worship oder please Your Worship.

Einem Canzelisten oder Sekretär bei Privatpersonen giebt man keinen besondern Titel; die Aufschrift: To Mr. N.

Sonst ist Sir der gewöhnliche Titel, den man jedem Manne von Stand und Bildung (Honoratior, Ehrenmann) giebt.

Einen Geistlichen redet man Reverenced Sir! an.

Einen Doktor oder Gelehrten: Doctor!

An Kaufleute, Künstler und angesehene Handwerker ist die Anrede: Sir! *)

Verheirathete Frauenzimmer solchen Standes: Madam, oder auch wohl Mistress B.

Ein lediges Frauenzimmer redet man Madam Miss! an.

Wenn man Jemand bei seinem Titel oder Namen nennt, so findet das Wort Sir (mein Herr) nicht statt; man sagt entweder nur Doctor oder Mister, welches man bloß Mr. schreibt. Man sagt also auch nur von einer dritten Person: Mr. N. told me, nicht Sir N. told me; es sey denn, daß die Rede von Jemand ist, der zu einer gewissen Klasse vom englischen Adel gehöre.

*) Das Wort Gentleman wird nur in der Anrede im Plural angewandt, z. B. Meine Herren, Gentlemen. Gentlemen of the house of commons ist die königliche Anrede bei Eröffnung des Parlaments.

Wenn man das Wort Master ausspricht, so wird darunter ein Meister oder auch gebietender Herr verstanden. So sagt der Diener von seinem Herrn: My master has said it, mein Herr hat es gesagt. Mr. H., I have the honour to tell you, my master is not at home. Is he not? No, Sir. — Mr. Wilson is the master of the house, Herr W. ist der Herr des Hauses.

E i n l e i t u n g

zur kaufmännischen Correspondenz.

Enthaltend

eine Sammlung technisch = merkantilischer Ausdrücke,
die man in keinem Wörterbuche findet.

He is a man of good account.

Er ist ein solider Mann.

He confines himself especially to the commission line.

Er widmet sich vorzüglich dem Commissions-Handel.

He has served as clerk in the most eminent commercial houses.

Er hat als Gehülfe in den angesehensten Handlungs = Häusern gearbeitet.

He has set up for himself.

Er hat seine eigenen Geschäfte angefangen.

He is a partner of Mr. N. and he is satisfied with his partnership.

Er ist ein Compagnon des Hrn. N. und ist mit seiner Verbindung zufrieden.

He is a sworn broker.

Er ist ein geschwornener Makler.

You may rely on the payment.

Sie können sich auf die Zahlung verlassen.

I will provide you with good remittances on Hambro' to cover my engagement, becoming due in the course of next month.

Ich werde Sie zur Deckung meiner im nächsten Monat fällig werdenden Verpflichtungen mit guten Remessen auf Hamburg versehen.

Our speculation for America has turned to account.

Unsere Speculation nach Amerika ist gut ausgefallen.

I have reaped no profit from this undertaking, the market having been overstocked with this article.

Ich habe keinen Vortheil von dieser Unternehmung gehabt, indem der Markt mit diesem Artikel überfüllt war.

Your drafts have been duly discharged.

What profit will accrue thereby?

What gain will arise thereof?

Your favour of the 7th inst. came duly to hand.

Your esteemed lines of the 15. Ultimo have but reached us to-day.

Your kind letter of the 18th July dropt in by last post.

We embrace this opportunity for America, by Captain John Gray to advise you, that we are still without any answer concerning the business in question.

Your last letter to me has miscarried.

You are debited for the postage I paid, with £ 5 . 4 s 6 d

Pursuant to your order we should not have lost a moment in executing your commission but at the limits given us it was not possible to effect your order.

I have occasion for a great sum of money. I am distressed for cash.

The prices are quoted in ready cash.

I have been chosen an assignee.

He has sent a power of attorney in this failure to Mr. B.

Ihre Tratten sind gehörig eingelöst worden.

Was für ein Gewinn wird dabei seyn?

Welcher Gewinn wird dabei herauskommen?

Ihr Werthes vom 7. d. ist richtig eingegangen.

Ihre geschätzten Zeilen vom 15. v. M. sind uns erst heute gekommen.

Ihr Werthes vom 18. July ist mit letzter Post eingegangen.

Wir benutzen diese Gelegenheit nach Amerika, durch den Capitain Gray Sie zu benachrichtigen, daß wir noch fortwährend ohne irgend eine Antwort rücksichtlich des bewußten Geschäfts sind.

Ihr letzter Brief an mich ist irre gelaufen.

Sie sind für ausgelegtes Briefporto mit £ 5 . 4 s 6 d belastet worden.

Ihrem Auftrage zufolge würden wir keinen Augenblick gesäumt haben, Ihre Bestellung auszuführen, aber zu den uns gemachten Begrenzungen war es nicht möglich, ihren Befehl auszuführen.

Ich bedarf einer großen Summe Geldes. Ich bin in Noth um Cassa.

Die Preise sind in baarem Gelde notirt.

Ich bin zum Curator der Masse erwählt worden.

Er hat in diesem Fallissement eine Vollmacht an den Herrn B. gesandt.

He has given too much into drawing and redrawing.

The dividend will be five shillings in the pound. Or he has left 5 shillings in the pound.

At the last meeting of creditors I reserved a future claim in case the bankrupt again proves successful in business.

He was the only one who did not consent to the agreement proposed.

I have examined his books, to find out how matters stand with him.

I shall be obliged, to bring an action against you about two bills.

Spanish wool may now be imported duty free.

His credit was risen to the utmost.

The wine must be racked.

He went out to raise some money.

Corn is at a great rate.

The prices are raised.

He is raising his fortune.

The laws of shipwreck are very rigorous.

You may prepare yourself to pay some arrears.

I like to receive your letters via Ostende rather than by way of Holland.

The ship strand at the mouth of the river.

Zweiter Theil.

Er hat sich zu stark in Wechselreiterei eingelassen.

Der Dividend wird fünf Schillinge für das Pfund seyn, oder er hat fünf Schillinge im Pfunde gelassen.

Bei der letzten Versammlung der Gläubiger behielt ich mir meine Ansprüche vor, wenn der Fallit wieder in bessere Umstände kommt.

Er war der Einzige, der den vorgeschlagenen Vergleich nicht einging.

Ich habe seine Bücher untersucht, um zu erfahren, wie seine Sachen stehen.

Ich werde genöthigt seyn, Sie wegen zwei Wechsel zu belangen.

Spanische Wolle kann jetzt zollfrei eingeführt werden.

Sein Kredit war aufs höchste gestiegen.

Der Wein muß abgezogen werden.

Er ging aus, um etwas Geld aufzutreiben.

Die Preise des Korns stehen hoch.

Die Preise sind gestiegen.

Er kommt empor.

Das Strandrecht ist sehr strenge.

Sie müssen sich auf die Bezahlung eines Nachschusses gefaßt machen.

Ich empfangе Ihre Briefe lieber über Ostende, als über Holland.

Das Schiff ist an der Mündung des Flusses gestrandet.

Great part of the goods have been saved by lighiers.

The ship has again been set afloat.

The insurance covers you.

The insurers are not bound to pay the money, before the suit is ended.

I lose by that mishap.

The underwriters paid 30 pCt. before hand to the insured.

The ship weighed the anchor and set sail with a fair wind.

The Capt. was forced by adverse (or contrary) winds to put into Brest and to cast anchor.

A man of war captured two merchantmen richly laden.

The pirates (or the privateers) infest the coast and the premium of insurance is very high.

The average is not yet settled.

It is a strong, staunch, and well built vessel, and chartered by Mr. N.

He served as a shipwright in the Dockyards of England.

He is fitting out two ships.

I demand an indemnity of him, being answerable for it.

Ein großer Theil der Güter ist durch Leuchterfahrzeuge geborgen worden.

Das Schiff ist wieder flott gemacht worden.

Sie sind durch die Versicherung gedeckt.

Die Versicherer sind verpflichtet, vor Beendigung der Streitsache zu bezahlen.

Ich verliere bei diesem Unfalle.

Die Versicherer bezahlten den Versicherten 30 pCt. auf Abschlag.

Das Schiff lichtete die Anker und ging mit einem günstigen Winde unter Segel.

Der Capitain war durch widrige Winde genöthigt, in Brest einzulaufen und Anker zu werfen.

Ein Kriegsschiff brachte zwei reich beladene Kauffarthenschiffe auf.

Die Kaper beunruhigen die Küste, und die Versicherungs-Premie ist sehr hoch.

Die Havarie (Beschädigung) ist noch unberechnet (noch nicht aufgemacht).

Es ist ein starkes, dichtes und wohlgebautes Schiff, und vom Herrn N. auf Chartepartie befrachtet.

Er diente als Schiffszimmermann auf den Werften von England.

Er rüstet zwei Schiffe aus.

Ich verlange eine Entschädigung von ihm, indem ich dafür verantwortlich bin.

Wheat sells at 200 dollars.

Bills on Paris are not to be had at par.

There is a great call for Indigo.

I crave your reference to my last letter.

The prices run very high and in all likelihood will be supported.

There is little stir in our market.

Train-oil keeps up.

The english mail reached town this moment.

He has got a writ against him.

The goods have been delivered to the carrier.

Entry at the custom house is called that declaration, wherein the goods, which have been imported, are specified.

The account of charges on the bill drawn protested amounts to marks . . .

There is exported a great quantity of madder.

I am acquainted with the state of his affairs.

Your bill has been protested for want of acceptance.

The bill is drawn by an unknown house, but indorsed by the first bankers.

The account of sale is very pleasing, satisfactory.

Weizen ist um 200 Thlr. zu haben.

Wechsel auf Paris sind al pari nicht zu haben.

Indigo ist sehr begehrt.

Ich beziehe mich auf meinen letzten Brief.

Die Preise steigen sehr, und werden sich aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach halten.

Es ist wenig Leben auf unserm Plaze.

Die Thran-Preise halten sich.

In diesem Augenblick kam die Englische Post zur Stadt.

Er hat einen Verhaftsbefehl gegen ihn bewürkt.

Die Güter sind dem Fuhrmann ausgeliefert worden.

Zollangabe wird diejenige Declaration genannt, worin die eingeführten Güter specificirt angegeben sind.

Die Unkosten auf den gezogenen und protestirten Wechsel belaufen sich auf Mk. . .

Man hat eine große Menge Krapp ausgeführt.

Ich kenne seine Vermögensumstände.

Ihr Wechsel ist Mangel-Annahme protestirt worden.

Der Wechsel ist von einem unbekannten Hause gezogen, aber von den ersten Bankiers indossirt.

Die Verkaufs-Rechnung ist vortheilhaft.

I beg you to invest the amount in colonial produce, because the prices will rise beyond doubt.

Every body at our exchange was of opinion, that the prices of this commodity would decline.

Very large purchases have been made in coffee.

You need be under no apprehension of a decline in prices.

The rising of the prices at Hambro' has affected our market likewise.

I shall take a share in it.

I dare not venture to give you a commission.

Please to hold our first for the call of the second.

The amount of Re-exchange is £...

The goods are charged at 6 months, credit and we grant you 4 pCt. in paying prompt.

We have valued on you 10,000 marks banco and shall not fail of reimbursing you at maturity (or before they fall due).

I allow you a running credit so high as £...

We devote, (confine) ourselves solely to the commission line.

Your house has been recommended to us.

The brokerage is $\frac{1}{4}$ pCt.

Ich bitte Sie den Betrag in Kolonial-Waaren anzulegen, denn die Preise werden ohne Zweifel steigen.

Jedermann an unserer Börse war der Meinung, daß die Preise dieser Waare niedriger gehen würden.

Sehr große Ankäufe sind in Kasse gemacht worden.

Sie dürfen nicht befürchten, daß die Preise fallen werden.

Das Steigen der Preise zu Hamburg hat auf unsern Markt Einfluß gehabt.

Ich werde Antheil daran nehmen.

Ich darf es nicht wagen Ihnen eine Kommission zu geben.

Belieben Sie unsere Prima zur Verfügung der Secunda zu halten.

Der Belauf der Ricambio (Rückwechselrechnung) ist £...

Die Waaren sind 6 Monat Ziel angesetzt, und wir bewilligen Ihnen 4 pCt. bei Baarzahlung.

Wir haben 10,000 Mk. Bco. auf Sie abgegeben, und werden nicht verfehlen, Ihnen bei Verfallzeit Anschaffungen dafür zu machen.

Ich stehe Ihnen einen Kredit von £... zu.

Wir widmen uns bloß dem Commissions-Handel.

Ihr Haus ist uns empfohlen worden.

Die Courtage (Maklerlohn) ist $\frac{1}{4}$ pCt.

For the amount of my disbursements I shall draw on Mr. N.

Your bill on is cashed.

If your funds reach us in due time, we shall never refuse acceptance.

Your enterprize will turn to good account.

I tender my services to you.

The East India company has put up for sale 2000 Bales of cotton.

The house of N. has stopt payment.

You may rely on my duly honouring your drafts on presentation.

You may reimburse yourself for the amount of your invoice on Mr. N. in Hambro', transmitting him at the same time bill of lading for insurance.

The ship you expect from America, being in bad repute among our underwriters, we have no prospect of effecting the insurance at your limits.

Such terms do not suit us.

He has set up a warehouse in Oxford street.

Wegen meiner Auslagen werde ich mich mit dem Herrn N. berechnen.

Ihre Anweisung auf ist eingegangen.

Wenn ihre Anschaffungen zur rechten Zeit bei uns einsprechen, so werden wir nie die Einlösung ihrer Tratten verweigern.

Ihre Unternehmung wird sehr gute Rechnung geben.

Ich biete Ihnen meine Dienste an.

Die Ostindische Compagnie hat 2000 Ballen Baumwolle zum Verkauf ausgesetzt.

Das Haus von N. hat Zahlung eingestellt.

Sie können sich darauf verlassen, daß ich Ihre Tratten, bei Vorzeigung, gehörig verehren werde.

Sie können sich für den Belauf Ihrer Faktur, unter gleichzeitiger Einsendung des Connoissements, zur Versicherung auf den Herrn N. in Hamburg erhalten.

Da das Schiff, welches Sie von Amerika erwarten, im schlechtesten Ruf bei unsern Asscuradeurs ist, so haben wir keine Aussicht, die Asscuranz zu dem vorgeschriebenen Preis zu besorgen.

Solche Bedingungen stehen uns nicht an.

Er hat ein Waaren-Lager in der Oxford-Straße errichtet.

I observed by your circular your having dissolved partnership with Mr. N.

He carries on business with much success.

I am satisfied with his purchase, the prices having since advanced.

The quality of the raw sugar does not agree with the samples.

Raw and thrown silk, continue pretty steady in price.

Your remittance of £.. has been honored.

The drawback on sugars, re-exported from the United States, is trifling.

Please to insure the cargo, rather above, than below value.

He kept me off and on for the payment.

He does it to gain time.

Your power of attorney is not drawn up in due form.

I have invested him with my full power.

Their character is one of the fairest in this country.

Your claim upon me is no more than 2000 dollars.

Mr. N. is empowered by me, to sign letters and bills in my name.

The price will fall.

Ich habe aus Ihrem Umlaufschreiben bemerkt, daß Sie sich von dem Herrn N. getrennt haben.

Er treibt seine Geschäfte mit vielem Erfolg.

Ich bin mit seinem Kaufe zufrieden, indem die Preise seitdem gestiegen sind.

Die Qualität der rohen Zuckern stimmt nicht mit der Probe überein.

Rohe und zweidrähtige Seide halten sich fortdauernd im Preise.

Ihre Remesse von £.. ist gehörig verehrt worden.

Der Rückzoll auf Zucker, welcher aus den vereinigten Staaten wieder ausgeführt worden, ist unbedeutend.

Belieben Sie die Ladung lieber über, als unter dem Werthe zu versichern.

Er hielt mich hin wegen der Zahlung.

Er that es, um Zeit zu gewinnen.

Ihre Vollmacht ist nicht in gehöriger Form ausgefertigt.

Ich habe ihm meine ganze Vollmacht gegeben.

Sie sind die solidesten Leute mit in diesem Lande.

Ihre Forderung an mich ist nicht mehr als 2000 Thlr.

Der Herr N. ist durch mich ermächtigt, Briefe und Wechsel in meinem Namen zu zeichnen.

Der Preis wird niedriger gehen.

The crop has been very scanty.

Without injury to myself, I can make you no allowance.

We shall give you seasonable advice of the alteration in our market, and your orders shall be executed with the utmost zeal and alacrity.

I hope to find plenty of chapmen for your wheat.

He has kept me out of my money.

Our stock on hand is small, and before the new arrivals will be (exhausted) totally run out.

We should be very glad to carry on a lively intercourse with your house.

There has been for some time past a greater stir than usual in colonial produce.

The market is bare in Savannah sugars.

I have already bespoken room in a vessel bound for Amsterdam.

If any thing worthy of attention strikes you, be so kind to let us know.

I am struck with astonishment to see the acceptance on the bill scratched out (erased).

He deals in India goods.

It is not fit, you should be saddled with such bad commodities.

Die Erndte ist sehr knapp ausgefallen.

Ohne meinen eigenen Schaden, kann ich Ihnen keine Vergütung machen.

Wir werden Ihnen zeitige Nachricht von den Veränderungen auf unserm Plage geben, und Ihre Aufträge werden mit dem größten Eifer und der größten Schnelligkeit ausgeführt werden.

Ich hoffe, eine Menge Käufer für Ihren Weizen zu finden.

Er hat mir mein Geld vorenthalten.

Unser Vorrath ist gering, und wird bis zur Ankunft neuer Zufuhren zu Ende seyn.

Es würde uns lieb seyn, mit Ihrem Hause in einen lebhaften Geschäfts-Verkehr zu kommen.

Es ist seit einiger Zeit mehr Leben (Bewegung), als gewöhnlich in Kolonial-Producten gewesen.

Der Markt ist von Havana-Zucker entblößt.

Ich habe bereits in meinem nach Amsterdam anlegenden Schiffe Raum besprochen.

Wenn Ihnen etwas, der Aufmerksamkeit werthes, aufstößt, lassen Sie es uns gefälligst wissen.

Ich bin erstaunt, die Annahme auf den Wechsel ausgestrichen zu sehen.

Er handelt mit Indischen Waaren.

Es schickt sich nicht, daß Sie mit diesen schlechten Waaren belastet bleiben.

I will use the utmost diligence to forward the sale.

Please to mention that these goods are for exportation in the customhouse.

Let the whole commission drop.

Mr. N. is a young man of the brightest abilities. He has kept my books with the greatest accuracy and regularity. He speaks French, English and Italian with fluency, and is unequalled both for solidity and steadiness of character; I have therefore rewarded his long and faithful services by taking him into partnership.

Ich werde allen Fleiß anwenden, den Verkauf zu bewirken.

Belieben Sie zu bemerken, daß diese Güter am Zolle für Transito gehen.

Lassen Sie die ganze Bestellung unausgeführt.

Der Herr N. ist ein junger Mann von den vortrefflichsten Kenntnissen. Er hat meine Bücher mit der größten Genauigkeit und Ordnung geführt. Er spricht fließend Französisch, Englisch und Italienisch, und keiner übertrifft ihn an Solidität und Festigkeit des Charakters. Ich habe deshalb seine langen und treuen Dienste belohnt, indem ich ihn als Gesellschafter aufnahm.

Anmerkung. Der Raum erlaubt es nicht, hier noch kaufmännische Briefe aufzunehmen, welche auch manchen Schülern, und insbesondere Frauenzimmern, zu nichts dienen. Für jene, welche sich der Handlung widmen, bin ich im Begriff, Handlungs-Briefe in Deutscher, Englischer, Italienischer und Französischer Sprache in einem besondern Bande herauszugeben.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

ANDALUSIA.

I was surrounded at the village of Posadas by people of all classes, who asked me a hundred questions, minutely examined my cloak, my dress, and my English saddle.

On my account, a better supper was prepared than I had met with since leaving Seville; a leathern bottle, holding about three quarts, was filled with wine, and, as usual, we all sat down together.

For some time, hunger prevented all conversation, but our cupbearer performed his office with such dexterity, that before supper was finished, our bottle was emptied, and the Andalusian peasant beginning to shew himself in all his vivacity, it was voted unanimously, that the bottle should be replenished. They talked loud, they laughed, they sang; they cursed the French, and swore that even should all the rest of Spain be over-run, Andalusia was sufficient to protect itself from every invader, when on a sudden a fierce quarrel arose; high words passed, knives were drawn, and I expected to see our supper end in bloodshed, but the hostess, after various vain attempts to allay the storm, began to repeat the evening service to the Virgin. Immediately all was calm, the knives were sheathed, all hats were off, and at each pause, the whole assembly murmured forth the response, and devoutly made the sign of the cross. As often as the quarrel seemed to be renewed, the good woman had recourse to the same method, and always with the same success, until the anger of the parties being

wearied out rather than assuaged, we broke up in silence, if not in friendship.

The Andalusians are certainly a stange, good-natured, irascible, fickle, lively kind of a race. On the ensuing morning, I expected to see some traces of a quarrel so violent and so recent; but so far from it, the parties were now the best friends in the world, and, although it was Sunday, they were busily engaged at a game of cards.

Our protracted stay, enabled me to witness one of those scenes, which mark as it were, the very outskirts of war, and affect us more than those of greater horror. A poor woman of the place had been informed that her only son had been killed in battle, and, of course, had given herself up to grief, when a peasant arrived with certain intelligence, not only that her son was living, but that he was actually approaching the village, and was not above a league distant from it.

The first shock of these good tidings overpowered the mother's feelings; she ran into the street, uttering screams of joy, and telling every one she met "that he was not dead, that he was living, that he was approaching, that he would soon be in his dear mother's house," and after some time, exclaimed, "but why do I stop here? come away, come away, and meet him;" so saying, attired as she was, she hurried into the road, and soon disappeared. But what can describe her return? Her son lived, but alas! how changed! His arm had been carried away by a cannon ball, the bandages of his wound were dyed with blood, he was pale and emaciated, and so weak that he was with difficulty supported on an ass, in a kind of cradle, by the help of a peasant who walked by him, while on the other side went his mother, now looking down on the ground, now up to heaven, but chiefly on her son, joy and grief, exultation and despondency, reigning in her countenance by turns.

Simple.

THE MODERN GREEKS.

I fear that the Greeks are not much disposed to break their chains; and if even they were released from the tyranny which oppresses them, they would not in a moment lose the marks of their fetters, as they have not only been crushed beneath the

weight of despotism, but for these two thousand years they have been a superannuated and a degraded nation, and the very nation which has conquered them, has contributed to their corruption. That nation has not introduced among them the rude and savage manners of the natives of the north but the voluptuous customs of southern climes.

To say nothing of the religious crime which the Greeks would have committed in abjuring their altars, they would have gained nothing by the adoption of the koran. In the book of Mahomed, there is no principle of civilization, no precept that can impart elevation to the character: that book inculcates neither a hatred of tyranny nor a love of independence. In embracing the religion of their rulers, the Greeks would have renounced the arts, sciences and letters, to become soldiers of fortune, and blindly to obey the caprice of an absolute sovereign. They would either have spent their lives in ravaging the world, or in slumbering on a carpet among women and perfumes.

Chateaubriand.

According to Dr. Clarke, the heads of the young Greeks, both male and female, are filled with extravagant tales, and, as they much delight in long recitals, the relation of these tales constitutes the subject of their songs and discourses. In the islands are vagrant bards and *improvisatori*, who, like Homer, enter villages and towns, to collect alms by singing or reciting the traditions of the country.

The women are remarkable for their cleanliness, and the attention paid by them to decency and order in their dwellings. They are perhaps the most industrious housewives upon earth; they have no desire to be abroad, and employ the intervals from domestic avocations in spinning or winding cotton, while the men are for the most part absorbed in mercenary speculations.

The Greeks are active, twist themselves into every variety of posture, and stand in almost every attitude. Firm upon their feet, and generally exhibiting a graceful waving line of figure, they seem, as if like cats, they would fall upon their legs, although tossed in every direction. Their features may be said to combine those of the Portuguese and the French, having the dark hair and eyes of the former, and the fixed grimace of the latter. Generally speaking, the men are not handsome, and their stature is small, but well proportioned. A line, traced to express the profile of a Greek, must be convex; but a remarkable distance may be obser-

ved from the nose to the mouth, and the Greek has frequently a wide mouth, thick lips, and very large teeth. His forehead is low, and his chin small.

Of course, a description of this kind cannot be without many remarkable exceptions. The inhabitants of Greece often differ from each other; those of Lacedemon, and of all the western coast of the Morea, together with the natives of Zante and Cephalonia, are a race of men with much nobler features and a more athletic figure, than any of the inhabitants of the Archipelago.

EYLAU, AFTER THE BATTLE FOUGHT THERE.

As soon as it was safe, my curiosity prompted me to visit the memorable scene, and terribly indeed had the iron hand of war stamped its baneful traces on those unfortunate districts. Here, the peaceful peasant, who knew not even the name of Buonaparte, was scared from his abode, and friend and foe appeared to have united to make him feel his woeful lot.

The Russians, to make them fires, had unroofed and broken up the huts of all the neighbouring villages. Every kind of provision was here swept away, and misery and indigence were to be seen in their greatest extremes. Parents were obliged to bury their starved offspring in their own gardens. Poor, emaciated, hollow-eyed figures were crawling about in rags, like beggars, and it was almost impossible to enter their houses on account of the stench of dead bodies, from which even my essence of vinegar was not sufficient to defend me. Nor were those near the French head-quarters, any more fortunate, for they also lost whatever could be found; and the rector of Jessau, having fled to Königsberg, his whole library was made use of to boil the soldiers' kettles. Without having seen it, I never should have believed that human nature could bear such an excessive degree of misery.

Overpowered by these dreadful sights, I deemed it better to go and contemplate the horrors of the field. How mangled soever I there found many of my fellow-creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings, while the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were languishing towards the more excrucia-

ting death of hunger, which certainly would have been their dismal lot, had they not received from Königsberg the most speedy relief.

Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous and unusual sight would undoubtedly have shocked me much more than it now did: for, after having had my mind so deeply harrowed up, the sight of the field of battle appeared a relief, although there were from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strewn before me. Here were fragments of drums, carts, horses, harness, cloaks and hats, with broken muskets, pistols and other arms, all in confusion, scattered about. Russians, Germans, French and Prussians here lay side by side.

The want of provisions was aggravated by the mortifying reflection, that five times as much was wasted by the soldiers, as was used. Every thing was destroyed and laid waste; not a door or a window remained. The combatants followed each other into the houses, and Buonaparte at length gave up the place to plunder, when the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest, were robbed of every thing they possessed.

View of Prussia.

PICTURE OF DOMESTICS, IN THE TIME OF RICHARD I.

The story opens, after some historical notices of great vigour and accuracy, with a picture of two of Cedric's domestics tending his herd of swine in a forest adjoining his domain in the central districts of Yorkshire: one of them is the keeper of the herd, the other is the household jester or fool of the worthy thane.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich glassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad short-stemmed oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their broad gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude.

Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the bill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom; and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape, were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at this early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar, than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred, that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet; and a sort of roll of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neigh-

bourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed: it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside this swine-herd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person who looked ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other, and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of

his head-dress, and his own half-crazed half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip, attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

Ivanhoe.

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE HOLY CLERK OF COPMANHURST.

The Black Knight, whose prowess had so materially contributed to Wilfrid's victory, had glided from the lists the moment the contest had ceased, and paced along the woodlands till night-fall; when he lost his way, and found himself at last before a lonely hermitage, placed beside a fountain and ruined chapel, in an open glade of the forest. Here he knocked long for admittance, and only obtained it at last by threats of force and compulsion. A hermit of portentous bulk and vigour at last opened the door, and reluctantly allowed him to enter.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other; each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him. "Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse? secondly, what I can have for supper? thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?" — "I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there — your bed there;" and reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched peas upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is there." — The knight shrugged his shoulders,

and leaving the hut, brought in his horse, (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree,) unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle. — The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender, left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fearn in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of peas placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried peas, — a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill. — The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corslet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachios darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded. — The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet-head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity, or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermillion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches, than of peas and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastification of a mouthful of the dried peas, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by

placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain. — “It is from the well of St. Dunstan,” said he, “in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons — blessed be his name!” And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant. — “It seems to me, reverend father,” said the knight, “that the small morsel which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses and living upon parched peas and cold water. — “Sir Knight,” answered the hermit, “your thoughts like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased our lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens.” “Holy Father,” said the Knight, “upon whose countenance it hath pleased heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?” — “Thou may’st call me,” answered the hermit, “the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so am I termed in these parts — they add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant Knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?” — “Truly,” said the Knight, “Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight, — many, Sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished.” — The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest’s reply. — “I see,” said he, “Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I be- think me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk, left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations.” — “I dare be sworn he did so,” said the Knight; “I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl: — your keeper is

ever a jovial fellow: and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these peas, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage," (pointing to the provisions upon the table,) "and refrain from mending thy cheer. — Let us see the keeper's bounty therefore without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing. — After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents. — "I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there, that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this eastern custom." — "To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in these days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty. — The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him. — "Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison, has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture." — The hermit

only replied by a grin; and, returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but, filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught. — "*Drink hael!* Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst," answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

Ivanhoe.

DESCRIPTIVE DIALOGUE.

By the humanity of the domestics, the fair Rebecca is allowed to resume her attendance on the wounded Knight of Ivanhoe, in the moment of preparation and alarm; and while he frets and pants, like the restrained war-horse, at the spirit-stirring sounds which announce the approaching combat, she is induced to climb up to the lofty and ironbound window of his prison, and to report what she could thence descry of the tumultuous scene before her.

"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow." — "Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe. — "Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca. — "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. — See'st thou who they be that act as leaders?" — "A knight clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him." — "What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe. — "Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield." — "A fetterlock and shackle bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?" — "Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you." — "Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer. — "None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,"

said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance. — God of Zion, protect us! — What a dreadful sight! — Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. — They raise their bows! — God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!" — Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum) retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. — "And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! — Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. — Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm." — With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath. "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight. — "Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bow-men who shoot them." "That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be." — "I see him not," said Rebecca. — "Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?" — "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. — They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. — His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. — They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! — Front-de-Boeuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible. — “Look forth again, Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; “the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand — Look again, there is now less danger.” — Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, “Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife — Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!” She then uttered a loud shriek and exclaimed, “He is down! — he is down!” — “Who is down?” cried Ivanhoe; “for our dear Lady’s sake, tell me which has fallen?” — “The Black Knight,” answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness. — “But no — but no! — the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men’s strength in his single arm — His sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow — The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!” — “Front-de-Boeuf!” exclaimed Ivanhoe. — “Front-de-Boeuf,” answered the Jewess; “his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — They drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls.” — “The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?” said Ivanhoe. — “They have — they have and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault — Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!” — “Think not of that,” replied Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? — who push their way?” — “The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles — The besieged have the better” — “Saint George strike for us,” said the Knight, “do the false yeomen give way?” — “No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle — stones and beams are hailed down on the bold cham-

pion — he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers." — "By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed." — "The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the out-work is won — O God! — they hurry the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat — O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!" — "The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. — "No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle — the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others — Alas! I see, that it is more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!" — "Seest thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?" "Nothing," said the Jewess, "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further — but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength — there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilize him of the sin of bloodshed! — it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

Ivanhoe.

CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS OF 1810, BY DR. CLARKE.

The Russian manners, are much the same both in the prince and the peasant. The first nobleman in the empire, on being dismissed by his sovereign from attendance upon his person, or on withdrawing to his estate in consequence of dissipation and debt, betakes himself to a mode of life little superior to that of the brutes. You will then find him throughout the day, with his neck bare, his beard unshorn, and his body wrapped in a sheep

skin, eating raw turnips, and drinking quass, sleeping one half of the day, and growling at his wife and family the other.

The same feelings, the same wants, wishes, and gratifications, characterize the nobleman and the peasant; and the same system of tyranny, (which extends from the throne downwards, through all the bearings and ramification of society, even to the cottage of the lowest boor), has entirely extinguished every spark of liberality in the breasts of a people, who are all slaves.

They are all, high and low, rich and poor, alike servile to superiors; haughty and cruel to their dependants; ignorant, superstitious, cunning, brutal, barbarous, dirty, and mean.

The emperor canes the first of his grandees; priuces and nobles cane their slaves; and the slaves their wives and daughters. Ere the sun dawns in Russia, flagellation begins; and throughout its vast empire cudgels are going, in every department of its population, from morning until night. The hair of boor and prince, universally, is in a state not be described; and their bodies are only divested of vermin when they frequent the bath.

The real Russian, whatever his circumstances or condition in society, rises at an early hour, and breakfasts on black bread and a dram. His dinner at noon consists of the coarsest and most greasy food, the scorbutic effects of which are counteracted by pickled cucumbers, sour cabage, the juice of his *vaccinium*, and his nectar *quass*. Sleep rendering him umindful of his abject servitude and barbarous life, he particularly indulges in it; sleeping always after eating, and going early to bed. The principal articles of diet with all ranks are *grease and brandy*.

The horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable; and there is not a bed in the whole empire that an Englishman would venture to approach, if he were aware of its condition.

THE LANDING OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT ABOUKIR.

Never was any thing conducted with greater regularity. The French, to their astonishment, saw the British troops preserving a regular line as they advanced in their boats, although the wind was directly in their teeth, and landing in regular order of battle, under, perhaps the heaviest fire that ever was experienced. Shells,

cannon balls, and grape shot, coming with the wind, fell like hail; yet not a soldier quitted his seat, nor did a single sailor shrink from the hard labour of the oar. Not a musket was suffered to be charged, until the troops could form upon the strand. They were commanded to sit still; and this command they obeyed with inconceivable firmness, excepting, that for each volley of shot they returned three general cheers, the effect of an ardour which their officers found it impossible to restrain.

The feelings of those who remained in the ships, were not proof against such a sight. Several of our brave seamen wept like children; and many of those upon the quarter-decks who attempted to use telescopes, suffered the glasses to fall from their hands, and gave vent to their tears. For three long miles, pulling against the wind, did our brave tars strain every sinew. Several boats were sunk by the bursting of shells, and about two hundred and seventy men were killed, before they reached the shore. At length, with all their prows touching the beach at the same instant, the boats grounded, and a spectacle was presented that will be for ever memorable. Two hundred of the French cavalry actually charged into the sea, and every one of them was killed. It was about ten o'clock; and within the short space of six minutes from this important crisis, the contest was decided.

The 42d regiment leaping up to their middle in water, formed rapidly upon the shore, and with the greatest impatience, not even waiting to load their muskets, they broke from the main line, and ran gallantly up the hill, sinking deep in the sand at every step they took. In this perilous situation, another body of French cavalry pushed down upon them; but, instead of being thrown into any disorder, they coolly received the charge, upon the points of their bayonets, and the rest of the army coming up, the enemy were routed on all sides.

Our troops had been taught to expect no quarter, and therefore none was given. The wounded and the dying, neither claimed nor obtained mercy; all was blood, and death, and victory; and in the midst of the glory which this day's success reflected on the British arms, humanity remembers some things, that she never will record.

The cool and patient valour with which our soldiers had sustained the firing of the French artillery, and beheld the streaming wounds of their companions, could only prove a prelude to the fury they would manifest, when it became their turn to attack,

since a consequence so inseparable from human nature, must bring along with it thoughtless havoc, and indiscriminate slaughter.

Clarke.

GENERAL RULES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF LANGUAGE.

To give a just idea of pronunciation, it must be distinguished from singing, as the latter is carried on by notes requiring each of them a different aperture of the windpipe, while the notes properly belonging to the former, are expressed by different apertures of the mouth, without varying the aperture of the windpipe.

In reading, as in singing, there is a key note. To make the sound correspond to the elevation of the subject, the voice is frequently raised above this note, but the mind in an elevated state being disposed to action, must, in order to rest be brought down to the key note. Hence the term *cadence*.

The only rule for pronunciation that can be given, is that the words be sounded so as to imitate as much as possible, the things which they signify. Thus, in pronouncing words which denote something elevated, the voice ought to be raised above its ordinary note; to imitate a stern and impetuous passion, the words ought to be pronounced rough and loud; but on the contrary, a sweet and gentle passion should be imitated by a soft and melodious tone.

In general, words of the greatest importance ought to be marked by a peculiar emphasis. A period should be pronounced slow, when it expresses what is solemn or deliberate; and quick, when it expresses what is lively or impetuous.

On this rule many particular observations might be made, but as no language furnishes words denoting the different degrees of high and low, loud and soft, fast and slow, before these circumstances can be made the subject of regular instruction, we must invent notes resembling those employed in music.

We have reason to believe that in Greece every tragedy was accompanied with such notes, in order that the pronunciation might be ascertained: but hitherto, the moderns have not thought of this refinement. Cicero indeed, professes to teach without notes

the various tones of voice proper in expressing the different passions; and it must be acknowledged that in this attempt he has completely exhausted the power of language. At the same time, it is evident that his rules are of little avail in point of instruction, since the very words which he employs are wholly unintelligible, except to those who are previously acquainted with the subject.

Irvine.

THE MICE.

A mouse, weary of living in the continual alarm attendant on the carnage committed among her nation by *Mitis and Rodilardus*, thus addressed herself to the tenant of a hole near her own.

"An excellent thought, has just come into my head; — I read in some book which I gnawed a few days ago, that there is a fine country, called the Indies, in which mice are in much greater security than here. In that region, the sages believe that the soul of a mouse has been that of a king, a great captain, or some wonderful saint, and that after death it will probably enter the body of a beautiful woman or mighty potentate. If I recollect rightly, this is called metempsychosis. Under this idea, they treat all animals with paternal charity, and build and endow hospitals for mice, where they are fed like people of consequence. Come then my good sister, let us hasten to a country, the customs of which are so excellent, and where justice is done to our merits." Her neighbour replied, "But, sister, do not cats enter these hospitals? if they do, metempsychosis must take place very soon, and in great numbers; and a talon or a tooth might make a fakir, or a king, a miracle we can very well do without." "Do not fear," said the first mouse, "in these countries order is completely established; the cats have their houses as well as we ours, and they have their hospitals for the sick separate from ours." After this conversation, our two mice set out together, contriving the evening before she set sail, to creep along the cordage of a vessel that was to make along voyage.

They got under weigh, and were enraptured with the sight of the sea, which took them from the abominable shores on which cats exercise their tyranny. The sail was pleasant, and they

reached Surat, not like merchants, to acquire riches, but to receive good treatment from the Hindoos. They had scarcely entered one of the houses fitted up for mice, when they aspired to the best accommodation. One of them pretended to recollect having formerly been a Bramin on the coast of Malabar, and the other protested that she had been a fine lady of the same country, with long ears; but they displayed so much impertinence, that the Indian mice lost all patience. A civil war commenced, and no quarter was given to the two Franks who pretended to impose laws on the others; when, instead of being eaten by cats, they were strangled by their own brethren. From this it is evident, that it is useless to go far in search of safety; as, if we are not modest and wise, we only go to danger; and if we are so, we may be secure at home.

Fenelon.

CHINA.

The Chinese is the most populous empire which ever existed; its sovereign inspires with respect, and enforces submission over, *three-fifths* of the human race.

The annual increase of the Chinese population amounts to two millions; the weakest of its 17 native and 5 tributary provinces out-numbers Great Britain; the greatest, exceeds the population of the Russian territory; Europe united to Africa under one chief, would not rival its number.

China, properly so called, contains three hundred and thirty three millions of souls, and extends over 20 degrees of latitude and 20 of longitude, or 400 square degrees. The proportion is that of seven hundred thousand souls to one square degree, or ten thousand to one square mile. With this ratio of people the world would contain ten thousand millions of sons and daughters as may easily be calculated.

The earth exhibits no other scene so awfully interesting. More than three hundred millions of human beings are here marshalled into provinces, governed by similar rules, honoured by the same public rewards, or disgraced by the same marks of public infamy; and subdivided into classes, which can never unite. To these, the imperial commands are transmitted in a lengthened

succession of subordination, from the first servant of the crown, very emphatically denominated the "other Emperor," through the various orders of mandarins, to the humble coulie, or the humbler slave.

It is a well-regulated, orderly empire, whose different ranks are distinguished by legal ceremonies, and a legal dress; whose villages or cities include in their names their legal eminence; whose canals of three months' sail are all imperial property; whose inland rivers, gigantic as the ample canals which they feed, are each superintended by a watchful magistracy; whose granaries, vast as their domain, are in the season of famine gratuitously opened, to diffuse relief and abundance through a circle of hundreds of thousands of miles; and whose military, which are comparatively few, are subject to the civil magistrate, and in this land of peace are used for pomp and magnificence alone.

The Chinese sovereign is guarded by the affections of a grateful, a happy, and a gentle nation, as well as by the lives and fortunes of contented rulers of thousands: rulers, who "stand near his mighty throne. and hold it firm."

Surely such a scene must claim respect from all mankind, and cannot fail of attracting the admiration of philosophical Europe.

The rapid increase of the Chinese empire, and the progress of civilization stagger belief; including its late conquests, its population exceeds four hundred millions; its fishing and coasting vessels literally cover its shores for several miles, and at Canton alone, a million of individuals are annually born and die in floating houses.

Its tillage is elegant, and appears like an extensive gardening; and its arts and trades have been augmented to meet the wishes of the opulent. In such an empire, every object of our contemplation rises into gigantic magnitude. Its merchants are the honourable of the earth; its bankers, individually, enjoy fortunes of three or four millions sterling: and a late prime minister possessed eighteen millions. Its superior mandarins are above the subject princes and tributary kings of Tartary; and its "great father," the emperor, is adored as a God! Paris, Petersburg, and London, would merely rank as cities of the third order. Madrid, Lisbon, Naples, Palermo, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Vienna, sink into the class of the unwall'd villages, and provincial capitals of China.

Manufacture by machinery has risen to such a state of excellence, that no foreigner is encouraged to introduce his discoveries,

nor is any right of patent granted, in order to stimulate invention. The Chinese public is so infinite, as to supply work to all the industrious, and so wealthy, as to reward all the laborious.

A standing army, and an imperial police, repress riot, and secure property; internal repose and civil concord, pervade the hundred counties of the empire.

From this favourable state of public affairs, the interior improvements of China have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. New canals have been dug, new plantations of sugar, rice, and millet, have been raised; new roads formed, and new cities built; a thousand colonies have been planted, and four adjoining kingdoms have been conquered. Many articles, for which they were dependant on Russian Tartary, are now supplied by their subjects; and many materials, which they formerly brought as a finished manufacture, they now import in a rude state. Thus, they yearly approach towards independence of the world, while the Eastern nations crowd their harbours for sugar and porcelain, and the western, for tea and cotton.

In the present emperor we observe the noble simplicity of "the Father of China;" whose plain, but immensely extensive palace, whose summer tent or moveable court, and, whose unadorned majesty; mocks the vain magnificence of the other kings of the earth. His food is moderate; his habit is modest; his eye is mild and encouraging; his manners are popular and patriotic; his chambers are distinguished from those of his nobles or opulent subjects, only by their proportions and superior circumference; in short, this sovereign is "high raised above all rival height;" great by the eminence of his humility; exalted, in his royal discharge of the offices of the national religion; patriotically selfish in promoting the advancement of his subjects; and he cannot be viewed without the mingled sensations of reverence and love.

Patrick.

THE FOLLY AND EVILS OF PASSION.

Scarcely a day passes without somewhat occurring which serves to ruffle the man of an impatient spirit. Of course, such a man lives in a continual storm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. The least trifle is sufficient to discom-

pose his mind and poison his pleasures, and his very amusements are mixed with turbulence and passion.

I would beseech this man to consider of what small moment the provocations which he receives, or at least imagines himself to receive, are in reality: but of what great moment he makes them, by suffering them to deprive him of self-possession. I would beseech him to consider how many hours of happiness he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy; and how much he puts it in the power of the most insignificant person to render him miserable.

"But who can expect," we hear him exclaim, "that he is to possess the insensibility of a stone? How is it possible for human nature to endure so many repeated provocations, or to bear calmly with such unreasonable behaviour?"

My brother, if you can bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, withdraw yourself from the world. You are no longer fit to live in it. Leave the intercourse of men. Retreat to the mountain and the desert, or shut yourself up in a cell; for here, in the midst of society, "*offences must come.*"

You might as well, when you behold a calm atmosphere and a clear sky, expect that no clouds were ever to rise, and no winds to blow, as suppose that your life was long to proceed without receiving provocations from human frailty. The careless and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the interested, every where meet us. They are the briars and the thorns with which the paths of human life are beset. He alone is worthy the name of a man who can hold his course among them with patience and equanimity, and who is prepared to bear what must happen. Could you only preserve yourself composed for a moment, you would perceive the insignificance of most of those provocations which you so greatly magnify. When a few more suns have rolled over your head, the storm will of itself have subsided, and the cause of your present impatience and disturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can you not then anticipate this hour of calmness, and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring? If others have behaved improperly, leave them to their own folly, rather than become a victim to their caprice, or punish yourself on their account.

Patience, in this exercise of it, cannot be too much studied by all who wish their life to flow in a smooth stream. It is the reason of a man, in opposition to the passion of a child. It is the enjoyment of peace, in opposition to uproar and confusion.

Disappointments will often happen to the best and the wisest of men, and sometimes to the wisest and the best concerted plans. They may happen too, not through any imprudence in those who have devised the plan; nor even through the malice or ill-design of others, but merely in consequence of some of those incidents of life which cannot be foreseen. But to whom was it ever given, to guard against all the vicissitudes which the fluctuating fashion of the world is incessantly bringing about? How unskilful is that calculation of the course of human events; how rash and presumptuous that hope which secludes the possibility of disappointment!

Nothing is so inconsistent with self-possession as violent anger. It overpowers our reason, confounds our ideas, distorts our appearance, and blackens the colour of every object. By the storm which it raises within, and the mischiefs which it occasions without, the passionate and revengeful man generally suffers greater miseries than he can possibly inflict on his enemy. Without some degree of patience were exercised under injuries, human life would be rendered a state of perpetual hostility: offences and retaliations would succeed each other in an endless train, and the world would become a field of blood.

Blair.

THE COSSACKS.

There is something extremely martial, and even intimidating in the appearance of a *Cossack*. His majestic look, elevated brows, and dark mustachios; his helmet of black wool, terminated by a crimson sack, with its plume, laced festoon, and white cockade; his upright posture, and the ease and elegance of his gait, give him an air of great importance. Each person's habit, consisting of a blue jacket edged with gold, and lined with silk, is fastened across the chest, by hooks. Beneath the jacket appears a silk waistcoat, of which the lower part is concealed by a sash; and large trowsers, either of the same materials as the jacket, or of white dimity, are fastened high above the waist, and cover the boots. Their hair is short, dark, thick, and quite straight, and their sabres are only worn when they are on horseback, on a journey, or engaged in war. The sash is sometimes yellow, green, or red, though generally black; and the gloves are very large.

In their temper, the Cossacks are characterized by great liveliness and animation; they are little disposed to industrious occupations, fond of amusement, and, when their passions are roused, very violent. Delighting in war, the indolence of peace appears to make them uneasy. They have an abundance of excellent food, and as much brandy as they choose to drink, and, a favourite maxim among them in their entertainment of strangers, is, "Cossacks do not sell their hospitality." The poorer classes eat, drink, and sleep with their horses; and the loss of a favourite steed is reckoned the greatest misfortune that can happen. Contrasted with the Russians, they are a more noble race of men; stouter, better looking, and superior in every thing that can exalt one class of men above another.

Polished in their manners, instructed in their minds, disinterested, humane, good husbands, good fathers, good wives, good mothers, virtuous daughters, valiant and dutiful sons; the *Don Cossacks* are elevated not only above the Muscovites, but also over the Calmucks, the Cossacks of the Black Sea, the Circassians, and the whole of the neighbouring hordes by which they are surrounded.

Clarke.

C L U B S.

*Tiger with Tiger, Bear with Bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.*

TATE.

Man is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the Name of *Clubs*. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the account of such a fantastick resemblance. I know a considerable Market-Town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one another in countenance: the Room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a Candidate for this corpulent Club could make his entrance

Zweiter Theil.

through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified: but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, tho' it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three Tun.

In opposition to this Society, there Sprung up another composed of Scarecrows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the Magistracy. These factions tore the Corporation in pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this accomodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the Sirname of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which used to meet at the sign of the *George* and *St. George's* day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in *Ormond-Street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse with him, that two or three noisy Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King *Charles* the Second; I mean the *Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a Side-Table, for such as had only drawn Blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This Club consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* itself is said to have taken its original from a Mutton-pye. The *Beef-Steak* and *October-Clubs* are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of Society, not a spirit of faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the Day, by an innocent and chearful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a scheme of Laws that I met with upon a wall in a little Ale-house: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of Artisans and Mechanics, who used to meet every night, and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low Life, I shall transcribe them Word for Word.

R U L E S

to be observed in the TWO-PENNY CLUB, erected in this Place, for the Preservation of Friendship and good Neighbourhood.

- 1) Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two-pence.
- 2) Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own box.
- 3) If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the use of the Club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.
- 4) If any Member swears or curses, his Neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.
- 5) If any Member tells stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lye an halfpenny.
- 6) If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him.
- 7) If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.
- 8) If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the door.
- 9) If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.
- 10) None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.
- 11) None of the Club shall have his cloathes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother-member.
- 12) No Non juror shall be capable of being a Member.

The Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnson*, the regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipsius*, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient *Greek* Author.

Addison.

THE TURKS.

The Turks are a people of Antitheses; brave and cowardly, active and lazy, profligate and devout, refined and coarse, filthy and clean, keeping in the same room, roses and a dead cat. The grandees are lofty and mean, mistrustful and ungrateful, generous and yet thieves. All these qualities, of which the first are more numerous than the second, depend on circumstances, and are concealed by an ignorance and insensibility, which prevent their possessors from being miserable.

The Turks are open to impressions of gratitude and kind treatment, and in every circumstance of their life, they adhere to their word with constancy. Their utmost effort is to smile, and to reply with the head, the eyes, the arms, and the hands, which they move with nobleness. They scarcely ever speak, and even the servant of a janissary, though with naked legs and feet, and without a shirt, is a coxcomb after his fashion, and has an air superior to that of the young lords of European courts: the poorest of the Turkish soldiery have no clothes to wear, but their arms are of ornamented steel and decorated with silver.

They resemble the Greeks in some points, and the Romans in many. They have the predilections of the one, and the customs of the other. Their words are charming, and full of taste; and their ideas are subtle and delicate. Like the Romans, they will not give themselves the trouble of laughing or dancing; like them also, they have their buffoons, and always recline at meals. They take great pleasure in having beautiful figures to bring their coffee, pipe, aloes-wood to burn, perfumes of amber, and essence of roses. Tunics and slippers prove that they are not fond of walking. Nothing can equal the violence and rage of cold and phlegmatic persons among them; they even set a value on revenge; but with this exception, they are gentle and peaceable, never quarrelling, nor even disputing; and, if the disposition of a sultan and two or three great officers of the empire, did not constantly keep them alarmed, they would be the best people in the world.

Ignorant through idleness and policy, and superstitious from habit and calculation, they are guided by a natural and a happy impulse. In war, they are equally adroit on foot, on horseback, or by water, and, individually, they are intrepid. Ranks being here confounded, since each has a right to all he can obtain,

every one awaits the situation which chance may reserve for him; a *soapmerchant* may become the prime minister — a *gardener*, the high-admiral of the empire — and a *lackey*, the commander of its armies.

The Prince de Ligne.

THE IRISH.

An original Irishman, resembles in many respects, a Highlander; in some grand outlines he is indeed different, but this should be attributed perhaps to his situation rather than to any essential distinction. To a person altogether unacquainted with his language or customs, he appears very different from what he really is, and, lest the dear language of his fathers, and the superstition of his earliest days, should be exposed to unhallowed ridicule, he will seem very unconcerned about either. Jealousy and pride, added to what he considers injurious treatment, have confirmed him in his prejudices, and strengthened him in his attachment to the characteristics of his country.

7 There is no mark by which the Irishman (always recollecting that I mean the original race of the country) is more distinguished than inquisitiveness. He will walk miles with you, to discover whence you came, whither you are going, and what is your business. To make you frank, he will appear merry, perfectly untutored, and simple, but constantly with a design in view. This disposition has been cherished by the recitations of the *sceuldachs*, a species of legendary tales that have been transmitted among them from time immemorial. Every one of them is in possession of some of these; and their recital is a most favourite pastime. Extravagant as these tales may be, they are not altogether useless; they refer the mind from the present, to the past and the future; they sharpen the intellect and furnish it with ideas; and they tend to excite and to gratify a powerful curiosity.

Acuteness and shrewdness strongly mark the Irish character; and yet these valuable qualities are often concealed by that appearance of simplicity, and that blundering precipitance which so greatly amuse every stranger. Let any one converse with an Irishman, however rude, on any subject that is not altogether beyond his understanding, and he will find him quick though

unlettered, and not wholly unintelligent, though uninformed on most subjects: possessing a wonderful facility of comprehension, and an equally singular talent for appropriate remark. When these endowments are found in a person educated and polished, and allied, as in the Irish they generally are, with a brilliant playfulness of fancy, they produce the happiest effects, and form a character at once pleasing and original.

Strong local attachment forms an additional and a prominent part of their character. The Irishman, like the Highlander, is often obliged to go from home; he must go in search of that bread which his country denies him, but he can never forget the cottage of his youth. Whether in the east or the west, though even buried among the ignorance and vice of St. Giles's, the lovely valley in which he first began to live, and the green hills of his native isle, with all the soft and endearing associations which they awaken, never cease to warm his imagination, nor, to his latest hour, do they depart from his memory.

Among the lower orders of the Irish community, ignorance and superstition of the grossest kind prevail. The loss of labour to the kingdom, through the multiplicity of holidays, cannot be reckoned at less than from two to three hundred thousand pounds per annum. In many counties of Ireland, the Sunday is generally spent in drinking, dancing, and fighting. As to a wake the whisky is perpetually circulating; whole nights and days are spent in drinking, and at the funerals in some parts of Ireland, gallons of whisky are placed in the church-yard, of which those who are present often drink to intoxication, when a battle is the sure consequence. The fairs present a scene of perfect confusion and intemperance, and seldom terminate without an engagement with the *shellala*.

Dewar.

DERIVATION OF THE MODERN LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

The formation of the modern language of Europe is intimately connected with the history of the dark ages. The Latin began to be corrupted in the fifth century, when the Goths and Lombards gained possession of Italy. From the reign of Theodoric

the Italian began gradually to assume its form and character; and its deviation from the mother tongue, was particularly marked by the use of articles instead of the variations of cases, and of auxiliary verbs, instead of many changes of tenses.

In proportion as the conquerors made more successful and extensive ravages, their phraseology was blended with that of their captives. Yet may the curious observer trace a strong resemblance to the features of the original language, and if the Italian wants the strength and majesty of the Latin, it inherits that delicacy and melodious flow of expression which never fail to charm every reader of taste, in the works of Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, Tasso, and Metastasio.

In the fifth century too the Franks invaded France, and conquered its ancient inhabitants. By a mixture of dialects, the French language was formed, which, gradually polishing the rude expressions and uncouth phraseology observable in its first writers, has in latter times acquired a great degree of precision, delicacy, and elegance.

After the Saxons had subdued the Britons, they introduced into England their own language, which was a dialect of the Teutonic or Gothic. From the fragments of the Saxon laws, history, and poetry, still extant, we have many proofs to convince us, that it was capable of expressing the sentiments of a civilized people, with a great degree of copiousness and energy.

William the conqueror caused the Norman French to be used, both in his own palace and in the courts of justice; and it became in a short time current among the higher orders of his subjects. The constant intercourse between France and England has introduced a very considerable addition of French words, as is evident from the works of our early writers particularly Chaucer Gower, Wickliffe, and others quoted by Warton, in his curious and entertaining history of English Poetry.

Such were the grand sources of the English tongue; but the stream has been from time to time augmented by the copious influx of the Latin and other languages, with which the pursuits of commerce, the cultivation of learning, and the progress of the arts have made us acquainted.

The same countries which have supplied the English with improvements, have furnished the various names by which they are denoted. Musicians, sculptors, and painters, borrowed their expressions from Italy; the words used in navigation, were adopted

from the inhabitants of Flanders and Holland; the French supplied the expressions used in fortification and military affairs: the terms used in mathematics and philosophy were taken from the Latin and Greek languages, and in the Saxon may be found all the words which belong to agriculture and the mechanical arts.

It remained to the author of the "Diversions of Purley" to ascertain the origin of those indeclinable parts of speech which had long been prevalent without a sufficient investigation, and he has clearly proved, that many of our adverbs, conjunctions, and prepositions, which are commonly thought to have no signification when detached from other words, are derived from obsolete Saxon nouns or verbs, the meaning of which they still retain; but that they have been shortened for general convenience, and corrupted by length of time.

BATTLE OF ÁUSTERLITZ.

A mist having concealed the movements of the French, when the sun shone forth, it showed to the astonished Russians ninety battalions of infantry, ranged in two lines to the right, and in face of the great road leading from Brunn to Weschau, forming an acute angle with the road. At the extremity of the angle was an eminence of considerable height, commanding the road, and guarded by a strong detachment of infantry and heavy artillery. The left wing of the French was under Lasnes, whose corps was supported by the whole of the heavy cavalry. Bernadotte, led on the centre, composed almost entirely of infantry; Soult, had charge of the right wing, stretching towards Brunn; and above 100 pieces of cannon were placed along the line.

Buonaparte, acting as Commander in Chief, and accompanied by Berthier, and his whole staff, had taken his station in the rear of the centre, at the head of the reserve, and so judiciously were the French drawn up, that, without leaving any weak point, their line was made to extend to an equal length with that of their more numerous antagonists. The first cannon was fired from the French right; this was the signal for battle; and, as the Russians were not slow in returning it, the firing soon became general. The Russian artillery was immense, and well served; and the number of field pieces on both sides amounted to nearly three

hundred. These poured forth grape shot while the infantry kept up a rolling fire of musketry along the whole line. The earth seemed to shake, and the sky to be in flames.

Numbers fell on both sides, and three hours passed without either army gaining any advantage over its opponent. At the expiration of that time, Alexander's horse-guards made a charge on the centre of the French army, broke the line, rode over a regiment of infantry, and bore off its standard; but, to have been made productive of success, this charge should have been immediately sustained by further movements — it was not; and that which might have led to victory, became a cause of defeat.

Buonaparte, who was not far off, instantly detached under his aid-de-camp General Rapp, two squadrons of his guard, supported by grenadiers, to fall on the victorious, though confused Russians. Never was a charge more impetuous, or more decisive; the Russians were forced to give way, and strove in vain to rally; the French allowed them no time, but cut them down, or made them prisoners, with incredible celerity.

The French infantry, recovering from their panic, were impatient to charge; and Buonaparte, perceiving that the time was arrived for of decisive manœuvre, drew forth the whole guard in line, and the artillery occupying a rising ground in front, began to play, while, from its elevation, the fire from the Russian line passed over the French. He endeavoured to restrain the impatience of his cavalry, but sent forward a division of his infantry of reserve, with orders to fire and charge; and Bernadotte, seizing the favourable moment, changed his front, and took the Russian centre in flank,

This movement proved decisive; the Russian centre was broken, cut down, and routed; it was impossible to rally it, and the most desperate efforts of individual valour proved unavailing. The right wing of the Russians had been equally unfortunate, the French cuirassiers having made their charge, and borne down the opposing infantry.

On the left, from the beginning of the battle, Marshal Soult had found the greatest difficulty in maintaining his position, and would undoubtedly have been routed, had it not been for the success of the French in the centre, but that success enabled the French to advance from their centre, and attack the Russians who continued the contest, front and flank.

The artillerymen were literally cut to pieces on their cannon; and, as the Russian line had not given way till it was in the greatest disorder, the massacre was frightful, night alone putting a period to these scenes of horror. The loss of the allies, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to *fifty thousand* men, and their baggage, ammunition, and standards, with one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victors.

S U V O R O F.

"Suvorof," says Dr. Clarke, "was created to be a Russian general, since he possessed all the qualifications, and the only qualifications entitling a Russian chief to the hope of victory. Among his troops he was *generally* their commander; *individually*, their comrade and their friend. To the highest Russian military rank, he joined the manners and taste of a private soldier: he would be one moment closeted with his sovereign, and the next drinking quass with his troops, eating raw turnips, divesting himself of vermin, or sleeping upon straw. He partook in every interest of the privates; entered into all their little histories; mediated in their disputes; shared in their amusements; was at once their counsellor and their example; the hero who taught, and who led the way to victory.

The catechism, as he strangely termed the extraordinary document he composed for the instruction of his army, possesses a portion of all his characteristics; buffoonery, inconsistency, barbarity, military skill, knowledge of his countrymen, anxiety and precaution for the welfare of his troops, and his remarkable talent for directing even their vices to advantage.

According to a French writer of his memoirs, (Mr. Laverne), he had been a soldier above fifty years; he had been present in more than a hundred actions, in sixty-four of which, he had commanded without being beaten. His predominant passion was the love of glory. In person, he was short and thin: his body seemed wholly to consist of sinews; his features were mean, his nose flat, his mouth wide, and his eyes small, but by their animation, they discovered the fire of his temperament.

He regularly arose at day-break. When in the field, he used the diet of a common soldier, which was generally broth and sour bread: he slept three or four hours in the night, and, when opportunity offered, he slept as many in the middle of the day. He was regular in his devotions: when in quarters, he lay wrapt up in his cloak, on a thin mattress, which was stretched on the floor; and on service, either a board or the bare ground, was his bed. His soldiers, as well as his officers, had free access to him at all times; and, traversing the camp on foot, he would descend to jocular familiarity, and even buffoonery, with the meanest among them. He would never touch money, and so declared an enemy was he to luxury, that were a mirror left in any apartment appropriated to him, he forthwith broke it in pieces, as an appendage unworthy of a man. The only things of which he was proud, were the diamond stars of the different orders that had been conferred on him for his exploits. These were carried near his person, and were worn by him with great pomp on all public occasions.

In war, his characteristics were celerity in march, and boldness in attack. Posts and batteries were attacked indiscriminately at the point of the bayonet, and, if a ready access was not offered at the flank, the front was attacked without hesitation. In his orders to his officers, his custom was to overlook all attendant obstacles, and to prescribe distinctly the hour and place.

To assert that ferocity was in him an inherent quality, might be an error; and the public are strangely misinformed with respect to the extent of his knowledge. He spoke the Russian, Turkish, Polish, Italian, German and French languages; read Greek, Latin and Arabic; and possessed a varied and profound erudition.

His family consisted of a son and a daughter. His son, Count Italinski, is known in the diplomatic world; and his daughter, the wife of General Zoubof, is a woman of great merit. She was the idol of her father, who would kiss her hands for hours together, and run about the room, thanking heaven for having given him such a daughter.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS. *)

It will be recollected, that Lord Exmouth sent in a boat with a letter to the Dey, in which he demanded, — 1st. The abolition of Christian slavery. 2d. The delivery of all Christian slaves in the kingdom of Algiers; besides, the restoration of all the money which had been paid for the redemption of slaves by the Kings of Naples and Sardinia since the commencement of the year. — Mr. Salame was in the boat which carried the letter, and waited in it for two hours immediately below the batteries, in expectation of the Dey's answer. Mr. Salame then says —

Mr. Burgess, the flag-lieutenant, having agreed with me, we hoisted the signal, that “no answer had been given;” and began to row away towards the Queen Charlotte. At this time I was very anxious to get out of danger; for, knowing their perfidious character, and observing that Lord Exmouth, on his seeing our signal, immediately gave order to the fleet to bear up, and every ship to take her position for the attack, I had great fear that they (the Algerines) would fire on us; — in short, till I reached the Queen Charlotte, I was almost more dead than alive. After I had given my reports to the Admiral, of our meeting with the Captain of the Port, and our waiting there, &c. I was quite surprised to see how his Lordship was altered from what I left him in the

*) The volume, from which the above extract is taken, is the production of Mr. Abraham Salame, a native of Alexandria, but of a Syrian family. His grandfather, a merchant of high respectability at St. Jean d'Acre, was compelled to quit that city in consequence of the atrocities of Djezzar Pashaw (the Butcher); and the greater part of his children followed him in his flight. The family are all of the Christian persuasion. In Alexandria, young Salame enjoyed considerable opportunities for the acquisition of all the great dialects of the Arabic language, as well as the Turkish and Italian, and a little French and English, by the immense variety of traders &c. who inhabit or visit that city. He came to England at the close of the year 1815; and having been employed for several months in the English Foreign-office, before the period of Lord Exmouth's expedition, he was selected to accompany our gallant admiral in the quality of interpreter. The important duties of this office were discharged by him in a manner highly creditable to himself, and entirely satisfactory to all his superiors.

morning; for I knew that his manner was in general very mild, and now he seemed to me *all-fightful*, as a *fierce lion*, which had been chained in its cage, and was set at liberty. With all that, his Lordship's answer to me was, "*Never mind, we shall see now;*" and at the same time, he turned towards the officers saying, "*Be ready;*" whereupon I saw every one standing with *the match* or *the string of the lock* in his hand, most anxiously waiting for the word "*Fire!*"

I remained on the poop with his Lordship, till the Queen Charlotte passed through all the enemy's batteries, without firing a gun. There were many thousand Turks and Moors looking on astonished, to see so large a ship coming all at once inside the mole, without caring for any thing. When we opened over the mole head, I saw, as I thought, a boat coming out, which I supposed was that of the Captain of the Port, and told his Lordship of it; but on looking with a glass, we found the mistake.

During this time, the Queen Charlotte in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole-head's batteries: but afterwards, having found that we had not more than two feet water under the bottom of the Queen Charlotte, his Lordship let go the cable for twenty yards more; and so we were within about one hundred yards of the mouths of their guns; — when Lord Exmouth took a position in such a masterly style, that not more than four or five guns could bear on us from the mole; though we were exposed to the fire of all their other batteries, and musketry, we gave them three *cheers*; and the batteries, as well as the walls, being crowded with troops, they jumped on the top of the parapets to look at us, for our broadside was higher than their batteries; and they were quite surprised to see a three-decker, with the rest of the fleet, so close on them. From what I observed of the Captain of the Port's manner, and of their confusion inside of the mole (though they were making great preparations) I am quite sure, that even themselves were not aware of what they were about, or what we meant to do; because, according to their judgment, they thought that we should be terrified by their fortifications, and not advance so rapidly and closely to the attack. In proof of this, I must observe, that at this point their guns were not even loaded; and they began to load them after the Queen Charlotte and almost all the fleet had passed their batteries. At a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the Eastern battery, fired the first shot at the

Impregnable, which, with the Superb and the Albion, *) was astern of the other ships, to prevent them from coming in; then Lord Exmouth, having seen *only the smoke* of the gun before the sound reached him, said, with great alacrity, "*That will do; fire my fine fellows!*" and I am sure, that before his Lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes; and at the same instant the other ships did the same. This first fire was so terrible, that they say more than five hundred persons were killed and wounded by it. And I believe this, because there was a great crowd of people in every part, many of whom, after the first discharge, I saw running away, under the walls, like dogs, upon their feet and hands.

After the attack took place on both sides in this horrible manner, immediately the sky was darkened by the smoke, the sun completely eclipsed, and the horizon became dreary. Being exhausted by the heat of that powerful sun, to which I was exposed the whole day; and my ears being deafened by the roar of the guns, and finding myself in the dreadful danger of such a terrible engagement, in which I had never been before, I was quite at a loss, and like an astonished or stupid man, and did not know myself where I was. At last, his Lordship, having perceived my situation, said, "*You have done your duty, now go below.*" Upon which I began to descend from the quarter deck, quite confounded and terrified, and not sure that I should reach the cockpit alive; for it was most tremendous to hear the crashing of the shot, to see the wounded men brought from one part, and the killed from the other; and especially at such a time to be found among the *English seamen!* and to witness their manners, their activity, their courage, and their cheerfulness during the battle! it is really most overpowering and beyond imagination.

On this subject I wish to give only one remark: — While I was going below, I was stopped near the hatchway by a crowd

*) The Superb and the Albion had almost reached their proper positions, but the Impregnable being rather slow, and the Algerines having opened a tremendous fire upon her, and the smoke being so thick that she could not distinguish her exact position, Admiral Milne was obliged to lie in that situation and begin the attack; and thus, unfortunately, was exposed to the Eastern and to the Lighthouse batteries, which were very strong.

of seamen who were carrying two wounded men to the cockpit; and I had leisure to observe the management of those heavy guns of the lower deck; I saw the companies of the two guns nearest the hatchway, they wanted some *wadding*, and began to call "*wadding, wadding!*" but not having it immediately, two of them swearing, took out their knives and cut off the *breasts of their jackets* where the buttons are, and rammed them into the guns instead of *wadding*. I was really astonished to see such extraordinary magnanimity.

At last I reached the cockpit; when Mr. Dewar, the surgeon, Mr. Frowd, the chaplain, and Mr. Somerville, the purser, with some other friends, met me, and began to congratulate me on my safe return, for they never expected that I should escape; and they gave me something to eat and to drink, but I could eat nothing, I only drank a little wine and water. Now I wished to assure myself if I was out of danger or not; I asked them how much we were above water? They told me that we were pretty safe, because the cockpit was about two or three feet below the water-mark, and that I had nothing to fear, as I was now out of the greatest danger.

Upon this, I was rather relieved, — but having heard that several shots had passed through the Queen Charlotte between wind and water, and that the carpenter had been to stop the leaks, I then lost the idea of being quite safe, and I walked in the cockpit always fearful. — Afterwards, observing that the action was going on without an appearance of soon ceasing, I began to encourage myself by thinking, that every living being is uncertain of his existence, and that, throughout our life, we are continually exposed to the mercy of circumstances. And thus, I commenced assisting those poor wounded people after they were dressed; for humanity and natural sensibility, at such a dreadful time, call upon every body to have pity, and to help the unfortunate. — Some of them could not walk; some could not see; and some were to be carried from one place to another. It was indeed a most pitiable sight.

From curiosity, I wished to observe the doctor's operations. But while I was attending to the first one, which was that of taking off an arm, I could not bear it, and felt myself fainting away, especially when the doctor began to saw the bone! I then went out of sight. At this time, I saw Lieutenant John Frederick Johnstone come down to the cockpit, wounded in his cheek. —

After he had been dressed, and remained for a short time, laughing at me, he asked me to help him to put on his coat, and went to the hatchway, wishing to go on deck again; I then held him from behind by the shoulders to make him stop, and said, "Where are you going? you are wounded." In reply he said, "I am very well now, I must go." And so he went directly.

After two hours time, I saw him, poor fellow, brought down to the cockpit again, by four seamen, with his left arm taken off quite from the shoulder, and it only hung by a little bit of flesh.

When I met him in that horrible state, he could not bear to be carried on, but wished to be laid down where he was; and began to call, "The doctor, the doctor;" when we all took care of him, and the doctor immediately came, and took off his arm quite from the joint of his shoulder.

About this time, I was sorry to see my friend Mr. Grimes (his Lordship's secretary) conducted below; he had received several wounds from splinters, and was obliged to quit the deck from loss of blood.

Having seen that the battle was going on favourably, and that the Algerines, after fighting extremely well for about five hours, began to slacken their firing, and that our seamen, every time that an Algerine frigate took fire, or any of the batteries were destroyed, gave a loud cheer, I began to have more courage, and jump up now and then to the lower deck to see what was going on; and so, for the rest of the action, I employed myself in passing the empty powder boxes to the magazine; because I found it more agreeable than attending the doctor.

I observed with great astonishment, that, during all the time of the battle, not one seaman appeared tired, not one lamented the dreadful continuation of the fight; but, on the contrary, the longer it lasted, the more cheerfulness and pleasure were amongst them; notwithstanding, during the greater part of the battle, the firing was most tremendous on our side, particularly from this ship (the Queen Charlotte) the fire of which was kept up with equal fury, and never ceased, though his Lordship in several instances wished to cease firing for a short time, to make his observations, and it was with great difficulty that he could make the seamen stop for a few minutes.

At eleven o'clock, p. m. his Lordship having observed the destruction of the whole Algerine navy, and the strongest parts of their batteries, with the city, made signal to the fleet to move out

of the line of the batteries; and thus, with a favourable breeze, we cut our cables, as well as the whole of the squadron, and made sail, when our firing ceased at about half-past eleven.

When the action was over, Mr. Stair (the gunner) came out from the magazine, and said, that he was about seventy years old, and that in his life he had been in more than twenty actions, but that he never knew or heard of any action that had consumed so great a quantity of powder as this. *)

After the ships had hauled out, without any danger (although the Algerines began to throw some shells from the higher castles), I went on the poop to see his Lordship, and to observe the effect of our shot on the enemy's batteries, and to behold the destruction of their navy, which, at this time, with the storehouses within the mole, was burning very rapidly.

The blaze illuminated all the bay and the town, with the environs, almost as clear as in the day time; the view of which was really most awful and beautiful; nine frigates and a great number of gun-boats, with other vessels, being all in flames, and carried by the wind to different directions in the bay. — I observed, with great surprise, how, in these nine hours' time, our shot had effected so horrible a destruction of their batteries; instead of walls I saw nothing but heaps of rubbish, and a number of people dragging the dead bodies out.

When I met his Lordship on the poop, his voice was quite hoarse, and he had two slight wounds, one in the cheek, and the other in his leg. Before I paid him my respects, he said to me, with his usual gracious and mild manner, "Well, my fine fellow Salame, what think you now?" In reply I shook hands with his Lordship, and said, "My Lord, I am extremely happy to see your Lordship safe, and I am so much rejoiced with this glorious victory, that I am not able to express, in any terms, the degree of my happiness." — It was, indeed, astonishing to see the coat of his Lordship, how it was all cut up by musket ball, and by grape: it was behind, as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces. We were all surprised at the narrow escape of his Lordship.

*) Nearly one hundred and eighteen tons of powder, and more than five hundred tons of round shot, were spent in the course of about nine hours, by the British and Dutch Squadrons.

At one o'clock in the morning, we anchored with all the fleet in the middle of the bay; immediately after, Admiral Van Capellan came on board; and after having paid his congratulations to his Lordship, he said, "My Lord, I am quite happy if I die now, after having got full satisfaction from these pirates; and we owe a great deal to your Lordship for your gallant position with the Queen Charlotte, which was the safety and protection of more than five hundred persons of our squadron."

After we had anchored, his Lordship, having ordered his steward [in the morning to keep several dishes ready, gave a grand supper to the officers of the ship, and drank to the health of every brave man in the fleet. We also drank to his Lordship's health, and then every body went to sleep, almost like dead men. *)

RALEIGH'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ELIZABETH.

When the message of the Queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his Sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

"A plague on it," said Blount, as he descended the stairs; "had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have

*) The result of this battle was the liberation of 1083 Christian slaves viz. 471 Neapolitans, — 236 Sicilians, — 173 Romans, — 6 Tuscans, — 161 Spaniards, — 1 Portuguese, — 7 Greeks, — 28 Dutch. "It was, indeed (says Mr. Salame), a most glorious, and an ever memorably merciful act, for England, over all Europe, to see these poor slaves, when our boats were shoving with them off the shore, all at once take off their hats, and exclaim in Italian, "Viva il Ré d' Inghilterra, il padre, eterno! e l' Ammiraglio Inglese che si ha liberato da questo secondo inferno." "Long live the King of England, the eternal father! and the English admiral, who delivered us from this second hell!"

done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious Sovereign, before whom all words must be lackered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionary matter as clean baffles my poor old English brain. — Come with me, Tracy, and come you too, Master Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashly fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of they shrewd devices." — "Never fear, never fear," exclaimed the youth, "it is I will help you through — let me but fetch my cloak." — "Why, thou hast it on thy shoulders," said Blount, "the lad is amazed." — "No, this is Tracy's old mantle," answered Walter; "I go not with thee to court unless as a gentleman should." — "Why," said Blount, "thy braveries are like to dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter." — "I know that," said the youth; "but I am resolved I will have my own cloak, ay, and brush my doublet to boot, ere I stir forth with you." — "Well, well," said Blount, "here is a coil about a doublet and a cloak — get thyself ready, a God's name."

They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendour. "There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount, "the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth." "The one will light, us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide." — "And this is all thou think'st — all thou carest — all thou deem'st the use of the King of Elements, and the King of Rivers, to guide three such poor caitiffs, as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!" — "It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames, the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go; and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble — And by my honour," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labour in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could

produce, guarded with their halberts the passage from the palace-gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion thus untimeously. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter, "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberts in their hands? Let us do this errand, and tell him what the Queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat pull towards a landingplace at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companion, Blount. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the serjeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth, to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return." — "Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly. — "Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass, answered Blount — "And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou would'st blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a Sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy?

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept drawing him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye, — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drab-de-buree, which despises all colours." — "This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession." — "And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy — we shall have you in *cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners. — "I was sent," said he, after looking at them atten-

tively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. — You sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me." — "He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse." "I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving Blount behind, with his eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation — "Who the good jere would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

Kenilworth.

CHARACTER OF JAMES I.

The goldsmith to the royal household, and who, if fame spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker (for these professions were not as yet separated from each other), was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from sentinel or porter; and leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer court, he gently knocked at a postern-gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an anti-room, where three or four pages in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more carelessly than the place and nearness to a King's person seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anti-room, was occupied by two gentlemen-ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition as the wealthy goldsmith entered. No word was spoken on either side, but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot, and then to a little door half-covered by the tapestry, which seemed to say as plain as a look could — "Lies your business that way?" The citizen nodded, and the court attendant, moving on tiptoe and with as much caution as if the floor had been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few

words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply — “Admit him instanter, Maxwell. Have ye hairboured sae lang at the court, and not learned that gold and silver is ever ywelcome?”

The usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the sovereign.

The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest, and ribaldry: and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the royal prentice, as he styled himself in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the king's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The king's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carkanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the king wore this highly honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest

might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language: just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully — that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the king's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot familiarly by the name of Jingling Geordie (for it was his well-known custom to give nick-names to all his familiars) inquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him, to cheat his lawful and native prince out of his siller.

Fortunes of Nigel.

EXCURSION TO MONT ST. BERNARD.

The convent is situated about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and is the highest habitable spot in Europe. The approach to it, for the last hour of the ascent, is steep and difficult. The convent is not seen till you arrive within a few hundred yards of it. It breaks upon the view all at once, at a turn in the rock. Upon a projecting crag near it stood one of the celebrated dogs, baying at our advance, as if to give notice of strangers. These dogs are of large size, particularly high upon the legs, and generally of a milk-white, or of a tabby colour. They are most extraordinary creatures — if all the stories the monks tell you of them are true. They are used for the purpose of searching for travellers who may be buried in the snow; and many persons are rescued annually from death by their means. During the last winter, a traveller arrived at the convent in the midst of a snow storm, having been compelled to leave his wife, who was unable to proceed further, at about a quarter of a mile's distance. A party of the Monks immediately set out to her assistance, and found her completely buried under the snow. The sagacity of the dogs alone was the cause of her deliverance, for there was no visible trace; and it is difficult to understand how the scent can be conveyed through a deep covering of snow.

It is stated that the Monks themselves, when out upon search for travellers, have frequently owed their preservation to their dogs, in a manner, which would seem to show that the dogs are endued with a presentiment of danger,

Many stories of this kind have been told, and I was anxious to ascertain their truth. The Monks stated two or three cases where the dogs had actually prevented them from returning to the convent by their accustomed route; when, it afterwards turned out, that, if they had not followed the guidance of their dog in his deviation, they would have been overwhelmed by an avalanche. Whether the dog may be endued with an intuitive foreboding of danger — or whether he may have the faculty of detecting symptoms not perceptible to our duller senses — must be determined by philosophers. Be this as it may — even the dogs are sometimes deceived, and, with their masters, are overwhelmed in the avalanches that are frequently falling in the spring of the year. About eighteen months ago, two of the domestics of the convent,

with two or three dogs, and a party of travellers who had been waiting with the courier from Italy, were lost in an avalanche. The bodies of these unfortunate persons may now be seen in the charnel-house of the convent of St. Bernard, where they are preserved, in order that there may be chance of their being identified by their friends. The coldness of the climate tends to retard putrefaction; but, at this time, no feature is distinguishable.

Buonaparte crossed this mountain with 60,000 men, with whom he afterwards fought the battle of Marengo. He halted for two hours at the convent with a few of his staff, and took some refreshment, but forbade the soldiers to enter or disturb the retreat of the Monks. I saw the spot where his life was saved by his guide. Buonaparte passed on without noticing the obligation at the time; but, upon his return from the victory of Marengo, he sent for the man, and presented him with a purse of sixty Napoleons. The guide still lives, and is called Buonaparte. — We left the convent deeply impressed with the hospitable and kind manners of the superior and his brethren. The support of the establishment is greatly dependant on charitable contributions; but it has lately suffered considerable loss, by the swindling device of some impostors, who — assuming the garb of the missionaries which the convent is in the habit of sending annually round the country to solicit support — contrived to levy very extensive contributions.

Matthew.

OLD DAN, AND THE FRENCH GENERAL.

At the storming of the breach by the French, in the memorable siege of Acre, among the multitude of the slain, was one of their generals. The Turks, in triumph struck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it a prey to the dogs.

Being thus exposed, when any of the sailors belonging to Sir Sidney Smith's ship had been on shore, inquiries were made respecting the deceased general, and among others, an old sailor named Daniel Bryan, was urgent to know why they had not buried him, to which he usually received in reply, "Go and do it yourself." Dan swore he would, observing that he had himself

been taken prisoner by the French, and that they, unlike the Turks, who leave their enemies to rot above ground, always gave them a decent burial.

One day having obtained leave to go and see the town, after dressing himself, as though for an excursion of pleasure, he procured a pickaxe, a shovel, and a rope, and went ashore. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him; but he replied "no, you are too young to be shot yet; as for me I am old and deaf, and my loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, Dan was slung through a port hole and lowered close to the beach, with his implements on his shoulder. His first difficulty was to drive away the dogs, and at the instant that the French levelled their pieces, and were on the instant of firing at the hero, an officer in the French army perceiving his friendly intention, threw himself across the file. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased, a dead, a solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth, covering it with mould, and placing large stones to mark the dimensions of the grave. Dan's task, however, was not as yet completed. The grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor: Dan, therefore, took a piece of chalk from his pocket and inscribed, "*Here you lie old crop;*" after which, being hoisted up with his pickaxe and shovel, the hostile firing immediately re-commenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney having been informed of the circumstances, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin, and the following conversation passed: — "Well Dan, I hear you have buried the French general." "Yes, your honour." "Had you any body with you?" "Yes, your honour." "Why, this gentleman says you had not." "But I had, your honour." "Ah! who had you?" "God Almighty, Sir." "A very good assistant indeed: give old Dan a glass of grog." "Thank your honour." Dan drank his grog, and left the cabin highly gratified; and he is now a pensioner in the royal hospital at Greenwich.

CONVERSATION.

That conversation may answer the ends for which it was designed, the parties who are to join in it, must come together with a de-

terminated resolution to please and be pleased. If a man feel that an easterly wind has rendered him dull and sulky, he should by all means stay at home till the wind change, and by that means avoid being troublesome to his friends; for dulness is infectious, and one sour face will make many, as one cheerful countenance very soon produces others.

In conversing with gloomy persons, gloomy topics, such as ill-health, bad weather, bad news, forebodings of disasters, &c. should always be excluded. There are few things which have not a bright side; diligence and practice will easily find it, and perhaps you cannot better preserve your temper calm and pleasant to yourself, and render your conversation pleasing and profitable to others, than by so doing.

As the end of conversation is either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive benefit from it, you should not be eager to interrupt others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted. Give every one leave to speak in his turn, and hear with patience, and answer with precision. Inattention is ill manners: it shews contempt, and contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person shall have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted; thus he will be pleased, and you will be informed.

Avoid stories, unless short, pointed, and quite *à-propos*. "He who deals in them," says Swift, "must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or he must often change his company."

Talk often, if necessary, but not long at a time. If the conversation languishes, renew it by starting a fresh subject. Economy however is desirable, lest the fund should not be sufficient.

Never laugh at your own wit; leave that to the company.

When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never disturb it by an ill-timed jest. The stream interrupted, may perhaps not be again made to flow.

Never discourse in a whisper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. Conversation-stock is a joint and common property.

In reflections on absent people, say nothing that you would not say if they were present. "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults

behind his back:" this is a golden rule, the observation of which, would at one stroke banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

The Olla Podrida.

COMPARISON OF STYLE; — ADDISON AND JOHNSON.

The language of Addison appears to me as only possessing distinguished excellence, from comparing it with that of his contemporary writers; compared with the style of our present best essayists, it is neither remarkably perspicuous nor remarkably musical. He often uses more words than are necessary to express his sense, which has a tendency to confuse and enfeeble his diction; and he frequently finishes his sentences with insignificant words, which produce the same effect upon the ear, as the eye perceives from a jerk or sudden stop in motion. Such a paltry termination cuts the sentence off in a sharp angle, and utterly precludes that roundness, that majestic sweep of sound, in which the Johnsonian periods so generally close.

In the following quotation from Addison on the mischiefs occasioned by a malicious character, the words in *italics* strike me as forming the inelegance of his style; and the words within *hooks* constitute its redundancy.

"(There is) nothing (that) more betrays a base, ungenerous spirit, than (the) giving (of) secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and satires (that are) written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous (and inhuman) wit, than *to stir up* sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, *at the same time* that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious *into the bargain*, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be most exempt *from it*."

Johnson.

"Good humour may properly be called the balm of being, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates life must owe its

power of pleasing. Without good humour, learning and bravery can be only formidable, and confer that superiority which swells the heart of the lion in the desert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without resistance. Without good humour, virtue may indeed awe by its dignity and amaze by its brightness, but must always be viewed at a distance, and will scarcely gain a friend, or attract an imitator."

Rambler.

In this passage, we have a perfect example of a beautiful and faultless style, in which no syllable could be transposed, to which no one could be added, and from which, not one could be taken away, without a diminution either of conciseness, perspicuity, or beauty.

In one respect, and only one, the Essay on good Humour differs from the generality of Johnson's writings. Excepting the word *suavity*, the whole Essay does not contain one Latinism that is not in common use.

I beg to be understood, that I confine my prediction of the inevitable preference which Johnson's best style will in future obtain over Addison's, to the essays on serious subjects which each has written. In sly and humourously playful satire, Addison remains, and will perhaps for ever remain, unrivalled. Johnson seldom attempts that line of composition, and when he attempts it, he fails. Neither has he any power to assume the language and manner of writing that belong to country squires, coquettish misses, and saucy chambermaids. Every thing Johnson writes, bears the stamp and image of his own peculiar style,

"By sentiments, nor pert nor coarse conceal'd,
Too great to stoop, too splendid to be veil'd."

Seward.

ARITHMETICAL AND MERCANTILE TERMS.

Measure, in a commercial sense, means a certain quantity or proportion of any thing bought, sold, or valued; and, according to the different form and dimensions of the thing measured, it is distinguished by the terms of long, square, and solid or cubic measure. Long measure is obtained by the comparison of some known standard or pattern of length; square measure, by multiplying the length and breadth

together; and cubic measure, by multiplying together the length, breadth, and thickness. The long measures of all nations, appear from their names to have been originally taken from some part of the human body; as the foot, the hand, the elbow, the span, &c.; but, as these measures must differ according to the different sizes of men, civilized countries make use of standards taken from durable substances. The standard of long measure in England, however, is said to have been fixed by Henry I. who commanded that the ancient *ulna* or arm, which answers to the modern yard, should be adjusted to the length of his arm.

When a standard for length is established, a standard of weight is easily obtained, as a vessel of any certain dimensions filled with water or other homogeneous liquid, will always weigh the same in the same latitude. In most countries however there are two kind of weights, one for the precious metals, and the other for merchandize, as the Troy and Avoir-du-pois weights in England. The standard of English weights appears to have been originally taken from grains of wheat, 32 of which were directed by the *Compositio Mensurarum* to make a penny-weight, and 20 penny-weights an ounce.

Gold and silver are the principal metals of which coins are made, being found best adapted for that purpose, as well on account of their qualities as their scarcity. The proportional or relative value of gold and silver however is variable: for though they are the standards of value by which commodities are bought and sold, yet, being themselves saleable articles, they are liable to fluctuation in price.

Money, is a general term for coin, paper, or any other representative or measure of value, current as a circulating medium. Besides real coins, *imaginary* or *ideal* monies, are used in keeping accounts, or in exchanges, as the *pound sterling* in England, the *livre* of France, &c. And, although imaginary monies are not represented by a particular coin, and cannot be said to contain any portion of gold or silver, yet, as the price of real coins is mostly expressed in them, their intrinsic value may thence at any time be determined. Monies are further distinguished in different countries, by particular denominations, as *specie*, *effective*, *currency*, *banco*, &c.

The difference of one sort of money compared with another is mostly reckoned at so much per cent. When a better sort is given for a worse, the premium or per centage is called *agio*. But

when the difference or per centage is considered with regard to the inferior sort of money, it is called *discount*. When a sum of money of one kind, is given for its amount or equivalent in another sort, the transaction is called an *exchange*, of which there are two kinds; in the one, termed common exchange, the money is immediately bartered; in the other, a sum of money is paid in one place on a written order, for its equivalent in the money of another place, and which is distinguished by the term real or foreign exchange.

Kelly.

SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES. (A REVERIE.)

I imagined that an order was issued from the high court of Parnassus, requiring the attendance of the inhabitants, at a sacrifice made to the Graces. For this purpose the three lovely sisters walked together, to an elegant edifice erected for the occasion; and placed themselves in the most amiable attitudes, on an eminent altar.

After Apollo and the Muses had paid their respects, a trumpet was sounded three times, as a signal for men of genius to approach, and instantly a Grecian band appeared. The most remarkable among them were Homer, Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, and Longinus; Aristotle having sent word that he was engaged in a syllogism, and could not attend.

Lucretius was leader of the next division, but Terence, who was always an elegant observer of forms, expressed great delight in beholding so much beauty, and preferred his address with the utmost purity of diction.

The posture in which Tully placed himself, recalled to my mind the description of him in the Temple of Fame:

“Gath’ring his flowing robe, he seem’d to stand,
In act to speak, and graceful wav’d his hand.”

Virgil came forward with a modest mien, and a great regularity in his motion. Bowing respectfully, he thanked the Graces for the “*Molle atque facetum*,” which they had conferred upon him, and then retired to a laureate shade, where he almost hid himself in illustrious ease. Statius, Lucan, and others, endeavoured

3weiter Theil.

to imitate him, but an awkward strut in their gait rendered it impracticable. Ovid was informed that the Graces were sorry they could not follow him into exile. At the approach of Horace, Venus smiled with peculiar pleasure. Tibullus was received with every token of respect, and begged leave to introduce to their notice a Mr. Hammond, which was immediately granted.

After this, a pause was occasioned by the delay of several monks and fathers, who had been commanded to attend. They were discovered at the foot of the mount, and when questioned, they returned for answer, that they did not chuse to worship false deities. Vida however, made no scruple of laying aside his mitre; he was followed by Erasmus, Strada, and Bohours, and they were joined by Boileau and La Fontaine. Like Tibullus, they requested permission to present their friends, and accordingly Garth, Prior, and Gay, were introduced.

Shakspeare and Milton descended from the highest eminence in Parnassus, but while paying their devoirs, I observed that they raised their heads and looked at a distant part of the heavens where it thundered. In Dryden, the Graces accepted the will for the deed, being convinced by several touches in his works that no one had a finer sense of beauty. Mr. Pope advanced with his eyes fixed upon Homer, who was then in company with Virgil; his look was thoughtful but bright, and he delivered himself in the most harmonious numbers. Addison followed, and acquitted himself in his usual style, giving to good sense all the embellishments of ease and artful negligence.

At this time the circle became rather confused, owing to the pressure of those still waiting for presentation. Among them, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Steele, Chesterfield, Johnson, &c. might easily be indentified, as coming first in their respective ranks. These again were urged forward by yet more recent characters, each presuming that his title to distinction was well-founded. Some were received with marks of approbation, and others were told that the honours intended them, must for the present be deferred. Some were rejected on the plea, that they approached with too much of a college mien, or in a pompous affectation of learned industry, by which all ease was discarded from their productions; whereas it was maintained, that where ease is wanting, grace will always be deficient. Euphrosyne however, advised them to avoid thoughtlessness or negligence, while assuming the easy and graceful; and assured them, that it was only in the medium

of these extremes that any one could attract the admiration of the Graces.

Gray's Inn Journal.

PAUL I. OF RUSSIA.

Every day furnished some new example of this sovereign's absurdity and tyranny. Those who were able, retired from Petersburg and went to Moscow; but, by requesting permission to leave the country, you risked the sentence of *banishment to the mines*. If a family received visitors in an evening, if four people were seen walking together, if any one spoke too loud, or whistled, or sang, or looked too inquisitive, or examined any public building with too much attention, it was with imminent danger; and if persons stood still in the streets, or frequented any particular walk, or walked too fast, or too slow, they were liable to be reprimanded and insulted by the police officers.

The English were compelled to wear a dress regulated by the police: and as every officer had a different notion of the mode of observing these regulations, they were constantly liable to be interrupted in the streets and public places, and treated with impertinence. The dress consisted of a cocked hat, or, for want of this, of a round hat pinned up with three corners; a long cue; a single breasted coat and waistcoat; knee buckles, instead of strings, and buckles in the shoes. Orders were given to arrest any person seen in pantaloons. A servant was taken out of his sledge and caned in the streets for having on too thick a neck-cloth. At court one day, a lady wore her hair rather lower in the neck than was consistent with the decree, and she was ordered into close confinement, to be fed on bread and water. While dancing, a gentleman's hair fell a little over his forehead; a police officer attacked him with rudeness and abuse, and told him that if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would send a soldier who should shave his head.

The order against wearing boots with coloured tops, was most rigorously enforced. A gentleman driving through the streets in a pair of English boots, was stopped by the police officers; he expostulated, pleading that he had no others with him, and certainly would not cut off the tops of his boots; but it was of no

avail, for they immediately fell to work and drew off his boots, leaving him to go home barefoot.

If Englishmen ventured to notice these enormities, or used a sentiment or expression offensive or incomprehensible either to the police or their spies, they were liable to be instantly torn from their families and friends, thrown into a sledge, and hurried off to Siberia. Many persons are said to have been privately murdered, and more were banished. Above a hundred officers met with their discharge, and others, were without the smallest reason, condemned to imprisonment or severe punishment. The cause of all this was said to be the Emperor's ill-humour; and, when the occasion of that ill-humour became known, it appeared that his mistress, who detested him, had solicited permission to marry an officer to whom she was betrothed.

So enraged was he against the author of an epigram, in which his reign was contrasted with his mother's, that he ordered the man's tongue to be cut out, and that he should be sent to one of those islands on the north-west coast of America, which are inhabited only by savages.

Clarke.

MAXIMS OF COMMERCE.

Of all articles of commerce, those materials produced and manufactured at home are the most advantageous; the whole profits of the cultivation, manufacture, and exportation, being thus exclusively retained among the people by whom they are so produced.

The next in value, are raw materials imported from other countries, which are manufactured by the importers, and reserved for domestic use, or exported for foreign consumption. The importation of such articles precludes the want of foreign manufactures, prevents the balance of trade from inclining against the importers, and secures whatever advantages may be derived from the manufacture of them.

Of all raw materials imported, no one is convertible to so many uses as iron. After giving employment to numerous trades it re-appears in nautical instruments; in those of husbandry and mechanical employments; in culinary and domestic implements; it

assumes the polished forms of swords, razors, knives, and numerous other articles for convenience and for ornament.

It is very evident, that in commerce, it is better to have commodities of foreign growth in return for our goods, than to be repaid with gold and silver: because the obtaining so prompt a payment, does not augment the wealth of the nation near so much as the taking raw materials, which furnish employment for multitudes, and which may frequently be exported to the same countries, whence they were originally brought.

That nation will be both opulent and formidable, which conveys to foreign ports its own manufactures, or the commodities of its own procuring, in no other than its own vessels. By this means all the branches of industry, which can spring from any article of their trade, are secured to its own inhabitants; giving employment to the manufacturer, the sailor, and all their numerous train of dependent artisans; and ensuring, of course, every profit and advantage, which their occupations can in any degree produce.

That species of commerce which makes money flow most copiously, keeps public and private credit high; that which gives to the merchant a reasonable profit, and to the labourer and the artisan a comfortable subsistence in return for his industry; which increases the value of land, and produces a considerable revenue to the state, must always be esteemed the most valuable, since these are the only indubitable marks by which the advantage of any public or private trade can be demonstrated.

Smith.

ANALOGY BETWEEN THE SOUND AND SENSE OF LANGUAGE.

A general analogy between the sound and sense is to be found in every author, whose fancy strongly imprints images on his own mind, and whose choice and variety of language readily supply him with just modes of representation.

To such a writer it is natural to change his measure with his subject, especially in poetic compositions, without any effort of the understanding or intervention of the judgment. Jollity and mirth necessarily tune the voice of a poet to gay and sprightly notes, as

well as fire his eye with vivacity; and gloomy situations and disastrous events sadden his numbers as they cloud his countenance. We may observe in real life, that it is not easy to deliver a pleasing message in an unpleasant manner; and that we readily associate beauty or deformity according as we love or hate.

Sounds originating in different causes frequently resemble each other in tone: and language assimilates to the sound as well as the meaning of the action it expresses. Thus the lines:

“On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th’ infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.”

Milton.

“The impetuous arrow *whizzes* on the wing.”

Pope.

“The string, let fly,
Twang’d short and sharp, like the shrill swallow’s cry.”

Pope.

A magnificent building does not in any degree resemble an heroic action; yet the emotions which they produce, are frequently concordant, and bear a resemblance to each other. There is no similarity between thought and sound; but there is the strongest similarity between the emotion excited by music tender and pathetic, and that excited by the complaint of an unsuccessful lover.

In some instances, the sound even of a single word, makes an impression similar to that which is produced by the thing it signifies. *Running, rapidity, impetuosity, precipitation*, &c. are words of this description; and instances of the same kind occur in every language. Brutal manners produce in the spectator an emotion not unlike what is caused by a harsh and rough sound; hence the beauty of the figurative expression “*rugged manners*.” — And the word *little*, being pronounced with a small aperture of the mouth, has a weak and faint sound, which makes an impression resembling that produced by a diminutive object.

This resemblance of effects is still more remarkable, where a number of words are connected together in a period. Pronounced in succession they often produce a strong impression; and when this impression happens to accord with that made by the sense, we feel a complex emotion, peculiarly pleasant; one proceeding from the sentiment, and one from the melody or sound of the words. But the chief pleasure arises from having these two con-

cordant emotions combined in perfect harmony, and carried on in the mind to a full close.

From a number of syllables in succession, a sensation is perceived similar to that which is excited by successive motion. In this manner, slow motion may be justly imitated in a verse where long syllables prevail, and especially with the aid of a slow pronunciation.

By the frequency of its pauses, a line composed of monosyllables makes an impression similar to that made by laborious interrupted exertion. So,

"First march the heavy mules securely slow;
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go."

Pope.

"With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

Broome.

The impression made by rough sounds resembles that made by rough or tumultuous operations: gentle scenes, on the contrary, require the smoothest sounds possible.

"Two craggy rocks, projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their hawsers ride."

Pope.

Slow motion is well expressed in the following lines,

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

Pope.

Of forcible motion *continued*, we cannot have a more expressive representation than in this instance:

"The waves behind, impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling on the shore."

Pope.

Continued rapidity of motion is represented by a succession of short and liquid syllables:

"The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground."

Broome.

"Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies over the unbended corn, and skims along the main."

Pope.

A period consisting mostly of long syllables, that is, of syllables pronounced slowly, produces an emotion which bears a faint resemblance to that excited by gravity and solemnity.

A short syllable made long, or a long syllable made short, raises, by the difficulty of pronouncing it contrary to custom, a feeling similar to that of hard labour. As,

"When Ajax strives some rocks *vast* weight to throw."

Pope.

To complete the analogy between the sound and sense of language, much depends on the manner in which the sentiment is articulated. Pronunciation should approximate to an imitation of what is expressed. In pronouncing words denoting something elevated, the voice ought to be raised above its ordinary tone. To imitate a stern and impetuous passion, the language must be pronounced roughly.

A sweet and gentle emotion, on the contrary, is best expressed in a soft and melodious cadence. Words of importance should be marked with an appropriate emphasis. A period, when it expresses what is solemn or deliberate, requires a slow and deliberate pronunciation, while what is lively or impetuous, demands a corresponding celerity and hilarity of voice.

Irvine.

DERVISH TAHIRI.

The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound; and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese: the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory: all are armed; and the red shawled Arnaouts, the

Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pascha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalunghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. H. for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization.

They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath — whom he had lawfully bought however — a thing quite contrary to etiquette.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-Consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any

thing less than the loss of a para, *) melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors — and I verily believe that even “Sterne’s foolish fat scullion,” would have left her “fish kettle,” to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation “to a milliner’s,” I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection.

That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer: “*I have been a robber, I am a soldier; no captain ever struck me; you are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by that bread!* (a usual oath) *had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains.*” So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him.

Lord Byron.

AUGUSTUS DARVELL. (A FRAGMENT.)

In the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family — advan-

*) Para, about the fourth part of a farthing.

tages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be centred: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alleged, which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other — and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of

pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise — he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition — but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer — and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the

broken columns of Diana — the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques — when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even a cottage was within sight or hope, and this “city of the dead” appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose: — contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this, few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age: — upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency — but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, “Suleiman, verbana su,” (i. e. bring some water) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, “How did you know this?” — He replied, “From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before.” — You have been here before! How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?”

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent — and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began. “This is the end of my journey, and of my life — I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command — for such my last words must be — You will observe it?” — “Most certainly; but have better hopes.”

"I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this — conceal my death from every human being." — "I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and ——" — "Peace! — it must be so: promise this." — "I do." — "Swear it, by all that" —— He here dictated an oath of great solemnity. — "There is no occasion for this — I will observe your request; and to doubt me is ——" — "It cannot be helped, — you must swear." — I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded — "On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour." — "Why?" — "You will see." — "The ninth day of the month, you say?" — "The ninth."

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sat, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be stedfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled: he spoke — I know not whether to himself or to me — but the words were only, "'Tis well!" — "What is well? what do you mean?" — "No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions." He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, "You perceive that bird?" — "Certainly." — "And the serpent writhing in her beak?" — "Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it." — He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, "It is not yet time!" As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment, it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken — his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not

been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of a singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

Lord Byron.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC INTELLIGENCE,

AS EVIDENCED BY THE STATE OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

With the immense increase in manufactures and commerce, the dissemination of instruction, and the improvement of knowledge, have advanced even in more than equal proportion. Indeed, this is a circumstance which must strike the most careless observer, from the vast increase of books, and the very high prices which are paid for the exercise of literary talents. From the immense distribution of works of every description throughout the country, one would infer, that, as the opportunities of information are thus increased, the education of the lower classes must be enlarged in the same proportion. Being curious to gain some information on this subject, I some time ago applied to an eminent bookseller's house in the city (that of Messrs. Longman and Co.) from which I learned a number of interesting facts. From the firm to which I applied, I learned that their own sale amounted to five millions of volumes in the year; that they employed sixty clerks, paid a sum of 5,500*l.* in advertisements, and gave constant employment to not fewer than 250 printers and bookbinders. Another great source of information to the country is the increase of circulating libraries. In the year 1770, there were only four circulating libraries in the metropolis; there are at present one hundred, and about nine hundred more scattered throughout the country. Besides these, there are from 1,500 to 2,000 book-clubs, distributing about the kingdom large masses of information on history, voyages,

and every species of science by which the sum of human knowledge can be improved. Here I may also remark on the increase of periodical works. Of these there are two (the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews), many articles in which are written with an ability equal to some of the best original writings of former times, and having a greater circulation than all the periodical works of thirty years ago put together.

While so many and such fruitful sources of information are thus opened to the higher orders, the means of improving the minds of the poorer class have advanced at a pace not less rapid or less steady. First came the establishment about twenty-five years ago of the Lancasterian schools, which have distributed so widely the blessings of early instruction; and after these followed the no less beneficial system of national schools, which afford to the poor of every class education suitable to their state and condition in life. In addition to those means of improvement, another has been opened, not less advantageous to the poor — I allude to the great facilities which at present exist, of getting the most valuable works at a rate so very cheap as to bring them within the compass of all. Some time ago an establishment was commenced by a number of individuals, with a capital of not less than 1,000,000 *l.*, for the purpose of printing standard works at a cheap rate. By that establishment the history of Hume, the works of Buffon, the Encyclopædia, and other valuable productions, were sold in small numbers at six pence each, and by this means sources of the highest and most useful instruction were placed within the poor man's reach. I regret much to add, that this valuable establishment was very much checked in its operation, by the effect of one of those acts for the suppression of knowledge which were passed in the year 1810. I regret this the more, as one of the rules of that establishment has been, not to allow the venders of their works to sell any book on the political controversies of the day.

In noticing the means which have contributed so much to the mental improvement of the great body of the people, I ought not to omit noticing the very good effects which resulted from the exertions of the Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the Society for the Dissemination of Christian Knowledge, and other valuable associations of similar character. Since the commencement of the Bible Society, it has applied the immense sum of 900,000 *l.* to the laudable purpose of disseminating the knowledge of the Scriptures. From the Religious Tract Society not fewer than five millions of tracts are distributed annually, and the Society

for promoting Christian Knowledge distributes one million. These facts will show the rapid strides which have been made by the public in the improvement of general knowledge.

I will now come to the state of political knowledge in the country. This has been greatly augmented by the extraordinary increase in the circulation of newspapers. Some time ago I moved for a return of the number and circulation of the several newspapers printed in London and in the country. That return had not been made in the manner in which I had intended; but from the account I was enabled to procure, it appears that there were not less than 23,600,000 newspapers sold in the country in the last year. Of these the daily London papers sold above 11,000,000, the country papers above 7,000,000, and the weekly papers above 2,000,000. From another source I have been enabled to procure more particular information as to the increase in the number of papers within the last thirty or forty years, the substance of which I will read to the House.

	Years 1782	1720	1821
In England.....	50.....	60.....	135
In Scotland.....	8.....	27.....	31
In Ireland.....	3.....	27.....	56
London daily.....	9.....	14.....	16
Twice a-week.....	9.....	7.....	8
Weekly.....	—.....	11.....	32
British Islands.....	—.....	—.....	6
	79	146	284

making in the whole the increase in the number since 1790, from 146 to 284, which is very nearly double in the space of thirty years.

Lord John Russell.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

I was sitting one day in company with a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, an Englishman, and a German, when a conversation began upon the merits of their respective nations. As I found the argument growing warm, especially on the part of the Frenchman, who was pouring a shower of small talk upon the Englishman, and of the Italian who was near touching the ceiling with his hands in order to invoke the vengeance of Heaven upon

Zweiter Theil.

the German, I bethought me of a method to temper the discussion; I proposed that each should set forth his reasons for preferring his own nation in a continued speech, and that I as an impartial hearer, should be the judge amongst them.

I addressed myself first to the *Spaniard*, who was by no means a liberal, and said, "Tell me why you consider your own nation as the wisest, the happiest, and the best?" He answered, "I consider the two former epithets as entirely superfluous; for if we are the best, we must be the happiest; and if we are the happiest and best, we must be the wisest."

"Now, I believe there is no man who performs, so well as the Spaniard, his duty to God, and to his neighbour. He worships in the most exact, and even in the most splendid manner, the Divine Creator, the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin, and he does not forget to pray for the intercession of the least of the saints whom the church has admitted; he is loyal to his king, to the utmost stretch of Christian patience and submission; he is kind and charitable to his fellow-creatures, helping the needy, and feeding the hungry; he reaps the reward of his good actions in a perpetual cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is the habit of the good; gaiety is but the delirium of the wicked. Nor let it be supposed, as many declamatory writers have asserted, that the Inquisition has diminished the happiness of Spain. It is only through the acts of the Inquisition, that the Spanish people have been preserved in an unanimous faith. Now, even granting, for argument's sake, that other religions may be equally good for a future life, there is nothing which tends so much to union and harmony in the present, as worship at the same altar, reliance upon the same means of salvation, obligation to the same duties, and hope of the same final reward. Much has been said of the victims of the Inquisition. The care which that holy tribunal employed not to hurt the reputation of families, by publishing their proceedings, has served to spread a clamour against them; for that which is secret is always magnified by report. It is thus that fame revenges herself on those who wish to keep her out. But, in reality, are the victims of the Inquisition to be compared with those of the day of St. Barthlemi, and the revocation of the edict of Nantz? such are the effects of admitting the infection, and then endeavouring to stop it: or are they to be compared with the thousands who suffered in England under Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Elizabeth? — such are the consequences of admitting, without controul, the preachers of heresy and schism.

"If we do not want the religious toleration of England, still less do we stand in need of her political liberty. The sun which favours our country with its propitious influence, gives us enjoyment sufficient without seeking to busy ourselves in the affairs of government. Liberty is, in fact, a poor substitute for a fine climate. The people of the south only require the presence of that power which raises the corn — which ripens the grape, in order to be satisfied with their position. To ask if they are happy you need only ask if they exist. But with the people of the north it is necessary to dig mines, to hew down forests, to build houses, to obtain in a small space of a few feet, that warm, comfortable sensation, which a southern peasant feels in the large mansion of nature; he is obliged to look for some artificial source of pleasure, to intoxicate himself with the poison of distilled spirits, or the tumult of political contention. We court no such advantages. To those who love care we leave the trouble of governing; and we should think it as absurd to insist upon electing deputies, and making laws because we have the right to do it, as to carry burdens because we have backs capable of supporting them. Having said what is sufficient to convince all men of sense, I will not dilate upon the beauty of our country; the majesty of Granada, the splendour of Seville, the fertility of Valencia. You know our land, and can do justice to it." — Having thus spoken, the Spaniard folded his arms in his cloak, which he always wore, even in France; and I observed he never listened to a word that was spoken afterwards.

Having put the same question to the *Italian*, that I had addressed to the Spaniard, he answered to the following purport: — That what had been just said concerning the pleasure derived from climate, applied with equal force to Italy, and set their two countries above all the rest of Europe. "Indeed," he said, "the native of London, or Hamburgh, cannot conceive, unless he travels to our land, the pleasure to be derived from the touch of a Cis-alpine atmosphere. Our nerves seem to swell and extend themselves to receive the delightful sensation; our eyes dwell without fatigue or pain upon the beauties of a rich and warm landscape: even the voice maintains its clearness only in the air which the sun has blessed. But if we had merely this advantage, we should rival and not precede Spain in happiness. It is to another circumstance that Italy owes her glory, her occupation, her delight: — to taste. With justice it has been said, that this is the only pursuit of which the pleasures far out-balance the pains. A man may

meet with an unfaithful mistress, or be rejected by an ungrateful sovereign, but nothing obliges him to gaze at a bad picture, or dwell upon a disproportioned building. A great work of art may be said to be the most successful result of human effort: a fine statue requires as much genius in the conception as the most difficult problem of Newton; it demands as much skill in the execution as the formation of a time-piece; and when finished, it attracts the admiration, and gratifies the senses of thousands of spectators for thousands of years. It is, I hope, needless for them to prove that Italy excels all other nations in this respect. The sublimity of Michael Angelo, the grace and expression of Raphael; in fine, the innumerable merits of our great architects, sculptors, and painters, are not to be insulted by a comparison with the smoaky buildings of London, the monuments in the Musée Francois, or the lusty goddesses of the Belgian painters.

"Give me, above all, the music which our admirable Paesiello, Cimarosa, and Rossini have produced, — and I will not yield the palm of happiness to any part of Europe. For the prize of wisdom, too, I think we may lay a fair claim. The greatest natural philosophers, the most skilful negociators, the most gifted poets, own Italy as their birth-place. The discovery of the laws of motion, of the resistance of the air, of the barometer, of the telescope, and lately of galvanism; the knowlege of a fourth quarter of the globe: the history of Italy, of Florence, of the Council of Trent, and of the Civil Wars of France, the Inferno, the Goffredo, and the Orlando Furioso, form a portion of the share which Italy has contributed to the civilization of Europe. It is for you, Sir," he concluded, turning to the German, "to prove that the universities of Heidelberg and Halle have done more."

The German, though he seemed to be smoking his pipe with great apathy, was not insensible to the reproach; and like a skilful general, immediately changed the field of action. — "I can find but one fault with your discourse, Signor," he replied; "it is, that you have entirely omitted to answer the principal question, namely, why you consider your nation as the best? To this interrogatory, I can reply, with a safe conscience, that the Germans are the best people, because they do not assassinate secretly or murder openly; because they are honest in their dealings and pay their debts, whether to government or individuals, with conscience calming punctuality. From Hamburgh to Clagenfurt, there is scarcely a village which has not its schoolmaster, whilst the capital of a province is almost ignorant of the name of executioner.

Our fruit hangs on the trees by the road-side without being touched by any one; and the streets of our largest towns become still as sleep, early in the night. Other nations, indeed, may boast of great discoveries in science, and of a rapid progress in political philosophy, but we furnished them with the means. They have sown a great part and reaped the whole; but we gave the field and invented the plough. It is to us that they are indebted for the art of printing, without which, knowledge could not have moved; and for the Reformation, without which it would have been arrested in its march. In modern times, too, our literature has taken a far-extended springing leap, which leaving behind it the longpast glories of Italy and France, place it by the side of England in the race towards the spectator-girt, laurel-surrounded goal, which is always in the horizon of those bright geniuses, who have a heart-convulsing desire of present immortality, and a thousand-man power of intellectual sensation."

These last words caused a pause: even the Frenchman took a pinch of snuff, and sneezed twice before he would begin. At last he started with such volubility in praise of France, and of Paris, that I am quite incapable of representing his harangue. He gave the first ten minutes to those who had spoken before him, and tried to prove that France excelled them in the very particulars on which they had insisted. He said there was no climate in Europe equal to that of the south of France, and that even at Paris the winter was over in February. As for the fine arts, he quoted Lalande, who had spent several years in and written several volumes upon Italy, and who maintains there is nothing to be seen there equal to what is to be found in France. In modern times he thought it beyond a question, that the French painters were the first in the world, which, however, was not to be wondered at, as the English had not at all turned their attention to the fine arts. The works of David, he conceived, expressed a sublimity to which Raphal, born in a barbarous age, never could attain; in music the French now far excelled the Italians. As for virtue, which his German friend had introduced somewhat *mal a propos* into the discussion, he, like the Delphine of Madame de Stael, defined it to consist in a succession of generous impulses. And these impulses acted nowhere with such vigour, as in the country where an officer sacrificed his life, in order to give the alarm to his regiment, and a father went cheerfully to execution to save the life of his son. Having thrown out these remarks with an air *degage*, he put on a more Socratic look, as he addressed

himself to the Englishman. "It is with your nation that ours is most fit to be compared. In England, and in France, *les lumieres* are generally spread like the rays of the sun; in other countries they are scattered like flashes of lightning. But it is more especially in French that elementary books in every art and science are written; it is in French that the reading of the world, profound or trivial, is carried on. If a mathematician wishes to read the deepest book of science, he studies the *Mecanique Celeste*; if a Russian nobleman desires to learn what is meant by the words *feelings* or *wit*, he takes up the tragedies of Racine, or the tales of Voltaire, and learns to smile and to cry like a civilized being. Even the discoveries of your great Newton have been brought to perfection by D'Alembert, and Laplace; and in pure mathematics you have not for a long time produced an equal to Lagrange. Impartial judges (bowing to me) will agree, that in the most profound and abstract of human sciences, the people whom you treat as frivolous and superficial, have gone far beyond you. Your mathematicians of Oxford and Cambridge, are not even acquainted with that form of the calculus which we use for our investigations. If we excel you in abstract knowledge, there is still less doubt that we are superior in practical happiness. For happiness consists in nothing so much as in a temper of mind fitted for pleasure, or to use a chemical phrase, in having a capacity for enjoyment. A man may satisfy himself of this, by travelling the same road when he is gay, and when he is gloomy. In the first case, the country will appear to him smiling, beautiful, or sublime; in the second, it will seem tame, dull, or savage. Now the disposition of a Frenchman, is to see every thing *en beau*. I remember being in a wretched prison guarded by Spaniards, who any day in the week, might have taken a fancy to cut our throats; yet we laughed all day and acted plays in the evening. Englishmen would have cut holes in the wall, and have been shot in the attempt to escape. If we know how to bear adversity, we also know how to enjoy prosperity. What in the world so good as the restaurateurs and the theatres of Paris? What country can compare with France for wines, for dress, for dancing, and for plays?

"You will affirm that these sensual, and marketable enjoyments destroy the taste for domestic happiness; but it is not so: no people are more attached than the French to their near relations; and England cannot easily produce a mother more attached than Madame de Sevigne. It is the same with all the domestic relations; and it is sufficient to go to the *cimetiere* of Pere la Chaise,

to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, and sons, and sisters, of France have for each other. How simple, and yet how tender the inscriptions upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With you, the dead are never mentioned, never visited, and, I believe, seldom, remembered. With the kindest feelings to their relations, the French, it is true, do not think it inconsistent to mix the sociability of a larger circle; and they endeavour to be happy through the short period of existence allotted them; whilst the English lose half their lives in becoming acquainted with those who are jumbled into the same half-century as themselves."

Essays and Sketches of Life and Character.

GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

From the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Abdication of the Romans.

Britain was but very little known to the rest of the world before the time of the Romans. The coasts opposite Gaul were frequented by merchants who traded thither for such commodities as the natives were able to produce, and who, after a time, possessed themselves of all the maritime places where they had at first been permitted to reside. Finding the country fertile, and commodiously situated for trade, they settled upon the sea-side, and introduced the practice of agriculture. But the inland inhabitants of the country, who considered themselves as the lawful possessors of the soil, avoided all correspondence with men whom they viewed as intruders upon their property.

The inland inhabitants are represented as extremely numerous, living in cottages thatched with straw, and feeding large herds of cattle. They lived mostly upon milk, or flesh procured by the chase. What clothes they wore to cover their bodies, were usually the skins of beasts. — Their hair, which was long, flowed down upon their backs and shoulders, while their beards were kept close shaven, except upon the upper lip, where it was suffered to grow. The dress of savage nations is every where nearly alike, being calculated rather to inspire terror, than to excite respect.

At to their government, it consisted of several small principalities, under different leaders: and this seems to be the earliest mode of dominion, with which mankind are acquainted, and is deduced from the natural privileges of paternal authority. Upon great and imminent dangers, a commander in chief was chosen by common consent in a general assembly; and to him was committed the conduct of the general interest in peace or war.

Their forces consisted chiefly of foot, and yet they could bring a considerable number of horse into the field upon great occasions. They likewise used chariots in battle, which, with short scythes fastened to the ends of the axletrees, inflicted terrible wounds, spreading horror and devastation wheresoever they drove. Nor were the warriors who conducted them unemployed: these darted their javelins against the enemy, ran along the beam, leaped on the ground, resumed their seat, stopped or turned their horses at full speed, and sometimes cunningly retreated, to draw the enemy into confusion.

The religion of the Britons was one of the most considerable parts of their government: and the Druids, who were the guardians of it, possessed great authority among them.

No species of superstition was ever more terrible than theirs; besides the severe penalties which they were permitted to inflict in this world, they inculcated the eternal transmigration of souls, and thus extended their authority as far as the fears of their votaries. They sacrificed human victims, which they burned in large wicker idols, made so capacious as to contain a multitude of persons at once, who were thus consumed together. To these rites, they added the austerity of their manners and the simplicity of their lives. They lived in woods, caves, and hollow trees; their food was acorns and berries, and their drink water: by these arts they were not only respected but almost adored by the people, whose manners took a tincture from the discipline of their teachers. Their lives were simple, but they were marked with cruelty and fierceness; their courage was great, but neither dignified by mercy nor perseverance.

The Britons had long remained in this rude but independent state, when Caesar, having victoriously over-run Gaul, and willing still farther to extend his fame, determined upon the conquest of a country that seemed to promise an easy triumph. Accordingly he set sail for Britain about midnight, and the next morning arrived on the coast near Dover, where he saw the rocks and cliffs covered with armed men to oppose his landing.

The Britons had chosen Cassibelaunus for their commander in chief; but the petty princes under his command, either from suspicion or jealousy, threw off their allegiance. Some of them fled with their forces into the internal parts of the kingdom, others submitted to Caesar, till at length Cassibelaunus himself thus weakened, resolved upon making what terms he was able, while he yet had power to keep the field. The conditions offered by Caesar and accepted by him were that he should send to the continent double the number of hostages at first demanded, and that he should acknowledge subjection to the Romans. Caesar, however was obliged to return once more to compel the Britons to complete their stipulated treaty.

The next emperor, Augustus, formed a design of visiting Britain, but was diverted from it by an unexpected revolt of the Panonians. Tiberius, wisely judging the empire already too extensive, made no attempt upon Britain. From that time the natives began to improve in all the arts which contribute to the advancement of human nature. The wild extravagancies of Caligula, by which he threatened Britain with an invasion, served rather to expose him to ridicule than the island to danger. At length the Romans, in the reign of Claudius began to think seriously of reducing them under their dominion. The expedition for this purpose was conducted in the beginning by Plautius and other commanders, with that success which usually attended the Roman arms.

Caractacus was the first who seemed willing, by a vigorous effort, to rescue his country, and though with inferior forces, continued, for above nine years, to oppose and harass the Romans; till at length he was totally routed, and taken prisoner by Ostorius Scapula, who sent him in triumph to Rome. While Caractacus was leading through Rome, he appeared no ways dejected at the amazing concourse of spectators that were gathered upon this occasion but casting his eyes on the splendors that surrounded him, "Alas," cried he, "how is it possible that a people possessed of such magnificence at home, could envy me an humble cottage in Britain!" The emperor was affected with the British hero's misfortune, and won by his address. He ordered him to be unchained upon the spot, and set at liberty with the rest of the captives.

The cruel treatment of Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, drove the Britons once more into open rebellion. Prasatagus, King of the Iceni, at his death had bequeathed one half of his dominions to the Romans and the other to his daughters, thus hoping, by the

sacrifice of a part, to secure the rest in his family: but it had a different effect; for the Roman procurator immediately took possession of the whole; and when Boadicea, the widow of the deceased, attempted to remonstrate, he ordered her to be scourged like a slave. — These outrages were sufficient to produce a revolt throughout the island. The Iceni, as being the most deeply interested in the quarrel, were the first to take arms; all the other states soon followed the example, and Boadicea, a woman of great beauty and masculine spirit, was appointed to head the common forces, which amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand fighting men. These exasperated by their wrongs, attacked several of the Roman settlements and colonies with success. Paulinus who commanded the Roman forces, hastened to relieve London, which was already a flourishing colony; but found on his arrival that it would be requisite for the general safety to abandon that place to the merciless fury of the enemy. London was soon therefore reduced to ashes: such of the inhabitants as remained in it were massacred, and the Romans with all other strangers, to the amount of seventy thousand, were cruelly put to the sword. Flushed with these successes, the Britons boldly came to the place where Paulinus awaited their arrival, posted in a very advantageous manner with a body of ten thousand men. The battle was obstinate and bloody. Boadicea herself appeared in a chariot with her two daughters, and harangued her army with masculine intrepidity; but the irregular and undisciplined bravery of her troops was unable to resist the cool intrepidity of the Romans. They were routed with great slaughter, eighty thousand perished in the field, and an infinite number were made prisoners, while Boadicea herself, fearing to fall into the hands of the enraged victor, put an end to her life by poison.

The general who finally established the dominion of the Romans in his island, was Julius Agricola, who governed it during the reigns of Vespasian. Titus and Domitian, and distinguished himself as well by his courage as humanity. For several years after this time a profound peace seems to have prevailed in Britain, and little mention is made of the affairs of the island by any historian. At length, however, Rome that had for ages given laws to nations and diffused slavery and oppression over the known world, began to sink under her own magnificence. Mankind as if by a general consent, rose up to vindicate their natural freedom; almost every nation asserting that independence which they had been long so unjustly deprived of.

During these struggles, the British youth were frequently drawn away into Gaul, to give ineffectual succour to the various contenders for the empire, who failing in every attempt, only left the name of tyrants behind them. In the mean time, as the Roman forces decreased in Britain, the Picts and Scots, continued still more boldly to infest the northern parts; and crossing the friths, which the Romans could not guard, in little wicker boats covered with leather, filled the country wherever they came with slaughter and consternation.

The Romans therefore, finding it impossible to stand their ground in Britain, in the Reign of the Emperor Valentinian took their last leave of the island, after having been masters of it near four hundred years, and now left the natives to the choice of their own government and kings.

MOSS SIDE.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing grey. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, *Gilbert Ainslie* was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. *Gilbert Ainslie* was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity,

but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house: and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens, — its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn, — its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees, — its yellow cornfields, its bare pastoral hillsides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the farflying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured thither by some green barley field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The

boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moor-land; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick, — sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potatoe field, beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk, — sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm. One after the other, they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal parti-

cipation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied. "While there is life, there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words — all had before known, though would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told — and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lown and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted — there was too little life — too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me,
The quiet waters by

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family

sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity." In a short silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence — not a word was said — their meal was before them, — God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye. — "I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon; "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when

our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer-door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope — I believe — that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

He waled a portion with judicious care
And let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read — a prayer said; — and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovering of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own — a few pounds — and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing, want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie 1500 £. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Mess-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

HONOUR AND FIDELITY OF A HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

In the year 1795, a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow among the Breadalbane Fencibles. Several men having been confined and threatened with corporal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence, that, when some men were confined in the guard-house, a great proportion of the regiment rushed out and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordingly measures were taken to secure the ringleaders and bring them to punishment. But so many were equally concerned, that it was difficult to fix on the proper subjects for punishment. And here was shown a trait of character worthy of a better cause, and which originated from a feeling alive to the disgrace of a degrading punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct and the consequent punishment, *four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial*, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole. These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle, tried, and condemned to be shot. Three of them were afterwards reprieved, and the fourth was shot on Musselburgh Sands.

On the march to Edinburgh, a circumstance occurred, the more worthy of notice, as it shows a strong principle of honour and fidelity to his word and to his officer in a common Highland soldier.

One of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, that he knew what his fate would be, but that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death; that as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but, with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace unless the business was settled; and that if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow, a few hours there would be sufficient; that he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and then march as a prisoner with the party. The soldier added, "You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up in the castle." This was a startling proposal to the officer, who was a judicious humane man, and knew perfectly his risk and responsibility in yielding to such an extraordinary application. However, his confidence was such that he complied with the request of the prisoner,

who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before day-light, to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen, apprehended as a deserter, and sent back to Glasgow, as probably his account of his officer's indulgence would not have been credited. In consequence of this caution, and the lengthened march through woods and over hills by an unfrequented route, there was no appearance of him at the hour appointed. The perplexity of the officer when he reached the neighbourhood of Edinburgh may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly, indeed, but no soldier appeared; and unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the castle, and, as he was delivering over the prisoners, but before any report was given in, Macmartin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow prisoners, all pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor.

by In whatever light the conduct of the officer (my respectable friend Major Colin Campbell) may be considered, either my military men or others, in this memorable exemplification of the characteristic principle of his countrymen, fidelity to their word, it cannot but be wished that the soldier's magnanimous self-devotion had been taken as an atonement for his own misconduct and that of the whole. It was not from any additional guilt that the man who suffered was shot. It was determined that only one should suffer, and the four were ordered to draw lots. The fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly.

Stewart.

ON CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness may be recommended under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness; as it produces affection; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

Cleanliness is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more they are civilised, the

more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty indeed most commonly produces love in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

I might observe, farther, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it.

In the third place, it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions. We find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewish law (and the Mahometan, which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings,

From the Spectator.

EXCURSION TO THE TOP OF MOUNT SNOWDON.

We set off, about eleven at night, for the foot of Snowdon, and travelled eight miles through a fine mountainous country by moonlight. Before one, we arrived at a little hut where the guide lives, and after having him called up and loaded with a basket of bread and milk, and a tin box for specimens, we began our march at a quarter past one. The clouds were gathering over the mountains, and threatening us with either darkness or rain. We however escaped both, and were only amused with every variety they could give the landscape, by hiding or half obscuring the moon, and by blotting out now one mountain, and now another, from our view; till about two o'clock, when the dawn began to appear, they covered the moon, and we saw her no more. We proceeded by a very easy ascent over boggy ground till half past two, when, coming suddenly to the top of the first range of hills, and meeting with a violent wind which blew from the quarter where the sun was to rise, (for we ascended the mountain on the south-west) Mrs. G. S. was frightened, and seeing a very steep ascent before her, said she would sit down and wait our return. My mother said she would stay with her, and I proposed our all going back together; but my mother very kindly insisted on my proceeding. We therefore divided provisions, the ladies returned to the hut from which they had set out, and I went on with the guide, who could not speak a word of English. We steered our course more towards the south, and toiled up several mountains, in some parts covered with loose stones, which had fallen from their broken summits, but in general overgrown with different sorts of moss, and a kind of short grass, mixed with immense quantities of the *gallium pusillum*. I picked up a few other plants, but on the whole was disappointed in the botanical way, as I found very little that I had not before met with on the mountains in this neighbourhood; however, this is not the time of the year (July) for mountain curiosities. I went on as fast as I could, without stopping, except now and then for a moment to look down on the mountains under my feet, as clouds passed over them, thinking each summit I saw before me was the last, and unable to gain any information from my guide to satisfy my impatience; for I wished to be at the top before sunrise, and pink clouds began to appear over the steep I was climbing. I also knew that the ladies would be very impatient for my return, nor was I without anxiety on their account, as I was not sure they would find their way

back to the hut. These ideas occupied my mind all the way up, and if that deceitful but comforting lady — *Hope*, had not continually presented to me the range of hills I was ascending as the last step in ambition's ladder, I am not sure, that, with all my eagerness to get to the top, I should not have returned back.

I was debating this point very earnestly with myself, in ascending an almost perpendicular green slope, when, on a sudden, I saw at my feet an immense chasm, all in darkness, and of a depth I cannot guess, certainly not less than a hundred feet; I should suppose much more. It answers in some respects to the idea I have formed of the crater of a volcano, but evidently is not that, as there is no mark of fire, the rock being composed, as it is in general throughout this country, of a sort of slate. Nor does the mountain appear to have been thrown down, but the pit to have sunk in; which must probably have been occasioned by subterranean waters, as there is water at the bottom of the pit, and the mountain is full of springs. You think you are now at the top, but you are mistaken. I am standing indeed at the top of the abyss, but with a high rocky peak on each side of me, and descending very nearly perpendicular into the lake at the bottom. I have been taking a rough sketch of one of these peaks, with the lake in the deepest shadow; I am turning over my paper, which the wind renders very difficult, in order to draw another: I look up, and see the upper part illuminated by a beautiful rose-coloured light, while the opposite part still casts a dark shade over its base, and conceals the sun from my view. If I were ready to jump into the pit with delight, at first seeing it, my ecstasy now was still greater. The guide seemed quite delighted to see me so much pleased, and took care, in descending, to lead me to the edge of every precipice, which he had not done in going up. I, however, presently recollected, that I was in a great hurry to get back, and set off along the brink of the cavity for the highest peak, where I arrived at a quarter past four, and saw a view, of which it is impossible to form an idea from description. For many miles around, it was composed of tops of high mountains, of all the various forms that can be imagined; some appeared swimming in an ocean of vapour; on others, the clouds lay like a cap of snow, appearing as soft as down. They were all far below Snowdon, and I was enjoying the finest blue sky, and the purest air, I ever breathed. The whole prospect was bounded by the sea, except to the east and south-east, and the greatest part of the lands in those points was blotted out by clouds. The sun,

however, rose so far towards the north-east, as to be still hanging over the sea. I took a sketch of a small part of the mountains, with some of the little lakes which appear at their feet, sat down, for the first time, on a circle of stones which is built on the top of the hill, and made great havock in the bread and milk, in which accomplishment the guide equalled, if not surpassed me; and at half past four, almost frozen, I began to descend. My anxiety about my friends increased, as I came near the spot where I had left them: I made all possible haste, and found them safe in the hut, at ten minutes past six. It certainly would have been pleasanter to have had more time, and some one to enjoy the expedition with me; but I am delighted that I have been, and would not for any thing give up the recollection of the sublime scene.

Miss Elizabeth Smith.

ON THE COMFORTS OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

(A PASTORAL.)

Phillis and Damaris were two country lasses, the pride of the village where they lived: both perfectly handsome, but exceedingly different. The unaffected Damaris had no attention but to assist the infirmities of an aged parent, whom severe illness confined to his cottage, while she tended his flock by the wood side. Her hands were generally employed in some useful work: and, while she knit or spun to procure her old father a more tolerable subsistence, the cheerfulness of her songs expressed a contented heart. Her dress, though very poor, was always neat and clean: she studied no ornament in it, and if the neighbours commended her person, she lent them very little attention.

Phillis had been bred up under a careless mother. She was exceedingly pretty, and knew it mighty well. On holidays, nobody so spruce as she. Her hat was wreathed with flowers or ribbands; every fountain was consulted for her dress, and every meadow ransacked to adorn it. From morning till night she was dancing, and sporting on the green: all the shepherds courted and admired her, and she believed every word they said. Yet she felt many a discontent. Sometimes her garland would be less becoming than she wished it; sometimes she would fancy that a favourite shepherd slighted her; or that a newer face was more admired

than hers. Every day was spent in the pursuit of gaiety; and every day brought with it some disquiet. She was one morning sitting very pensive under a poplar, tying up a nosegay, when she heard Damaris, who was concealed from her, only by the shade of some bushes, singing, with a merry heart, a song in praise of industry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the midst of it; and when she went towards her, found her busy in plying the distaff, which was fixed in her side: when thus the gay maid began: —

Phillis. How is it possible, Damaris, that you should be always so merry, in leading a life of such drudgery? What charms can you find in it? How much better would it become your years to be dancing at the may-pole, where some rich farmer's son might probably fall in love with you?

Damaris. Ah, Phillis, I prefer this way of life, because I see you very unhappy in yours. For my own part, I have never a moment's uneasiness. I am sensible that I am doing what I ought. I see myself the comfort of a good old father, who supported my helpless infancy, and now wants this return of duty in his decrepit age. When I have pinned the fold at night, I return home, and cheer him with my sight. I dress his little supper, and partake it with more pleasure, than you have at your feast. He, in the mean time, tells me stories of his younger days, and instructs me by his experience. Sometimes he teaches me a song, like that I was singing just now; and on holidays I read to him out of some good book. This, Phillis, is my life. I have no great expectations, but every cheerful hope, that can make the heart light and easy.

Phillis. Well, Damaris: I shall not dispute your taste. My father is able enough, by his own labour, to provide for his family; and my mother never set us the example of working. 'Tis true, we are poor: but who knows what good fortune may throw in our way? Youth is the time for mirth and pleasure; and I do not care how hardly I fare, provided I can get a silken lining to my hat, and be the Lady of the May next year.

Damaris. Oh, Phillis, this is very pretty for the present: but what will it end in? Do you think that smoothness of face will always last? You old decrepit woman, that limps upon her crutches, was once, they say, as handsome as you. Her youth passed without engaging any body in a real affection to her: yet her good name was lost, among the follies she pursued. Poverty

and age came on together: she has long been a burden to the village, and herself. If any neighbour's cow is ill, all suspicions of witchkraft fall upon her. She can do nothing to maintain herself: and every body begrudges her what she has.

Phillis. Ill-natured Damaris, to compare me to a hag, that all the country abhors. I wish you would come to the pastimes; they would put you in a better humour. Besides, you would there hear what the shepherds say to this Phillis, whom you are pleased to despise so.

Damaris. I do not despise you, Phillis: but I wish you well, and would fain see you as happy as myself. That fine green stuff your gown is made of, would become you much better, if it was of your own spinning. — But I talk like an old man's daughter, and am little heeded. Go, pretty butterfly, and rejoice in the summer of thy days: let me, like the homely, but industrious ant, lay up some provision for the winter.

Miss Talbot.

ON FRIENDSHIP IN GENERAL.

Were I to make choice of a friend, I would lay it down as a first principle to myself, that it should be a virtuous person. But the virtue which is necessary to make a useful and a kind friend, like the wisdom that is from above, should be pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; and while it perhaps feels itself secure from the follies that entice others, should be able to look with compassion and charity on persons who are in danger of deviating from those duties which it finds possible, and even easy, for itself to practise. The possessors of such virtue are attentive to warn an unwary traveller of a precipice, before he is at the brink of ruin; or, if he should be already fallen, will endeavour to raise him again, by wholesome counsel. They will not leave him to despair; but will encourage him, by every argument, to resume the paths of peace: and will let him see, by their kindness, that they are still willing to continue the office of a friend, upon his amendment, — as a good-natured man, standing upon the shore, if he saw a vessel foundering at sea, would not stay to chide or ridicule the unskillfulness of the captain or pilot, but would hasten to send out boats, to succour and save them if possible from being wrecked.

The next thing to be considered in the choice of a friend, is a similitude of temper, and a likeness of taste; for there are many people who, though endowed with abundance of good sense and many excellent qualities, may yet be disagreeable to each other, from a want of sameness in their talents and inclinations. To make friendship agreeable and lasting between two people, there must be in some measure the same way of thinking, and their studies and amusements must be alike; for, let people talk ever so well on a science which they have no genius for, they can never please, and seldom instruct us: one can only enter into the sentiments of another, from something in the feelings of one's own heart that resembles them. A man that had employed himself for the greatest part of his life in building ships, and erecting machines to raise water, or in draining mines, would have little delight in poetical descriptions of shady groves, flowery pastures, or the symmetry of a parterre, though painted to him in all the elegance of Virgil or Milton. But where two virtuous people meet, having the same kind of taste and inclinations, they improve each other's genius: their regard to virtue itself is heightened, by the admiration they each have of it in their friend. It is a great advantage, when not only one's reason is convinced, but one's heart engaged to the duties of religion and morality; and there is nothing more likely to effect this, than the example of persons whom we esteem, and whom we are desirous of approving ourselves to. I believe that many persons have been deterred from falling into a rash or sinful action, by the fear of losing the good opinion of a valuable friend; and many have got a habit of virtue, by the choice of such a person to account to; being ashamed to own a folly, and at the same time feeling a secret guilt in having done any thing which they dare not confess to their friend. Thus, by degrees, people will often learn to do nothing but what their reason approves, that they may have no reserves in their friendship: and what at first was begun out of this regard, they will at last be habituated to, and persevere in, from the moral fitness and rectitude of virtue itself. How happy an effect of friendship is such a change! — and were it possible to love any persons so well, as, from the awe of displeasing them, or losing their esteem, to produce such an alteration in our conduct; this obligation alone, though we had never received any other from them, would be so great a benefit as would give them a just claim to every good office we could do them during our whole life.

Lady Hartford's Letters.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE GERMANS.

I am now got into the region of beauty (Hanover). All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and necks, jet eye-brows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light: but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great-Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though it is now such cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.

This town (Hanover) is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accomodated; for the vast number of English crowd the town so much, it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn.

I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court; or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremberg and Frankfort, where they always live in town for the convenience of trade.

I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The emperor and empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonts, and stand at her majesty's elbow in all public places. The duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the duchess of Blanckenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the king of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have,

that is it below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. They are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions; and it is not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them, not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die on the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both out in chairs exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.

Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves: they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose-colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion.

I saw the other day the gala for count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they show in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

Those people of quality who cannot bear the expense of Vienna, choose to reside here (Prague). I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, in the same manner that the people of Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. It is not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a woman." for the information of travellers, as ever signpost painter had to write, "This is a bear."

The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London: they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudieres* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

Lady M. W. Montague.

GENERAL CONDITION OF WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.

As women are by nature weaker than men, their rank and condition must every where be invariably regulated by the esteem and regard of that sex. Now the esteem and regard of the men must be founded on their own natural susceptibility, and that susceptibility can only be called forth into action by the mental qualifications and personal beauties of the women. In savage life unless when urged by revenge, or delighted with the chase, men are dull, phlegmatic, and almost destitute of susceptibility. Women, in that state, have hardly any mental qualifications: nursed in dirt and slovenliness, with but little ornament, and still less art in disposing of it; burnt with the sun, and daubed with grease; they are objects rather of disgust than of attraction: hence they are not adapted to excite the genuine passion of love, are seldom admitted to any distinguishing rank, and as seldom exempted from any distinguishing slavery.

In the savage state, where hunting, fishing, and war, are the only employments, vigorous exertions of strength and courage are necessary. If women were sufficiently endowed with these qualities, they might supply every deficiency, and greatly enhance their value in the eyes of the men: but by these they can conciliate no affection, nor rise to any consequence; such qualities are denied to them by Nature, and they cannot gather the fruit of what she has not planted. In civilised countries, women have a thousand arts to supply this defect of strength and courage, and to maintain a balance of power against the men; arts which, with a tolerable assistance from nature, they have brought to such per-

fection, that they can often engage the heart in their favour while the head is against them: but in savage life, cast as it were in the lap of naked Nature, exposed to every hardship, with every bleak wind of heaven blowing on their head, their forms are but little engaging; and with nothing that can be called culture, their latent good qualities are like the diamond while enclosed in the rough flint, incapable of showing any lustre. Thus destitute of every thing by which they can excite a sentiment of love, or procure esteem; destitute of beauty to charm, or art to sooth, the tyrant man; they are by him destined to perform every mean and servile office: a fate which constantly attends the weak, where power and not reason dictates the law. In civilised countries, a woman acquires some influence by being the mother of a numerous family; who obey her maternal authority, and defend her life and her honour. But even as a mother, a female savage gains little: her children, daily accustomed to see their father treat her nearly as a slave, soon begin to imitate his example; and either pay little regard to her authority, or shake it off altogether.

Alexander.

BENEFITS OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

We have it from good authority, that about the year of our Lord 1215, the Countess of Anjou paid two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye, for a volume of sermons; so scarce and dear were books at that time; and though the countess might, in this case, have possibly been imposed upon, we have it on Mr. Gibbon's authority, that the value of manuscript copies of the Bible, for the use of the monks and clergy, commonly was from four to five hundred crowns, at Paris, which, according to the relative value of money at that time and now in our days, could not, at the most moderate calculation, be less than as many pounds sterling at this time. These manuscripts were upon parchment, and undoubtedly executed in a superior style of elegance; but, in making every allowance, the value of books, previous to the invention of the art of printing, cannot, according to the most moderate computation, have been less than a hundred times as much as at present. The difficulty of acquiring knowledge, on account of the scarcity and dearness of books, necessarily caused a scarcity of teachers, and these accumulated

difficulties presented insurmountable obstacles to the diffusion of literature; so that, how much soever a taste for learning might prevail, the advantage was entirely confined to the great and opulent, and to monks, who had the use of the libraries of their monasteries; while an impassable barrier precluded the people from the acquisition of knowledge. How trifling would be the literary attainments of the people of this and the other countries of modern Europe, and how very contracted would be the diffusion of knowledge among the multitude, if these difficulties of acquisition yet existed! These obstacles, which in all former ages had been insurmountable, were suddenly and effectually removed by the introduction of printing. The inventors of this art have contributed infinitely more to the improvement of the human mind, and the general civilization of the species, than all the speculative philosophers of antiquity, and the cavilling theologians of later times; and if their characters be estimated according to their intrinsic value, and their names ought to stand in the registers of fame far above those of Caesar and Alexander, and other conquerors celebrated in history for their success in destroying mankind, and depopulating the world. Indeed, if ever the benefactors of mankind deserved to have statues erected to their honour, the inventors of the art of printing are certainly the men. Of all the events which have ever happened among mankind, the invention of printing constitutes, next to the establishment of Christianity, the most interesting and important.

Bigland's Letters on History.

INCIDENT THAT LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE MADEIRAS.

In the reign of Edward the Third of England, Robert Macham, a spirited courageous young man, having conceived an ardent passion for a young woman of the name of Anne Dorset, obtained a preference over all his rivals; but the parents of Anne disapproving the choice her heart had made, persecuted Macham, and separated the two lovers. Harshness can only augment the errors it attempts to cure, while reason, ever indulgent, employs none but gentle and moderate means; and it is by the power of these that it succeeds in persuading feeling and ingenuous minds to liberate themselves from the fatal empire of the passions. Per-

secution only served to render Macham dearer to his mistress; and availing himself of the influence which pity, love, and gratitude, united to give him over her mind, he persuaded the imprudent Anne to agree to accompany him to France. Having engaged a domestic in her interest, she found the means to escape, and gained the sea shore, where her lover waited her arrival, with whom she immediately embarked: but soon a dreadful tempest arose, and drove them so far from their intended course, that it was impossible to regain it. They remained thirteen days at the mercy of the waves; at length, on the fourteenth, they saw land, and soon discovered forests of unknown trees; on which, it was instantly determined to send some of the crew in the boat, who soon returned with good tidings. The island appeared uninhabited, but afforded a secure and agreeable asylum. Macham and his mistress instantly made towards it with some of their most trusty friends, leaving the rest to guard the vessel. The country appeared to them enchanting, abounding with fruits, birds, and flowers. On advancing farther, they discovered a meadow, bordered with laurels, and watered by a rivulet, which ran from the mountains over a bed of gravel. A large tree, which offered its shade from the head of the meridian sun, made them determine on fixing their abode in this delightful retreat; and huts were erected, in order to take a few days' repose, and to deliberate on what measures to pursue. But their tranquillity was of short duration; for, three days after, a tremendous wind from the north-east tore the vessel from her anchor, and drove her out towards the coast of Morocco, where, striking against a rock, the whole crew were taken prisoners by the Moors, and thrown into close confinement. Macham, on the morrow, finding no traces of the ship, concluded it was sunk. This new misfortune spread a general consternation; and Anne, more deeply afflicted than the rest, survived this event but a short time. Then it was she perceived the instability of that frail and impetuous passion, for which she had violated her most sacred duties. A victim to the accumulated weight of remorse, despair, and regret, she expired in less than forty-eight hours; and her lover only survived her five days. From the report of the imprisoned crew, a Portuguese gentleman, of the name of Zareô, employed by prince Henry to make new discoveries, took possession of the island, 1421, and having discovered the grave of the lovers, erected an altar over it. As the place abounded with forests, prince Henry gave it the name of Madeira, a Portuguese word signifying wood.

Madame de Genlis.

STRIKING INSTANCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

The following relation is found in the Japanese history. A woman was left a widow with three children, and had no other means of subsistence than what she derived from their labour. The young men, having never been accustomed to a life of toil, scarcely earned common necessities, and were above all things afflicted at not being able to procure their mother a more comfortable subsistence. It had lately been proclaimed, that whoever would bring a thief to justice should receive a considerable reward. The three brothers, whom the poverty of their mother affected ten times more than their own indigence, unanimously made a resolution, as strange as it was heroic. They agreed, that one of the three should pass for a thief, and that the two others should accuse, and take him before a magistrate. Lots were drawn which should be the victim of filial affection, and it fell on the youngest, who was immediately bound and conducted to the judge; and as a criminal underwent his examination, and confessed himself guilty. He was then sent to prison, and the brothers received the promised sum. Before they returned home with it, they found means to gain admission into the place of his confinement, to take a last farewell of their unfortunate brother; and supposing they were unobserved, they threw themselves into the arms of the prisoner, and by their tears and groans, accompanied by the most tender embraces, evinced the excess of the grief and despair with which they were penetrated. The magistrate, who happened to be in a part of the prison from which they could easily be seen, was astonished at the scene he beheld, and gave orders to one of his servants to follow the two informers, and watch them narrowly. The man obeyed; and at his return related to the master, that he had traced the two brothers to their house, and entered unperceived, stopping at the door of their room, from whence he could hear all they said. Their first care was to give their mother the money which they had received as the price of their information. The woman testified more inquietude than joy at the sight of so considerable a sum, and questioned them with eagerness on the absence of their third brother. The unfortunate young men could only answer at first with their tears; but at length, being threatened with the malediction of a parent so dear, they disclosed to her the dreadful truth. The mother, penetrated with gratitude, admiration and terror, abandoned herself to all the transports of a just despair, and rushed out of the room with an intention to go

and declare every thing to the magistrate; but was restrained by her cruel yet generous children, who both threw themselves at her feet; whilst she, a prey to all the most impetuous and passionate emotions, that anger, grief, and tenderness united, could produce, no longer able to support the violence of so many distracting agitations, fell senseless into the arms of one of her sons. The magistrate, on this recital, repaired to the prison, and interrogated the youngest brother, but without being able to induce him to retract a word of his confession. The judge then assured him, that he was acquainted with every circumstance of his history, and added, that he had only concealed for a moment this knowledge, from a wish to see to what excess filial piety might be carried in a virtuous breast. He then hastened to recount this adventure to the Cubo Sama, or sovereign; and this prince, astonished and delighted at an action so rare, desired to see the three brothers, and the happy mother of these virtuous children; on whom he heaped praises and marks of distinction, assigning to the youngest a pension of fifteen hundred crowns, and five hundred to each of the others.

Madame de Genlis.

ADVANTAGES OF STUDYING HISTORY.

The advantages found in the study of history seem to be of three kinds; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what can be a more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint efforts towards the arts and sciences? to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection? to remark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin? in short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us; appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises which, during their life-time, so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders? What spectacles can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so

interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures!

But history is a most pleasing part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and a great part of what we call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, along with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurnished, it is impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our time, we must be sensible, that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every country.

Hume.

INDIAN CUSTOM OF WIDOWS BURNING THEMSELVES ON THE FUNERAL PILES OF THEIR HUSBANDS.

The Hindoos (a people of the East-Indies) do not bury their dead, but burn their bodies on a large pile of wood erected for the purpose. Upon this pile the most beloved wife (and in some places, it is said, all the wives) of great men are obliged, by their religion, to devote themselves to the flames which consume the bodies of their husbands. The following is a circumstantial account

of one of these dreadful exhibitions. — On the 4th of February 1742, died Rham Chund, a man of distinction in the Mahratta tribe; his widow, aged only 17 or 18 years, as soon as he expired, immediately declared to the bramins (or priests) and witnesses present, her resolution to burn. As the family was of great importance, all her relations and friends left no arguments unattempted to dissuade her from her purpose. The state of her infant children, and the terrors and pains of the death she aspired after, were painted to her in the strongest and most lively colours; but she was deaf to all. Her children indeed she seemed to leave with some regret: but when the terrors of burning were mentioned to her, with a countenance calm and resolved, she put one of her fingers into the fire, and held it there a considerable time; then, with one of her hands, she put fire into the palm of the other, sprinkled incense upon it, and fumigated the attending bramins. Being given to understand that she would not obtain permission to burn, she fell immediately into the deepest affliction; but soon recollecting herself, answered, that death would still be in her power; and that if she were not allowed to die according to the principles of her tribe, she would starve herself. Finding her thus resolved, her friends were at last obliged to consent to her proposal. Early on the following morning the body of the deceased was carried down to the banks of the river Ganges, which the Hindoos account a sacred stream: the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three principal bramins, her children, relations, and a numerous crowd of spectators. As the order for her burning did not arrive till after one o'clock, the interval was employed in praying with the bramins and washing in the Ganges. As soon as it arrived, she retired, and staid about half an hour in the midst of her female relations: she then divested herself of her bracelets and other ornaments; and, having tied them in a kind of apron which hung before her, was conducted by the females to a corner of the pile. On the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry sticks, boughs, and leaves; and open only at one end, to admit her entrance. In this was deposited the body of the deceased; his head at the end opposite to the opening. At that corner of the pile to which she had been conducted, a bramin had made a small fire, round which she and three bramins sat for a few minutes, performing some preparatory ceremonies, during which she answered, with a steady and serene countenance, the questions which they put to her on religious subjects. These ceremonies being over, she was led with great solemnity three

times round the pile, the bramins reading before her. When she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments; then taking a solemn and majestic leave of her children, parents, and relations, one of the bramins dipped a large wick of cotton in an inflammable liquid, and, giving it lighted into her hand, led her to the open side of the harbour, where all the bramins fell at her feet: she blessed them, and they retired weeping. She then ascended the pile, and entered the harbour, making a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased; and then advancing, seated herself by his head. In silent meditation, she looked on his face for the space of a minute; then set fire to the harbour in three places: but soon observing that she had kindled it on the wrong side, and that the wind blew the flames from her, she arose, set fire to the other side, and placidly resumed her station; sitting there with a dignity and composure which no words can convey any idea of. The pile being of combustile matter, the supporters of the roof were soon consumed; and the whole tumbled in upon her, putting an end at once to her courage and her life.

Though this horrid and unnatural practice is not altogether abolished, yet, by the authority and example of the Europeans, it is gradually falling into disuse.

Alexander.

THE LADY'S ROCK.

At the south end of the island of Lismore, in the western Highlands of Scotland, we sailed near a small rock, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock, for the following reason:

In former times, one of the M'Leans of Duart, whose castle, now in ruins, stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but unhappily she was barren. In those times, it was a high crime in the eyes of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and, as he imagined, safe from detection,

he ordered ruffians to convey her to the Bare Rock, near Lismore, and there leave her at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected, in a very short time, to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the sound of the Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, ever a generous race, took compassion on her, received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral for his muchloved, much-lamented lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly to Argyle; and, after a decent time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest show of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health, proved an electric shock to her tender husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other revenge of M'Lean, but commanding him to depart instantly, at the same time advising him to be cautious not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards, in a street at Edinburg, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

Mrs. Murray's Companion to the Highlands.

ON THE BENEFITS DERIVED FROM THE STUDY OF INSECTS.

(To Miss STEPHENSON.)

Your observation on what you have lately read concerning insects is very just and very solid. Superficial minds are apt to

despise those who make that part of the creation their study, as mere triflers; but certainly the world has been much obliged to them. Under the care and management of man, the labours of the little silkworm afford employment and subsistence to thousands of families, and become an immense article of commerce. The bee, too, yields us its delicious fruit, and its wax, useful to a multitude of purposes. Another insect, it is said, produces the cochineal, from whence we have our rich scarlet dye. The usefulness of the cantharides, or Spanish flies, in medicine, is known to all, and thousands owe their lives to that knowledge. By human industry and observation, other properties of other insects may be hereafter discovered, and of equal utility. A thorough acquaintance with the nature of these little creatures, may also enable mankind to prevent the increase of such as are noxious, or secure us against the mischiefs they occasion.

There is, however, a prudent moderation to be used in studies of this kind. The knowledge of nature may be ornamental, and it may be useful; but if, to attain an eminence in that, we neglect the knowledge and practice of essential duties, we deserve reprehension. For there is no rank in natural knowledge of equal dignity and importance with that of being a good parent, a good child, a good husband or wife, a good neighbour or friend, a good subject or citizen, — that is, in short, a good Christian. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours affectionately.

B. Franklin,

WONDERS OF THE INSECT PART OF THE CREATION.

We cannot walk, or cast our eyes abroad, without seeing ten thousand living creatures, all curious in their kind, all created for our use, and which no less testify the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty, than the greatest and most noble of his works. Even those worms which appear most despicable in our eyes, will, if examined, excite our admiration; to see how, in those little creatures, when one form grows withered and decayed, the happy insect has another in reserve; and, by shaking off its old skin, appears again in all the freshness and vigour of youth. Can there be a more agreeable amusement than to observe how those flying insects which are most pleasing to the eye, spring from such as,

but a few days before, crawled upon the earth? We admire the beauty of the gaudy butterfly, without reflecting how it rises from the grovelling caterpillar; or how that worm, after having changed its skin several times, takes a different shape, assumes wings painted in that gorgeous manner, and skims over the tops of the tall trees, whose branches he before ascended but with difficulty and length of time. Young persons, who amuse themselves with keeping silk-worms, are no strangers to the steps by which these changes are effected.

Every body has heard of the ant: its oeconomy, its industry, and its foresight, have employed the pens of many learned authors. I am therefore surprised that such numbers of people can trample over the little mounds these creatures with indefatigable labour throw up in the earth, without a desire of examining how and by what means they are enabled to effect it, and for what purposes they take all these pains. But if the ants with so much justice claim our admiration, what shall we think of the bees? Those who have been curious enough to keep them in a glass hive, tell such wonders of their oeconomy, order, and policy, as might render them patterns for the best-regulated government. Their magazines also of wax and honey ought to interest us in favour of the creatures from which we receive such benefits; and at the same time to inspire us with the most exalted love, reverence, and gratitude, to the divine goodness, which created for us so many slaves; and which also feeds and instructs them to work for us, while we enjoy the fruits of their labours.

Nothing made by God is in itself contemptible. Wonderful are all his works; and the elephant on land, or the whale in the sea, magnify not his power and wisdom more by their strength; nor the spotted leopard of the forest, or the fine-limbed antelope, or the starry-plumed peacock, by their comeliness and beauty; than do the numerous tribes of insects, by the amazing properties bestowed on each. It is plain, their great Creator thinks not slightly of them as we do. To the meanest reptile he has given arms offensive and defensive; and instruments where with to build their houses, and prepare their food, without the assistance of any other animal. They have sagacity to choose the most proper places to deposit their eggs. In short, they have all they stand in need of, within themselves: and it betrays a great want of consideration in us, when we too much despise this inferior part of the creation; since their numbers are such, that it is only by the special care of Providence they are kept in any sort of subjection to us; and

many of them could, unless thus prevented, give us not only great annoyance, but even death itself.

Mrs. Haywood.

ART OF MAKING PINS.

Though pins are apparently simple, their manufacture is, however, not a little curious and complex. When the brass wire, of which the pins are formed, is first received at the manufactory, it is generally too thick for the purpose of being cut into pins. The first operation therefore is that of winding it off from one wheel to another with great velocity, and causing it to pass between the two, through a circle in a piece of iron of smaller diameter. The wire being thus reduced to its proper dimensions, is straightened by drawing it between iron pins, fixed in a board in a zigzag manner, but so as to leave a straight line between them: afterwards it is cut into lengths of three or four yards, and then into smaller ones, every length being sufficient to make six pins. Each end of these is ground to a point, which was performed, when I viewed the manufactory, by boys, who sat each with two small grinding-stones before him, turned by a wheel. Taking up a handful, he applied the ends to the coarsest of the two stones, being careful at the same time to keep each piece moving round between his fingers, so that the points may not become flat: he then gives them a smoother and sharper point by applying them to the other stone, and by that means a lad of twelve or fourteen years of age, is able to point about sixteen thousand pins in an hour. When the wire is thus pointed, a pin is taken off at each end, and this is repeated till it is cut into six pieces. The next operation is that of forming the heads, or, as they term it, head-spinning, which is done by means of a spinning-wheel, one piece of wire being thus with astonishing rapidity wound round another, and the interior one being drawn out, leaves a hollow tube between the circumvolutions: it is then cut with sheers, every two circumvolutions, or turns of the wire, forming one head; these are softened by throwing them into iron pans, and placing them in a furnace till they are red hot. As soon as they are cold, they are distributed to children, who sit with hammers and anvils before them, which they work with their feet, by means of a lathe, and, taking up one of the lengths, they thrust the blunt end into

a quantity of the heads which lie before them, and catching one at the extremity, they apply them immediately to the anvil and hammer, and by a motion or two of the foot, the top and the head are fixed together in much less time than it can be described, and with a dexterity only to be acquired by practice; the spectator being in continual apprehension for the safety of their fingers' ends. The pin is now finished as to its form, but still it is merely brass; it is therefore thrown into a copper containing a solution of tin and the lees of wine. Here it remains for some time, and when taken out assumes a white, though dull appearance: in order therefore to give it a polish, it is put into a tub containing a quantity of bran, which is set in motion by turning a shaft that runs through its centre, and thus by means of friction it becomes perfectly bright. — The pin being complete, nothing remains but to separate it from the bran, which is perfectly similar to the winnowing of corn, the bran flying off, and leaving the pin behind it for immediate sale. I was the more pleased with this manufactory, as it appeared to afford employment to a number of children of both sexes, who are thus not only prevented from acquiring the habits of idleness and vice, but are on the contrary initiated in their early years in those of a beneficial and virtuous industry.

From Ellis's Campagna of London.

ON POLITENESS.

“Hail Politeness, power divine!” says the sonnet; and surely no unnecessary invocation, — for politeness, dear girls, is the friend of social happiness, and domestic peace: if it was the fashion, in this age, to have household gods, I would surely give it a pre-eminent place amongst them.

I know not how it happens, but people seem to think they are obliged to be polite every where, but at home; and there it is they are most required to be so: for the refined satisfactions of social intercourse cannot long subsist without it. I am convinced, that domestic quarrels and disgusts would much seldomer arise, if the parties were always as polite as affectionate.

But what is politeness? Is it the law of fashion? or a system of rules? — No; it is the divine principle of benevolence, branched

into a thousand little channels, and flowing through all the minutiae of human life. Education may improve, but can never give it; for it must be founded in the soul, or it is never seen in full perfection. A painter may learn the rules of design, and the compendium of colours; but if he possesses not the enthusiasm of the art, his pictures will be lifeless and insipid.

Politeness is that amiable disposition, which delights in the happiness of others, consults their ease, prevents their wants, and yields them every possible convenience. This is the source of those civilities and attentions which distinguish a well-bred person — without it, etiquette dwindles to unmeaning ceremony.

You perceive then, that not only an attention to external graces, but a regulation of the disposition is necessary to constitute a polite person. Acquire the amiable temper I have described, and you will infallibly please with that native ease, which is thought so requisite to be attained, that the world has substituted in its room its wretched resemblance, effrontery; but not more like the amiable original, than an ordinary statue to the Venus of Medicis.

I have often thought, that the best Christian is likely to be the most polite person. This is an assertion you have not been used to hear, yet may well enough be warranted by the tenour of the Gospel precepts, which inculcate the being tender of another's weakness; to prefer each other in honour; to give respect where due, with others to the same purpose. Now, if these excellent lessons contain, as I think will be allowed, the substance of what, at this day, is termed good-breeding, St. Paul must be a better teacher than lord Chesterfield himself, since he breathes the enlivening spirit, without which the ceremonial code is a lifeless system, calculated perhaps to disguise the heart, but not to add one iota to the real happiness of social life.

Rudiments of Taste.

ORIGIN AND ACCOUNT OF CHIVALRY.

About the early part of the middle ages, as they are called, (that is, of the period extending from the year 500 to the year 1500), a universal spirit of piracy and emigration had crept into the north of Europe: one-half of its inhabitants were constantly wandering in quest of new adventures and of new settlements.

Wanderers, who have neither property nor possessions to serve as pledges for their good behaviour, are generally licentious in their manners: hence it became necessary for those who had acquired settlements, not only to secure their property, but also their wives and children from these lawless rovers, in castles and in strong fortifications. In this manner women became first subject to a species of confinement in the north, not on account of any faults in their own character or manners, but because they were beautiful, weak, and defenceless. As this confinement, however, was only the effect of prudence, and of a desire to secure their women from the insults of licentious banditti; thereforre when a woman found a husband or a lover to protect her from the rudeness and barbarity of the times, she could then venture abroad with safety in his company. Hence every woman naturally wished to engage such a champion; and every man of spirit, fond of the honour arising from it, as naturally enlisted himself in this service. And thus arose the institution of chivalry; an institution which, though it owed its birth to chance and the necessity of the times, made so rapid a progress, that in a little while it was sufficient for the protection of a lady, to have it publicly known, that such a gallant warrior was her declared champion, and would revenge every wrong done to her, whether in his presence or absence. This enlarged the circle of her liberty, and further restrained the hand of insult and violence.

Besides the title which a young warrior had to the approbation and favour of her whom he thus defended, there was another, and, if possible, a still more prevailing motive, the love of glory; which in those times was anxiously coveted, and was most intimately connected with such generous and disinterested actions as defending the weak and rescuing the oppressed. All these considerations prompted the youthful warrior to take upon him an office which, while it flattered his love, at the same time, by its acquisition of fame, no less fed and nourished his vanity: and as the man obtained honour, and the praise of valour, by undertaking to defend an innocent and helpless woman; so the woman gained additional lustre, and the praise of beauty, from being thus distinguished by a gallant champion. Thus the honour and interest of the two sexes became mutually blended together, and they reflected an increased brilliancy and reputation on each other.

In the middle ages, human nature endeavoured to assume the most contradictory appearances. It endeavoured to mix the soft sentiments of love with the revengeful dictates of affronted honour;

and the same tender sentiment which bound a lover to his mistress, instigated him, in the most savage manner, to cut the throats of all those who openly professed either to love or to hate her. As the men too had already begun to glory in being the protectors of such women as they were attached to by love and friendship, it was but carrying the idea one step further, from being the champion of a single woman, to become the champion of the whole sex, and thereby establish a more complete system of chivalry; and this was what actually happened. Chivalry by degrees stretched itself still wider; and its object became distressed innocence, wherever found suffering under the hard hand of injustice and oppression. When arrived at this stage, it was considered as the most honourable and exalted of all professions; was eagerly courted by all ranks; nor were any candidates, however elevated in their station, admitted into it without the fullest testimonies of their valour, honour, and probity, or a long train of previous discipline: and even the admission itself was calculated to inspire a love of glory and of benevolence: it was performed at the altar, with ceremonies no less awful than pompous, and well adapted to instil into the mind of the young hero the most enthusiastic love of honour, disinterestedness, and truth.

But under the prevalence of these manners, such became at last the rage of fighting for women, that it grew customary for those who could not be honoured with the decision of their real quarrels, to create fictitious ones concerning them, in order to create also a necessity of fighting. When thus, from its primitive laudable intention of succouring the distressed, chivalry had degenerated to a kind of finical fighting madness, it was no uncommon thing for a knight to post himself in some public place, and there, by his doughty weapons and his formidable appearance, force every passenger either to acknowledge the superior charms of the knight's lady above those of all the rest of her sex, or to fight him on the spot: — the latter of which seldom happened, unless by chance he met with somebody as mad as himself.

The effects of this institution however, which in the end, under the name of knight-errantry, became so ridiculously whimsical as to be finally laughed out of the world by the inimitable romance of Don Quixote, were in the beginning highly beneficial to society. Even war was divested of half its horrors, when it was carried on by men trained up in the principles of honour and humanity; weakness, which before had every thing to fear from power, and had hardly any protection by law, now began

to enjoy itself in security, when it found strength and fidelity engaged to defend it; and as weakness is more peculiarly the lot of women, they were also objects of the peculiar care and attention of this institution. Hence they now began to feel a consequence to which they had hitherto been strangers: they were politely treated by all, because it was known that their cause was the cause of chivalry. They were approached with submission by the brave; they were even made the judges of bravery itself, and intrusted with the distribution of the rewards bestowed on it at the public tournaments, or warlike exercises; where a smile of approbation on the knight to whom they delivered them, was often considered by him as a greater recompence than all the glory which he had acquired by his invincible arm.

Alexander.

ATTAINMENTS OF LADY JANE GREY.

Lady JANE GREY, before she was twelve years old, was mistress of eight languages. She wrote and spoke the English tongue with elegance and accuracy. French, Italian, Latin, and even Greek, she possessed to a perfection as if they were native to her, and she had made some progress in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Yet she did not, like some learned ladies I have heard of, in pursuit of these extraordinary acquisitions, fall into any neglect of those more useful and ornamental arts, which are peculiarly to be desired in the female sex. The delicacy of her taste displayed itself in the variety of her needle-works, and even in the beauty and regularity of her hand-writing. She played admirably upon various instruments of music, and accompanied them with a voice peculiarly sweet. What an agreeable picture does this history of the earliest years of lady Jane Grey present to our fancy! Though of noble and royal descent, she did not think that excused her from the performance of her duties, or the cultivation of her mind. She was anxious to improve her moments. She had a delicate complexion, and a regularity and composure of features which expressed the steadiness of her thoughts. She discovered a clearness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment, which enabled her not only to make herself mistress of languages, but of sciences, so that she thought, spoke, and reasoned upon

subjects of the greatest importance, in a manner which surprised every body. With these qualities, her good-humour, humility, and mildness were such, that she appeared to derive no pride from all her acquisitions.

It was in the summer of 1550, when she was exactly thirteen years of age, that she received a visit at Broadgate from Roger Ascham, schoolmaster to the princess Elizabeth. He had become acquainted with her in the court of king Edward VI., and had been equally struck with the greatness of her attainments, and the sweetness of her character.

When he arrived, he found that the marquis and marchioness of Dorset, with all their attendants of either sex, were gone a hunting in the park. Lady Jane, however, was in her apartment; and when Mr. Ascham was introduced, he found her busy, reading the *Phaedon* of Plato in the original Greek. Astonished at what he saw, after the first compliments the venerable instructor asked her, why she lost such pastime as there must needs be in the park? At which smiling, she answered, "I wisse all their sport in the park, is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant!" This naturally leading him to inquire how a lady of her age had attained to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what had allured her to it, she made the following reply: "I will tell you, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For, when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name, for the honour I bear them), so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer (one of lady Jane's preceptors, afterwards bishop of London) who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that

in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and very troubles unto me."

Marcliffe.

HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY THE PRINCESS, AFTER- WARDS QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth, being now become the public and avowed object of Mary's aversion, was openly treated with much disrespect and insult. The princess therefore thought it most prudent to leave the court: and before the beginning of 1554 retired to her house at Ashridge in Hertfordshire.

In the mean time sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion broke out, in opposition to the queen's match with Philip of Spain. It was immediately pretended, that the princess Elizabeth, together with lord Courteney, was privately concerned in this dangerous conspiracy, and that she had held a correspondence with the traitor Wyatt. Accordingly sir Edward Hastings (afterwards lord Loughborough), sir Thomas Cornwallis, and sir Richard Southwell, attended by a troop of horse, were ordered to bring her to the court. They found the princess sick, and even confined to her bed, at Ashridge. Notwithstanding, under pretence of the strictness of their commission, they compelled her to rise: and, still continuing very weak and indisposed, she proceeded in the queen's litter by slow journeys to London. At the court they kept her confined and without company for a fortnight: after which, bishop Gardiner, who well knew her predominant disposition to cabal and intrigue, with nineteen others of the council, attended to examine her concerning the rebellion of which she was accused. She positively denied the accusation. However, they informed her, it was the queen's resolution she should be committed to the Tower, till further inquiries should be made. Her oaths, and her repeated protestations of innocence, were all ineffectual. She was conveyed to the Tower, and ignominiously conducted through the Traitor's gate. No stranger, or visitor, was admitted into her presence.

After a close imprisonment of some days, by the generous intercession of lord Chandois, lieutenant of the Tower, it was granted that she might sometimes walk in the queen's lodgings,

in the presence of the constable, the lieutenant, and three of the queen's ladies; yet on condition that the windows should be shut. She then was indulged with walking in a little garden, for the sake of fresh air: but all the shutters which looked towards the garden were ordered to be kept close.

Such were their jealousies, that a little boy of four years old, who had been accustomed every day to bring her flowers, was severely threatened if he came any more, and the child's father was summoned and rebuked by the constable. Lord Chandois being observed to treat the princess with too much respect, he was not any longer intrusted with the charge of her; and she was committed to the custody of sir Henry Bedingfield, of Ox-burgh in Norfolk, a person whom she had never seen or known before. He brought with him a guard of one hundred soldiers, clothed in blue; which the princess observing, asked, with her usual liveliness, *If lady Jane's scaffold was yet taken away?*

About the end of May she was removed from the Tower, under the command of sir Henry Bedingfield and lord Williams of Thame, to the royal manor or palace at Woodstock. The first night of her journey she lay at Richmond; where being watched all night by the soldiers, and all access of her own private attendants utterly prohibited, she began to be convinced that orders had been given to put her privately to death. The next day she reached Windsor, where she was lodged in the dean's house near Saint George's collegiate chapel. She then passed to lord Williams's seat at Ricot in Oxfordshire, where she lay, and "was very princely entertained both of knights and ladies." But Bedingfield was highly disgusted at this gallant entertainment of his prisoner. During this journey, lord Williams and another gentleman playing at chess, the princess accidentally came in, and told them she must stay to see the game played out; but this liberty Bedingfield would not permit.

Arriving at Woodstock, she was lodged in the gate house of the palace; in an apartment remaining complete within these fifty years, with its original arched roof of Irish oak, curiously carved, painted blue sprinkled with gold, and to the last retaining its name of *Queen Elizabeth's chamber*. In the Bodleian library at Oxford, there is an English translation of St. Paul's epistles, printed in the black letter, which the princess used while she was here imprisoned; the covers are of black silk; on which she amused herself with curiously working or embossing numerous inscriptions and devices in gold twist.

One is pleased to hear these circumstances, trifling and unimportant as they are, which show us how this great and unfortunate lady, who became afterwards the heroine of the British throne, the favourite of her people, and the terror of the world, contrived to relieve the tedious hours of her pensive and solitary confinement. She had, however, little opportunity for meditation or amusement. She was closely guarded, yet sometimes suffered to walk in the gardens of the palace. In this situation, says Hollinshed, "no marvel, if she, hearing upon a time out of her garden at Woodstock, a certain milkmaid singing pleasantly, wished herself to be a milkmaid, as she was; saying that her case was better and life merrier."

After being confined here for many months, she procured a permission to write to the queen: but her importunate keeper, Bedingfield, intruded, and overlooked what she wrote. At length, king Philip interposed, and begged she might be removed to the court.

In her first day's journey, from the manor of Woodstock to lord Williams's at Ricot, a violent storm of wind happened; inso-much, that her hood and the attire of her head were twice or thrice blown off. On this she begged to retire to a gentleman's house then at hand; but Bedingfield's absurd and superabundant circumspection refused even this insignificant request; and constrained her, with much indecorum, to replace her head-dress under a hedge near the road.

Warton.

THE WONDERFUL FORMATION OF THE EYE.

All the work of man's industry are infinitely surpassed by the eye. Its formation is the most wonderful thing that the human understanding has been able to acquire a knowledge of. No artist, however skilful, could imagine a machine of that kind, which would not be much inferior to what we observe in the eye. However industrious or sagacious, he could contrive nothing which would not have the imperfections necessarily belonging to all human works. It is true, we cannot clearly perceive the whole art of Divine Wisdom in the formation of this fine organ; but the little we do know, is enough to convince us of the infinite wisdom, goodness, and power of the Creator.

The disposition of the external parts of the eye is admirable. How are our eyes intrenched, how are they defended! Placed in the head at a certain depth, and surrounded with hard and solid bones, they cannot easily be hurt: the eye-brows likewise contribute much to the safety and preservation of this organ. The hairs, which form an arch over the eyes, prevent dust and sweat from falling into them from the forehead. The eye-lids form another security; and, by closing in our sleep, they prevent the light from disturbing our repose. The eye-lashes add still to the perfection of our eyes: they break the force of the light, which might offend us, and guard us from the smallest dust, which might otherwise injure the sight. The internal make of the eye is still more astonishing: the whole eye appears to be composed of coats, of humours, of muscles, and veins. The exterior membrane, or tunica, which is called cornea, is transparent, and hard enough to resist the roughest strokes: under this there lies another, which they call *uvea*. This is circular and coloured: there is an opening in the middle of it, which is called the pupil, and which generally appears black. The crystal is behind this opening, and is perfectly transparent: it is of a lenticular figure, and composed of several small flakes, very thin, and set one over the other. Underneath the crystal is a most transparent substance, which is called the vitreous humour, because it resembles melted glass. The cavity between the cornea and the crystal is filled with a moist humour, liquid as water, and for that reason called the watery humour. When it is run out, it can recruit itself again. The eye is moved on all sides by six muscles, admirably well placed. They raise it, lower it, turn it to the right or left, obliquely, or round, as occasion requires. It appears to be a web of small fibres, and very fine, fastened to a nerve which comes from the brain, and which is called the optic nerve. The vision is formed in the retina, for the objects paint themselves at the bottom of the eye on that tunica; and though the images of outward objects are painted upside down on the retina, they still appear in their proper position. The extreme minuteness of this picture is wonderful; for the space of above eleven hundred yards, when it is represented in the bottom of the eye, makes no more than the tenth part of an inch.

Sturm.

ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF MIRRORS OR LOOKING-GLASSES.

That beauty was in all ages the subject of praise and of flattery, we may infer from the nature of man, as well as learn from the songs of the ancient bards. When women were praised, when they were flattered on this subjects, it was natural for them to wish to see those charms of which they had heard so much; but what all their ingenuity could not discover, they were directed to by chance. Some person, looking on the clear surface of a smooth pool, saw his own image in the water; whether this furnished the first hint that every polished surface would have the same effect, or whether chance directed to that discovery also, is uncertain; but we find the use of mirrors known at a very early period in Egypt: and thence probably the Israelites first borrowed that art, for mirrors were common among them in their passage through the wilderness, as appears from the 38th chapter of Exodus (verse 8), where we are told that Moses made his brazen laver of the mirrors offered by the women who attended at the door of the tabernacle. The art of making mirrors of glass was not known in those days: the first and best of this sort are said to have been made long after, of a sand found on the coasts of the Tyrian sea; those before in use were made of highly polished metal: in Egypt and in Judea they were of brass. When America was first discovered, in the fifteenth century, the mirrors of the Peruvians were found to be also of brass; and even at this day, in the East, they are commonly made of that, or some other metal capable of receiving a fine polish.

The use of mirrors among the Egyptians and Israelites, is a proof that those ages were not so rude and simple as some would insinuate. Many nations at this period have not arrived at the knowledge of mirrors. The people of New Zealand were surprised at this mode of viewing their own faces, and behaved on the occasion with a mixture of the most ridiculous grimace and merriment. Almost every writer of voyages to savage countries, presents us with histories of a similar nature.

The face is the part of the body where female charms and graces are most conspicuously placed; but as none could see her own face without the assistance of art, before the use of mirrors a woman must have entirely depended on the report of others, whether she was beautiful or otherwise: on her own dexterity, or the word of her servant, she must have rested the important affair

of having her head-dress properly adjusted, and the colours suited to her complexion; points in which she might often be deceived, but which the use of a mirror put it in her own power to discover. Mirrors, therefore, with regard to their utility in female life, may be justly reckoned among the most valuable of human inventions. What kind of dress was used for the head in the primitive ages, we know not; all that we have any account of concerning it is, that on some occasions the women used veils. If the dress of the head was, however, as simple in its construction as that of the body, the adjusting of it would require but little time, and still less ingenuity.

Alexander.

THE BANNIAN TREE.

The bannian, or Indian fig-tree, is a native of several parts of the East-Indies, and has a woody stem, branching to a great height and vast extent. It is universally considered as one of the most beautiful of Nature's productions; and, contrary to most other things in animal and vegetable nature, appears exempted from decay. Every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, but which thicken considerably before they reach the surface, and then striking in, they increase to large trunks, and become parent trees, shooting out new branches from the top; these in time suspend their roots, which, swelling into trunks, produce other branches, thus continuing in a progressive state as long as the earth, the common parent of them all, continues her sustenance. The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of the bannian tree; they regard it as an emblem of the Deity, from its long duration and overshadowing beneficence, and almost pay it divine honours. Near these trees their most esteemed pagodas are generally erected, and under their shade the Brahmins spend their days in religious solitude, wandering among the cool recesses and beautiful walks of this umbrageous canopy, impervious to the hottest beams of a tropical sun.

A remarkable large tree of this kind grows on an island in the river Narbedda, in the province of Guzerat. It is distinguished from others of the same species by the name of Cubbeer Bar, which was given it in honour of a famous saint. It was once

much larger than it is a present, high floods having carried away the banks of the island on which it grew, and with them such parts of the tree as had thus far extended its roots. What remains is two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the overhanging branches, which have not yet struck down, cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this single tree, each of which in size exceeds our English oaks or elms, amount to three hundred and fifty, the smaller stems to more than three thousand, all casting out new branches and hanging roots, to form in time parent trunks. Cubbeer Bur is famed through India for its amazing extent and beauty. The Indian armies frequently encamp around it, and at stated periods solemn festivals are held under its branches, where thousands of votaries repair from various parts of the empire. It is even said that seven thousand persons find ample room under its shade. The English gentlemen sometimes form elegant and extensive encampments, where they spend whole weeks together under this delightful pavilion, which is inhabited with green wood-pigeons, doves, peacocks, and also a variety of feathered songsters; families of monkeys are also in every quarter playing their antic tricks, and bats, to the astonishing size of six feet, from the extremity of one wing to that of the other. This tree not only shelters, but finds sustenance to these numerous inhabitants, being covered, amidst its bright leaves, with small figs of a rich scarlet, on which they all regale.

Mrs. Helme.

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February 1578, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy of the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner." She not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate the grief of her attendants; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her suffer-

ings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendor which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the foot of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf: but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows.

Robertson.

VIEW OF SWISSERLAND.

How shall I describe to you the vast variety of wonderful and romantic prospects, that we have seen since we came into Swisserland? Those charming views are varied with mountains,

whose snowy heads seem to reach the skies; craggy rocks and steep precipices, with foaming torrents gushing from the crevices in their sides; delightfully intermixed with beautiful valleys, adorned with groves of fir, beech, and chesnut; clear lakes, rapid rivers, cataracts, and bridges of one arch, extending a surprising width from rock to rock. The cultivated plains of the mountains are crowded with villages and scattered cottages; and then the inside of the cottages are so very neat, and look so comfortable, that I should like to live in some of them that are situated in the most delightful spots, were it not for the dread of being swallowed up in one of those enormous masses of snow, that frequently roll from the tops of the mountains, and destroy every thing in their way. We have seen a woman and her daughter, who, some years ago, were preserved in a wonderful manner, for near five weeks, in a stable, buried under one of these *avalanches*, as they are called: it happened, fortunately for them, that a she-goat was in the same stable, which supplied them with milk all that time. When her husband, perceiving that the snow was a little softened by the sun, with the help of some of his neighbours, made an opening, he found, to his astonishment, his wife and daughter alive.

In going to the top of the high mountains of Swisserland, you may enjoy all the seasons of the year in the same day. In the valley, and on the lower part of the mountain, the heat is excessive; the meadows are green, and the country people are busy in reaping the corn: as you advance, the air becomes moderate, and you are shaded by forests of larch and pine: higher up, it grows cold, and the ground is covered with different kinds of mosses; but above all, the cold is extreme, and nothing is to be seen but bare rock, and deep snow, that never melts, not even in the height of summer.

There are Alps much higher than any we have yet seen, with valleys of ice between their summits, frozen into many fantastic forms, such as pyramids, &c. formed by one crust of ice growing hard over another; but, what is most extraordinary, the borders of the glaciers are fertile. We have been told, that strawberries and mulberries, grow on their borders. Goats browse on the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and leap with surprising agility from one cliff of the rocks to another. They seem very tame; and once, when we had seated ourselves to take some refreshment, several came jumping about us, as if they wished to partake of our repast.

Mrs. Wakefield.

THE WONDERS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Perhaps the human voice is the greatest masterpiece of the Creator. It is impossible to fathom its admirable mechanism, whether we consider its principle, its organs, or its variations. We will try silently to reflect upon it. We can utter sounds. What is it that enables us to do so? This faculty seems to depend on the construction of the windpipe. When the air we have inhaled is expelled with quickness, the little opening in it occasions a sound. This curious pipe is composed with circular gristles, and these are held together by an elastic membrane. There is a little lid at the entrance which opens to let out the air. The tones of the voice are modified and multified by its opening less or more. It closes when we swallow, in order to keep out the food which has to pass over it in its passage to the stomach. We learn from experience, that there are twelve full tones in the human voice, taken in its fullest extents. It was necessary, that the wind-pipe should be divided into twelve equal parts, in order to produce this variety. Its two sides, when stretched, are distant from each other the tenth part of an inch; for which we may calculate, that each tone of the voice may be subdivided into a hundred other parts; and further, that a man is able to pronounce two thousand four hundred different tones, all of which may be distinguished by the ear. But in regard to these surprising properties, we have few advantages over the animals. In this, however, we surpass them; we can compress the air, and modify the voice so as to pronounce letters and words. The lips, the teeth, and the palate, contribute much to this operation.

The five vowels have only a simple sound: let us dwell a little on the manner in which we utter them.

We pronounce *a* quite different to what we do *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*; though we pronounce it with the same tone. But the reason of this difference is one of the impenetrable mysteries of nature. The mouth must be more or less opened to pronounce the five vowels, and for this reason the human mouth is differently formed from that of any other animal. Those birds which learn to imitate man's voice, can never pronounce distinctly the several vowels, and hence the imitation must be imperfect. Three or four organs contribute to the pronunciation of consonants; the lips, the tongue, and the palate. The nose indeed has its share: if you stop it, certain letters cannot be pronounced but in an unintelligible way. One of the wonders of the voice is, that no human art has ever

been able to imitate it by any machine. Song, it is true, may be imitated; but the articulation of sounds, and the pronunciation of different vowels, cannot. There is a stop in some organs, called the *human voice*, but no tones are produced by it, except such as resemble the diphthongs *ai* or *ae*. All the art of man cannot imitate one of our words, which we pronounce with so much ease.

Sturm.

ON THE WINTER SLEEP OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

The winter sleep is a very singular property of animals and plants; and, though it occurs daily before our eyes, we are not able to explain the phaenomena with which it is attended. In cold countries, many animals, on the approach of winter, retire to their subterranean abodes, in which they bury themselves under the snow, where they remain five or six months without nourishment or motion; nay, almost without circulation of their blood, which flows only sluggishly, and in the widest vessels. Their perspiration is almost imperceptible; but still they lose something by it; as they enter their winter quarters in very good condition, and are exceedingly thin when they return from them.

Some animals enjoy their winter sleep under the earth, and others concealed beneath the snow; some for the same purpose creep into the holes of rocks, and others under stones or the bark of trees.

Plants have their winter sleep also; for, during the period of winter, their sap flows towards the root, and the circulation of it, which is very slow, takes place only in the widest vessels. Were the expansion of the sap in winter as considerable as in summer, it would burst all the vessels on being frozen.

Several observers have endeavoured to prove that this singular circumstance is merely accidental, and, indeed, no difference is found in the internal organization of those animals which have winter sleep, and those which have not. It is very remarkable, that this property belongs in general to animals of prey. As these have far stronger powers of digestion, and stronger digestive juices, it would appear that abstinence from food for several months would to them be hardly possible.

The bear, the bat, and the hedge-hog, have winter sleep, but the white bear has not. As the latter is secured from the cold

by his long hair, he finds nourishment in the dead whales and seals which are cast on shore by the waves.

The earth-worms have winter sleep; but aquatic worms very seldom. Insects, as well as their larvae, have winter sleep. Butterflies may be often seen fluttering about in the warm days of spring, after having spent the whole winter in that condition. Amphibious animals have winter sleep, those which live merely in the ocean excepted. Few birds, on the other hand, are exposed to this state. The greater part of these, on the approach of winter, retire to a milder climate, where they can find more abundant nourishment. In Iceland, the sheep have winter sleep, because in that country they are suffered to range in perfect freedom. In the winter season, therefore, they may be seen buried under the snow and in the bushes, where it would be impossible from them to remain were they not in that condition.

Curiosities of Nature and Art.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FOUNTAIN-TREE GROWING IN ONE OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

Many writers have made mention of this famous tree, some in such a manner as to make it appear miraculous: others again deny the existence of any such tree; among whom is father Fey-joo, a modern Spanish author. But he, and those who agree with him in this matter, are as much mistaken as those who would make it appear to be miraculous. The author of the history of the Discovery and Conquest has given us a particular account of it, which I shall here relate at large.

“The district in which this tree stands is called Tigulahe; near to which, and in the cliff or steep rocky ascent that surrounds the whole island, is a gutter or gully, which commences at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it joins or coincides with a valley, which is terminated by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this rock grows a tree, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, *garse*, sacred or holy tree, which for many years has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro, nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what

species it is, only that it is called *til*. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself. The circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height, from the ground to the top of the highest branch, forty spans: the circumference of all the branches together is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended: the lowest commence about the height of an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine-apple, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and more curved; they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. Near to it, grows a thorn, which fastens on many of its branches, and interweaves with them; and at a small distance from the garse are some beech-trees, bresoes, and thorns. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants, and the other, that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the forementioned steep cliff; so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock which terminates the valley; and then rests upon the thick leaves and widespreading branches of the tree, from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This distillation is not peculiar to the garse or *til*; for the bresoes, which grow near it, likewise drop water; but their leaves being but few and narrow, the quantity is so trifling, that, though the natives save some of it, yet they make little or no account of any but what distils from the *til*; which, together with the water of some fountains, and what is saved in the winter season, is sufficient to serve them and their flocks. A person lives on the spot near which this tree grows, to take care of it and its waters; and is allowed a house to live in, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district, seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people of the island."

Glasse's History of the Canary Islands.

SAGACITY OF THE DOG OF A SAVAGE.

In the county of Ulster, and the neighbourhood of Wawasing, in North America, lived one Le Ferre. He possessed the last plantation of the valley near the Blue Mountains, which cross a part of the state of New York; an enormous chain, which always will be, as it is at present, an asylum for deer. Le Ferre had eleven children. The oldest boys, like their father, were skilful hunters. Who could live so near forests without instinctively knowing how to go thither, and take the game which they contain? It is thus that those who live upon the banks of the sea become sailors. Every thing with man is local. There is nothing but sound morality and virtue which is in every country. Le Ferre lived, with the produce of his land and his mill, happy and tranquil. I was one day at the house of this farmer when the youngest of his children disappeared about ten o'clock in the morning: he was four years old. The family, alarmed, sought for him in the river, and in the fields, but in vain! The frightened parents sent for the neighbours: we went into the woods, and searched them with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times we called him, but received no other answer than those of savages echoes. We divided into many parties; night came on without our being able to flatter ourselves with any hope. The parents, in despair, refused to return to the house: their terror was without cessation increased by the knowledge they had of the activity and rage of the wild cats, against which men cannot always defend themselves. They painted to themselves a hungry wolf devouring the child of their bosoms, and spilling upon the ground the blood of their loved infant. What a dark and melancholy night! As soon as the day appeared, each of us began to seek again, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. They were all in the greatest distress, and knew not what to do. Happily a savage, loaded with furs, coming from the village of Anaguaga, went to the house of this planter, with the design of reposing himself there. He was surprised to find nobody at home but an old black woman, who had been detained by her infirmities. "Where is my brother?" demanded the savage of her. "Alas!" said she, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbourhood is employed in seeking for him in the woods." — It was then near three o'clock in the afternoon. — "Sound the trumpet; endeavour to recall your master; I will find his little child." — As soon as the father was returned, the savage asked of him the

shoes and stockings that little Derick had last worn: he commanded his dog to smell to them; then taking the house for a centre, he described a semicircle of a quarter of a mile, ordering his dog to smell the ground every where as he conducted him. They had not gone far, before this sagacious animal began to bay. That happy sound darted immediately into the hearts of the distracted parents some feeble rays of hope. The dog followed the track, and still bayed. They ran after him with all their might, but soon lost sight of him in the thickness of the woods. Half an hour afterwards they saw him returning: the countenance of the dog was visibly changed; the air of joy was painted in it; I was sure that he had found the child; but was it dead, or alive? What a cruel alternative was this for the poor parents, as also for the rest of the company! — The savage followed his dog, who did not fail to conduct him to the foot of a great tree, where the child was lying in a state of weakness approaching death. He took him tenderly into his arms, and made haste to carry him to the company, who had not been able to proceed with the same quickness. Happily the father and mother were in some manner prepared to receive their child: for more than a quarter of an hour they had begun to form some hopes; a weak light had penetrated into their hearts when they heard the first accents of the savage dog. They ran to meet their brother, from whom they received their dear Derick with an ecstasy and agitation not to be described.

From an American Magazine.

FARTHER INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

As we were sitting at supper a large Dog came in, that seemed a great favourite with all the family, and was particularly caressed by a little boy at the bottom of the table. I asked the child whether it was his own dog, which led the shepherd to tell the following extraordinary story:

“To that dog, gentlemen,” said he, “I owe the life of my child, and I never refuse him a bone from my table. It happened one day as I was overlooking my pastures, when the boy was only three years old, that I took him with me, accompanied only by this faithful creature. Having occasion to clamber to the top of a high cliff at some distance, in order to see that my flocks

kept within their proper bounds, I left the child on a small plain at the bottom, strictly ordering him not to stir till I returned. Scarcely had I reached the summit before a sudden mist arose, such as are frequent among these mountains, and darkened the sky, so that I could with difficulty descend. Anxious for my child's safety, I returned as fast as I could, but unfortunately took a wrong path, and after searching unsuccessfully for many hours, amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts of the mountain, night overtook me, and I continued wandering about, till a gleam of the moon, shining on my own cottage window, convinced me I was just at home. To describe what I felt, at returning to my wife without my child, is impossible. I had also lost my dog, the faithful companion of many years.

"The next morning by day-break, several of my neighbours set out with me in search of my lost little one. All our attempts were in vain. Tired and disappointed, we again returned at the approach of night, and renewed our research with the same ill success for many following days. The day after the accident happened, the dog found his way home; and after receiving his usual portion of food, instantly went away and appeared no more that night. The same circumstance happened every day, till at last I was determined to follow him, and discover the cause of this strange behaviour; he led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where I had left my boy. The banks of this cataract were nearly joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of an immense depth: down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began to make his way, with his provision in his mouth, till I lost sight of him in a cave, the entrance of which was nearly on a level with the torrent.

"With extreme difficulty I followed his steps; but how can I express my delight and surprise, when I reached the opening of the cave; there sat my boy, munching the cake that the dog had brought him, and the faithful creature standing at his side, guarding him with the watchful eye of a friend. From the situation of the place, the child must have fallen or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, and the sagacity of this valuable creature saved him from starving. Not a king's ransom should purchase him, nor shall he ever want a meal whilst I have one for myself."

When he ended this account, the dog received the caresses of the whole company; and I thought you would be amused with a repetition of it.

Mrs. Wakefield.

HISTORY OF THE DIAMOND.

A desire of attracting the public attention naturally first prompted the human race to ornament themselves with the most shining and brilliant things which nature could supply. Among all these, the diamond, after it was discovered, held the first rank; it was therefore natural, that the mines which produce it should be sought after with avidity, and preserved with care. The oldest diamond mine that we know of is in the river Gonel, which is one of those that empty themselves into the Ganges. The chain of mountains which runs between Cape Comorin and Bengal has yielded a large quantity of diamonds; they are there found in clusters, lying at from six to twelve feet below the surface of the ground. The isle of Borneo, according to some travellers, produces a few diamonds; more are found in Visapour and Golconda; the mines of Visapour have been known about three hundred and fifty years, and those of Golconda not above half that time. About the beginning of the last century, some slaves, who were condemned to look for gold at Sierra-do-frio in Brazil, used to find some little bright stones, which they threw away as of no consequence: a few of these, however, being preserved, and shown to the governor-general of the mines, he had them examined by able artists, who declared that they were fine diamonds. Soon after this, search was made for them with such success, that in a few years the Rio-Janeiro fleet brought to Lisbon eleven hundred and forty-six ounces of them. This produced such a plenty, that their price was considerably diminished; but the Portuguese ministry, in order to reinstate them in their original value, conferred on a company the exclusive privilege of searching for and selling them; and lest the avidity of the company should frustrate the intention of the ministry, it was stipulated, that no more than six hundred slaves should be employed in the mines, and that all diamonds exceeding a certain weight should be the property of the king. Avarice tramples upon every right human and divine. It was not thought sufficient, that death should be the consequence of encroaching on this privilege of the company; but, as a farther security, it was thought necessary to depopulate all the places that lay in the neighbourhood of the mines, and turn the whole into a solitary waste, inaccessible to human foot. This waste at present comprehends a space of three hundred miles, in which there is only one large village, inhabited entirely by the slaves of the company. So short an account of this the most important of

all bagatelles, we hope our readers will not consider as out of place here, especially as it is now not only such an article of commerce and luxury, but also the ornament which, of all others, is most eagerly sought after by the fair sex, and the badge which distinguishes opulence and quality from the lower and more humble ranks of life.

THE LAPLANDERS.

The extreme heat and cold, to which they are subject in their dismal climate, has such an effect upon their persons, that a Laplander might be known any where from the inhabitants of more temperate climates, by his short, squat figure, large head, flat face, and small, dark grey eyes. Their summer dress is made of dark coarse cloth, called wadman; but in winter, their breeches, coats, shoes, and gloves, are made of the skin of the rein-deer, with the hair outwards. What a droll sight must a Lapland woman be, equipped in this manner! for the women dress like the men, except a small apron of painted cloth, and a few more rings and trinkets. They are notwithstanding fond of finery, and contrive to embroider their awkward clothes with brass wire, silver, or coloured wool, which they are skilled in dyeing of various hues. In winter, they are glad to eat dried fish, or the flesh of any animal they can catch; but they never think either of roasting or boiling it, they devour it raw. The eggs of wild geese, and other waterfowl, which breed in prodigious numbers on the borders of the lakes, supply them with food in the spring; and when the breeding season is over, they live upon the birds. Some of the people are maintained wholly by fishing; whilst others are employed in tending their flocks of reindeer, and wander about the mountains from place to place. They live in tents, made of coarse cloth, which they carry about with them, and pitch them, for a short time, wherever it suits their convenience; but the fishermen build villages, such as they are, near some lake. When they want to make a hut, they take large poles, or the bodies of trees, and place them slanting in the ground, in the form of a circle, so that they meet at top, except a small opening, which is left for the smoke to pass through. Instead of a carpet, they cover the ground with branches of trees, and the door is made of rein-deer skins, like two curtains. You will wonder what these poor people do

for light, when I tell you that, during several months in the winter, the sun is never seen; but the beautiful Aurora Borealis, and the reflection of the snow, make them amends, and afford them as much light as they require. Of what use would a postchaise, or a coach, be to a Laplander, when he travels over deserts of snow? The wheels would be presently clogged up, and he could proceed no further: therefore, if he has but little way to go, he puts on his snow shoes, which are made very long, to keep him from sinking; but, if he has occasion to go to a distance, he harnesses his rein-deer to a sledge, made in the form of a boat, and after whispering something to the animal, which he is so foolish as to suppose he understands, he seats himself in the sledge, and away he is carried with surprising swiftness.

Mrs. Wakefield.

SOMETHING NEW ON THE SUBJECT OF SPIDERS.

"These filthy spiders," said Caroline, sweeping down some cobwebs with a brush, "are spinning their webs in every corner, unless we are continually destroying them." — "You do not like to have them in the house, Caroline," said her father: "and it must be owned, cobwebs are not very consistent with domestic cleanliness. Yet, would you suppose it, there are people who take a pleasure in having a number of spiders about them." — C. "How can any person delight in such ugly creatures!" — F. "Nay, at the loss of a spider a man has felt so much, as to endeavour to put an end to his existence: and what is more, a spider has decided the fate of thousands of men, and of whole countries," — C. "If any other person told me so —" — F. "You would not believe him. If, however, you have any wish to hear something both important and amusing respecting these ugly, filthy creatures as you, and many others, call them, I will relate some facts, at which you will not be a little surprised.

"A nobleman in France, I think it was a count of Lauzan, was condemned to a rigid imprisonment. Cut off from all human society, and allowed no means of diverting his solitude, he made a companion of a spider, who had spun her web in the corner of his cell. He at length familiarized her so far, that she would come upon his hand, and eat from it a portion of his food, which he gave her. The jailor, totally devoid of feeling, thought this

too great an indulgence for the unfortunate prisoner, and crushed the spider to death. The count, thus bereft of all occupation, and deprived of the only living being about him, in a fit of despair dashed his head against the wall, and would have beaten out his brains had he not been prevented."

"Execrable jailor!" exclaimed Caroline.

"I will relate another anecdote of a prisoner, more recent but less tragical. In the year 1787, when the Prussian army entered Holland, under the duke of Brunswick, Disjonval, an adjutant-general in the Dutch service, who had taken part against the Stadtholder in the commotions in the United Provinces, was thrown into prison, where he remained seven years. During his confinement, he had nothing to amuse him but the spiders in his prison, which he had tamed. He had gathered about him a great number of these, of different species, and the observations he made on their manners and habits of life, alleviated the irksomeness of his solitary hours. His observations on this subject he has arranged in order, and published in a little book, with the title of *Araneology*. These observations are in part new, and among other things confute the charge against spiders, that they devour one another. It is true, they do this sometimes, but it is only when they can procure no other food. Thus, Reaumur, a celebrated French naturalist, collected together a great number of spiders, in order to try whether their webs might not be applied to the purpose of manufactures, as well as those of the silkworm. The spiders were so numerous, however, that they could not find a sufficient number of flies and other insects for their food, so that in a short time they were obliged to feed upon one another; and thus the hope of obtaining profit from their labours was frustrated. It is a fact, notwithstanding, that stockings of great fineness and warmth, and of considerable strength, have been fabricated from cobwebs."

The most remarkable observation of our prisoner, Mr. Disjonval, was, that spiders are particularly excellent as prognosticators of changes in the weather, being more certain than the barometer, giving their indications a longer time beforehand, and having this advantage to the lower class of people, that they cost nothing. On the common house spider, for example, he has made the following remarks: — Against fine weather, it peeps out its head, and stretches its legs out of its hole, and this the farther, the longer the fine weather will continue. Against bad weather, it retires farther back: and against very tempestuous weather, it turns

quite round, showing nothing but its hinder parts to the observer, thus acquainting him with the approaching change. At the commencement of fine weather, the web, with which it surrounds its corner, is but of moderate extent: if the fine weather will be lasting, it enlarges it two or three inches: and, if it repeat this several times, we may be certain that the weather will continue fine for some time. On the 22^d of July, Mr. Disjonval foretold, from the behaviour of his spiders, a fortnight beforehand, that the water of the Rhine would fall, so as to render it passable by a bridge of boats; and in this manner it was actually passed.

In winter they are as certain prognostics of approaching cold. If frost and snow are coming on, they either seize upon webs already made, in which case obstinate battles frequently ensue, or they make new ones, and labour diligently at them. Disjonval found from several attentive observations, that, from the first of the spiders' putting themselves in motion, to the setting in of the frost, nine days generally elapsed. We have a striking instance of the justice of this observation, in the beginning of February 1793. The weather was fine, warm, and there was no symptom of approaching frost. It might have been supposed, that fires would be no longer required: but on the fourth of February, Mr. Disjonval announced, that a great alteration in the weather would ensue, as, beside other remarks of a similar kind, he had seen three spiders' webs, one over another, in a place where there was not one the preceding evening. On the 9th of February there was ice, and by the 13th all the canals were frozen over. It was now probable, that with the breaking up of this frost, the winter would terminate. This was the opinion of Mr. Disjonval himself; and he felt no small satisfaction in having been able to foretel the freezing of the canals to a whole town, when such a circumstance was least expected. A complete thaw in fact came on; but on a sudden he observed, contrary to all expectation, a general bustle among his spiders on the last day of February. They ran backwards and forwards, began to spin webs diligently, and attacked one another. Hence he inferred, that some remarkable change was taking place; and that very dry weather at least, if not very cold, would ensue. This conjecture he announced to the principal bookseller in the town, and through him to the public. Two days after, it rained, which seemed no way favourable to his prognostication; and this rain continued for five days, so that the validity of his prediction appeared daily more questionable. Still, however, attentive to the proceedings of his spiders, he wrote every day to

the same bookseller, telling him he continued firm in the persuasion of the approach of cold or dry weather. On the 8th of March it blew hard; on the 9th it snowed, and on the 10th the frost was so sharp, that all the canals were frozen over again.

To a similar prediction of frost in the winter of 1794—95, the French were indebted for the conquest of Holland, and our prisoner for his liberty. Such a striking circumstance induced the French executive directory to institute an inquiry into this new branch of knowledge; observations will be made most probably in other countries; and thus these *odious* spiders may be found of great importance in meteorology, and consequently of great use in common life.

From the Pleasing Preceptor.

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT,

CONSORT OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

In 1346, Edward the Third undertook the siege of Calais, which was defended by a valiant knight, John de Vienne. While Edward was employed in this siege, which lasted near twelve months, David king of Scotland, taking advantage of the king's absence, entered Northumberland at the head of fifty thousand men, and carried his ravages and devastations to the gates of Durham. But the queen assembling a body of a little more than twelve thousand men, which she intrusted to the command of Lord Percy, ventured to approach him, at Neville's Cross, near that city. Riding through the ranks, she exhorted every man to do his duty, and to take revenge upon those barbarous ravagers; nor could she be persuaded to leave the field, till the armies were on the point of engaging. The troops, animated by her spirit, broke the ranks of the enemy, drove them off the field, killed between fifteen and twenty thousand, and took the king prisoner. Philippa, having secured her royal captive in the Tower, crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp, before Calais, with all the triumph which was due to her rank, merit, and success. John de Vienne, governor of Calais, finding he could no longer resist the attack of the enemy, was obliged to accept the hard terms exacted by the conqueror; that six of the most respectable citizens should repair to Edward's camp, bare-headed and bare-footed, with ropes about their necks, carrying the keys

of the city in their hands: — on these conditions the king promised to spare the lives of the remaining inhabitants. In compliance with these stern commands, six principal burgesses, whom history has immortalized, voluntarily offered themselves as the required victims, and, habited like malefactors, laid the keys of the city at Edward's feet, and were ordered to immediate execution. It is surprising, that so generous a prince should ever have conceived so barbarous a resolution against such brave men. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from that infamy: she threw herself on her knees, and with tears earnestly begged the lives of these undaunted citizens. Having obtained her request, she took them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them, and, after making them a present of money and clothes, dismissed them in safety.

The presence of mind and efforts of valour which Philippa displayed in England, when the Scots attacked the kingdom, deserve the highest encomiums; but when we see this magnanimous woman reduced to the humble posture of kneeling, and shedding tears to rescue these patriots from destruction, we are ready to exclaim, This is indeed an angel!

TWO SCOTTISH LADIES.

The wife of the governor of Berwick castle affords a striking instance of female heroism. His two sons were in the possession of the besiegers as hostages. The besiegers, violating their honour threatened to hang them up instantly under the walls before his eyes, if he did not surrender the place. The father, torn by contending passions, hesitated for a while; but nature at length prevailed, and he was on the point of complying, when his wife animated him by saying, "You may have other children; your honour once lost, can never be regained." The two youths, in consequence of this advice, fell victims for the good of their country, and the preservation of a fortress, which was of great importance to the Scotch as a barrier against the English.

In the history of Scotland is another remarkable instance of heroism in the conduct of a lady of Perth, who, when assassins were attempting to enter the apartment of her sovereign, supplied the want of a bolt, to one of the gates of the house, with her delicate arm, which was instantly shattered to pieces.

MADAME DACIER.

M. le Fevre, the father of Madame Dacier, had a son whom he instructed in the Classics, to whom he usually gave lessons in the room in which his daughter worked in tapestry. The youth, whether from incapacity or inattention, was sometimes at a loss when questioned by his father: on these occasions, his sister, who appeared to be wholly occupied with her needle and her silks, never failed to suggest to him the proper reply, however intricate or embarrassing the subject. M. le Fevre was by this discovery induced to cultivate the talents of his daughter. Mademoiselle le Fevre afterwards confessed, that she felt at the time a secret vexation for having thus betrayed her capacity, and exchanged the occupations and amusements of her sex, under the eye of an indulgent mother, for the discipline of her father, and the vigilance and application necessary to study.

After having learned the elements of the Latin language, she applied herself to the Greek, and at the end of eight years no longer stood in need of the assistance of a master. As her mind strengthened, and acquired a wider range, she emancipated herself from the trammels of authority, and laid down plans of study, which she pursued with pre perseverance: she now read and thought for herself; and frequently, though with the utmost modesty and deference, presumed to differ, on subjects of literature and criticism, from her respectable father.

Of her modesty, the following anecdote may afford a proof. It is a custom of the men of letters of the North to visit, when on their travels, persons eminent for their talents and endowments, and to request them to write their names, accompanied by a sentence, in a book which they carry for the purpose. A learned German, waiting on Madame Dacier, desired her to add her name to his collection. "To do so," replied she, very unaffectedly, "would be the highest presumption. I am not worthy to appear in such company." The German remonstrated, and renewed his suit. At length, overcome by his solicitations, she took the pen, and having inserted her name, wrote beneath it, in English, a verse from Sophocles, implying that silence is the greatest ornament of a woman.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Queen Caroline one day observing that her daughter, the late princess of Orange, had made one of the ladies about her stand a long time, while she was talking to her upon some trifling subject, indeed, till she was almost ready to faint, was resolved to give her a practical reprimand for her ill behaviour, that should have more weight than verbal precept. When the princess therefore came to her in the evening, as usual, to read to her, and was drawing herself a chair to sit down; the queen said, "No, my dear, you must not sit at present, for I intend to make you stand this evening as long as you suffered Lady *** to remain to-day in the same position. She is a woman of the first quality; but had she been a nursery-maid, you should have remembered that she was a human creature as well as yourself."

HENRIETTA MARIA.

Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First, as she was walking out northward of the city of Exeter, soon after her lying-in, stopped at the cottage of a poor woman, whom she heard making doleful cries. She sent one of her train to inquire what it might be which occasioned them. The page returned, and said, the woman was sorrowing grievously, because her daughter had been two days in the straw, and was almost dead for want of nourishment, she having nothing to give her but water, and not being able, for the hardness of the times, to get any thing. On this the queen took a small chain of gold from her neck, at which hung an agnus. She took off the agnus, and put it in her bosom; and making the woman be called to her, gave her the chain, and bade her go into the city to a goldsmith, and sell it; and, with the money, to provide for the good woman in the straw.

THE CZARINA.

Voltaire, in his History of Czar Peter, gives the following anecdote of the Czarina. "The lenity of this princess has been carried to a degree unparalleled in the history of any nation. She had promised that during her reign nobody should be put to

death; and she has kept her word. She is the first sovereign that ever showed this regard to the human species. Malefactors are now condemned to serve in the mines and other public works; a regulation not less prudent than humane, since it renders their punishment of some advantage to the state. In other countries they only know how to put a malefactor to death with the apparatus of an executioner; but are not able to prevent the perpetration of crimes. The terror of death does not, perhaps, make such impression on evil doers, who are generally given to idleness, as the fear of hard labour every day."

CORNELIA.

Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus, and mother of the Gracchi, was not more distinguished by the nobility of her rank than by the lustre of those virtues which adorned her character; a most pleasing and amiable trait of which shines in that little incident recorded to her immortal honour. A lady of Ionia coming one day to visit her, impatiently expected to be shown the splendour and magnificence of her jewels, which she supposed, from her rank and fortune, to be very superb. The illustrious Roman prolonged the conversation till her children were at hand, and then introducing them to her visitor, "These," says she, "are my jewels!"

ROMAN LADY TO WHOM THE TEMPLE OF PIETY WAS ERECTED.

A woman of distinction in Rome had been condemned to a capital punishment. The praetor accordingly delivered her up to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison, in order to be put to death. The jailor, who had orders to execute her, was moved with compassion, and could not resolve to kill her: he determined, therefore, to let her die of hunger: but he suffered her daughter to see her in prison, taking care, however, to have her diligently examined, lest she might bring her sustenance. As this continued many days, he was surprised that the prisoner lived so long without eating, and, suspecting the daughter, he watched her, and discovered that, like the famous Xantippe, daughter of

Cymon, she nourished her parent with the milk of her own breasts. Amazed at so pious, and at the same time so ingenious a device, he ventured to tell the fact to the triumvir, and the triumvir mentioned it to the praetor, who thought the circumstance worthy of being related in the assembly of the people. The criminal was pardoned; a decree passed that the mother and daughter should be subsisted for the residue of their lives at the expense of the public; and, to crown the whole, that a temple, sacred to Piety, should be erected near to the prison.

OF FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Friendship is a noble and real sentiment; the source of it is pure, and springs from the heart. The ancients, so ingenious in their emblems, gave as a device for friendship these words: *Far and near, summer and winter*; meaning to express, that, being of all seasons, it charms equally the radiant days of youth, and the last moments of life. Without doubt the truest friends of young persons of both sexes, the most necessary, the most tender they can have, are the authors of their days. It is, however, still natural they should desire a friend of their own age, a companion who, though unable to guide them in the career of life, may at least follow them to its conclusion. But how difficult is it to make the choice, and how sad to be deceived in making it! Young and without experience, you wish for a young friend! But how or where can you find him? The friend you seek has not yet acquired a reputation: who can answer for his character? The virtues of his parents? Can you be certain he inherits them? Are you acquainted with the particulars of his education, and whether he may have profited by it? In supposing his education good, and his principles the same, are you certain he may have firmness enough always to preserve them? Do you know his heart, his character, his tastes, and his defects? Without knowing all this, you would choose at hazard an alliance; you would choose a friend, as you would a lottery ticket. And if you should be abused and deceived by agreeable appearances, and place your confidence in a weak and despicable object, what chagrin are you preparing for yourself, and to what dangers are you exposed? But if you should have a brother, ah! could you seek a better friend! an alliance so sweet, so sacred, does it not assure you, that you could

not? This is in truth the friend you desire; nature gives him to you; know then how to appreciate the blessing. Bred up together the same educations, the same principles, the same interest, the same affections, unite you. What other friend can you know so thoroughly? What other friend would partake, like a brother, your happiness, your griefs, your taste, and all your sentiments? He must, with you, respect the objects of your veneration; he must think and act as you do; his exterior even is conformable to yours: if you are in affliction, he is not permitted to give himself up to dissipation; if you are obliged to wear the sorrowful garb of mourning, he must also do the same: your names are alike; your birth and common ancestors establish between you the most perfect equality; he cannot signalize his days without honouring yours; all in his character retraces and describes a second self, every feature, even the sound of his voice! Oh, what friendship can have the same charms, the same perfection, or be so secure, as that of a brother or a sister! Ungrateful towards Providence, shall we then despise the real blessings so lavishly bestowed upon us, to search for those which are chimerical! Whoever loves not those whom he should naturally love, possesses only a false sensibility, and will never be worthy of inspiring a true and solid attachment.

Madame de Genlis.

ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Of how much importance is it, my dear friend, with whom we connect ourselves! In the choice of friends, I always made virtue my guide; for I held it as an established rule of my conduct, that where there is no virtue, there can be no friendship; and that the union which is formed by vice, interest, or passion, soon dissolves, nor does it finish but by our ruin. Friendships, therefore, should never be formed but with the worthy. If drawn into any other by a misrepresentation of character, it should be retracted secretly, to avoid the censure of ill-nature, or ill-manners. And even if such conduct should be resented by the party, it is better to risk their enmity than our own reputation. If bad example does not suddenly corrupt a heart impressed with a love of virtue, it at least insensibly tarnishes its purity.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen:
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first behold, then pity, then embrace.

A brilliant wit, agreeable talents, may gain our admiration, but have no right to our friendship, unless they are accompanied with virtue. It is therefore essentially necessary, that we do not confound the jargon of the world with the language of the heart, or blend the superficial manners of people with their real characters. We must avoid falling into vulgar errors; we should approve or dislike reasonably. If we follow the dictates of reason, we are safe. Let us live in the world, but let us not adopt its follies; and, at the same time, let us, in avoiding them, beware of thinking that we have a right to despise those who have been so weak as to be seduced by them. It is strange that philosophy, so noble in its principles, so mild in its maxims, so indulgent in its dictates, should insensibly be confounded with a sordid and morose misanthropy; that an inexhaustible source of consolation to mankind should be employed only in afflicting, mortifying, and insulting us.

Lady Mary Walker.

NECESSITY OF ATTENDING TO THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE WITH WHOM WE LIVE.

To make you the delight and darling of your family, something more is required than barely to be exempt from ill-temper and troublesome humours. The sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love must adorn your countenance. That ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate your behaviour, and endear your most common actions. Politeness must accompany your greatest familiarities, and restrain you from every thing that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain. Conversation, which is so apt to grow dull and insipid in families, nay, in some degree, to be almost wholly laid aside, must be cultivated with the frankness and openness of friendship, and by the mutual communication of whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of each other. Reading, whether apart or in common, will furnish useful or pleasing subjects; and the

sprightliness of youth will naturally inspire harmless mirth and native humour, if encouraged by a mutual desire of diverting each other, and making the hours pass agreeably in your own house: every amusement that offers, will be heightened by the participation of these dear companions, and by talking over every incident together, and every object of pleasure. If you have any acquired talent of entertainment, such as music, painting, or the like, your own family are those before whom you should wish most to excel, and for whom you should be always ready to exert yourself: not suffering the accomplishments which you have gained, perhaps by their means, to lie dormant, till the arrival of a stranger gives you spirit in the performance. Where this last is the case, you may be sure vanity is the only motive of the exertion. A stranger will praise you more: but how little sensibility has that heart, which is not more gratified by the silent pleasure painted on the countenance of a partial parent, or of an affectionate brother, than by the empty compliments of a visitor, who is perhaps inwardly more disposed to criticise and ridicule, than to admire you?

Mrs. Chapone.

THE SILENT GIRL BECOMES A TALKATIVE WIFE.

So common is the desire of having a *quiet, humble fool* for a wife, that a gentleman in this country (the Highlands of Scotland), a learned doctor of laws, who had studied books more than the human heart, imagined that he wanted a wife, but then he must have one that would not talk much. Accordingly he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he laid it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that a sensible well-informed woman would *necessarily talk him to death*. Having examined for some time his various female acquaintance, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter, out of five, of a neighbouring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sat in solemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her elder sisters, were talking, be it upon whatever subject.

The good doctor intimated to the mother his wishes. The mother was not sorry at the proposal; for she had a large family, and could not give them much fortune: she therefore accepted it

at once, immediately apprised the girl, and this happy couple were united in the bands of wedlock.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went, with a doleful face of complaint, to the mother, setting forth, that her daughter's tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in twenty-four when she slept; and begged earnestly to know what could be done, for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking, in a word, from doing any single thing which might procure him ease and comfort; and that he verily believed he should shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack. The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied: "My dear doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you. My daughter Nancy is a very weak and ignorant girl, and therefore will naturally talk whenever she has an opportunity; for those who think least generally talk the most. But while she was at home, her elder sister and I, well knowing that if she opened her mouth nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent till she was married, or she would never get a husband. The girl therefore is not to blame; she cannot, owing to her dulness and ignorance, be expected to derive any comfort from silence, because only those who can think, that is, who have cultivated minds, can enjoy silence; and as she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, it is now natural, as she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can. Depend upon it, Sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet, if she can help it; and, as she knows nothing, she must talk nonsense; and this is so obvious to the plainest understanding, that I wonder learned men have not found it out. We women know very well, that, in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have resources in ourselves, and can enjoy silence; but when we know nothing, and have nothing to say, we must be always talking. Had you not chosen for yourself, and pitched upon the weakest and most silly of my daughters, but had told me that you wanted a companion for life and asked me which of the girls was the most likely to render a man happy and respectable, I would have told you at once, that my edelst daughter was the woman, because she has most sense."

From Bristed's Pedestrian Tour.

A N E C D O T E S.

Goldsmith's sovereign remedy.

A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe could administer.

Hogarth.

The celebrated Hogarth was one of the most absent of men. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord mayor. When he went, the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion-house by a different door from that at which he had entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney-coach. Not one could be procured, on which Hogarth braved the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester-fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and hurried, asked him where he had left it.

Technicals.

On a trial at the Admiralty sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant? "Plaintiff or defendant!!" says the sailor, scratching his head; "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man, there!" pointing at the prisoner. "You are a pretty fellow for a

Sweiter Theil.

witness," said the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means." Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time, "Abaft the binnacle, my lord," says the saylor. "Abaft the binnacle!" replied the barrister, "what part of the ship is that?" "Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor; "an't you a pretty fellow for a counsellor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is?"

Garrick.

When Garrick was last at Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and, being in a gay humour, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly ply between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the fellow answered, that he would do so as soon as he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick: he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick whipped out a third time, and, addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out, that, as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room for him.

Thomson and Quin.

Thomson the poet, when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. Upon the publication of his *Seasons* one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune reached the ears of Quin, who had read the *Seasons*, but never seen their author; and he was told that Thomson was in a spunginghouse in Holborn. Thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me, but my name is Quin." Thomson

said, "That, though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit;" and invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin told him "It was now time to enter upon business." Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) "Sir," says Quin, "you mistake me. I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that, as he was a gentleman whom he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to banter with his misfortunes. "No," said Quin, raising his voice, "I say, I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is," (laying a bank-note of that value before him). Thomson, astonished, begged he would explain himself. "Why," says Quin, "I'll tell you; soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the rest of my legatees I set down the author of the Seasons for a hundred pounds; and, this day hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is my business." Of course Thomson left the house in company with his benefactor.

Lord Stair and Louis XV.

Louis XV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and, asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in: the other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "the world is in the right in the character it gives: another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

Sir Jeremy Bowes.

John Basilowitz, the czar of Russia, perceiving Sir Jeremy Bowes, the ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, with his hat on in his

presence, thus rebuked him: "Have you not heard, sir, of the person I have punished for such an insult?" He had in fact punished him very savagely, by causing his hat to be nailed to his head. Sir Jeremy answered, "Yes, sir, but I am the Queen of England's ambassador, who never yet stood bareheaded to any prince whatever; her I represent; and on her justice I depend to do me right, If I am insulted." "A brave fellow this," replied the czar, turning to his nobles, — "a brave fellow this, who dares thus to act and talk for his sovereign's honour: which of you would do so for me?"

Robert Duke of Normandie.

When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendour, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and other virtues. Of these, many remarkable examples were related to the emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to trial. With this view he invited the duke, and all his nobles, to a feast, in the great hall of the imperial palace, but took care to have all the tables and seats filled with guests before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded to take no notice. When the duke, followed by his nobles in their richest dresses, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests, and that none of them returned his civilities, or offered them any accommodation, he walked, without the least appearance of surprise or discomposure, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined off such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast was ended, the duke and his nobles arose, took leave of the company in the most graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of value, behind them on the floor. The emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surprised at this last part of it, and sent one of his courtiers to entreat the duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," said the duke, "and tell your master, that it is not the custom of the Normans to carry about with them the seats they use at an entertainment."

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house for, if I read farther, I shall be ruined."

A question mal-a-propos.

When Dr. Beadon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from was, "Who art thou?" After reading it, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words; when a gentleman, in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied — "I am, sir, an officer of the sixteenth regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here, and having brought my wife and family with me. I am come to church because I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine, and astonished the congregation, that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

The mighty bowl of Punch.

On the 25th of October 1604 a bowl of Punch was made at Admiral Russel's house, when he was captain-general and commander in chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, covered over-head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, laid with cold collation, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheds of brandy, eight hogsheds of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime-juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and, lastly, a pipe of dry Mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, to keep off the rain; and there

was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowing round the fountain, filled the cups of the company, and more than six thousand men drank thereof.

Dr. W. Baylis.

It is related of him, that when he was first introduced as physician to the late king of Prussia, to whom much had been said of his medical skill, the king observed to him, "that to have acquired so much experience, he must necessarily have killed a great many people." - To which the doctor replied, "*Pas tant que votre majesté.*" ("Not so many, as your majesty.")

Opie.

"I first discovered Opie," said Dr. Wolcot, "in a little hovel, in the parish of St. Agnes, in Cornwall. He was the son of a poor sawyer. I was first led to notice him by accidentally seeing some little rude drawings which he had made, and finding that he had a genius that way, I used to give him little paints, brushes, money, and at length, finding that he was a youth of promise, I boarded and lodged him in my house gratuitously, during which time I instructed him in drawing (for I used to draw tolerably myself, before my sight became so bad). Opie soon excelled his master, and began to paint portraits in Devonshire, at seven shillings and six pence a head, when he was not a little proud of his success'. He further observed, his powers in landscape painting were so great, that, had he devoted his mind alone to that study, he would have been second only to Wilson. In a short time Opie sprung up into notice, and being invited to dine at the mansion of a rich country 'squire, I thought it right to give him the following advice how to deport himself under this distinguished honour; for Opie was as rough a cub as ever was turned out from the wilderness. I told him, "Be sure now not to blow your beer before you drink; do not pick your teeth with your fork; and take care not to turn round and drink the servant's good health."

His celebrity having attracted the notice of the Royal Family, he was commanded to repair to Buckingham house with some of his pictures; accordingly he went, and the subject of that which pleased the King most was a man struck blind by lightning. This picture the King purchased for ten guineas, heaving pre-

viously told Mr. West that he could only afford to pay a gentleman's price for any of Opie's pictures which he might purchase. Opie flew back on the wings of delight to me, to tell me what a liberal sum the King had promised him for his picture. I soon threw a wet blanket over Opie's ardour, by drily saying thou art a raw fellow, indeed, to let the King make such a bargain with thee; for do you not remember that I have offered to give you as much for it without the frame, which is itself worth two guineas more?" "D—n it, so you did," said Opie. "I will go back to the King, and tell him I cannot let him have the frame at that money; d—n it, so I will." Upon which he took up his hat, and I had the greatest difficulty to prevent his carrying his intention into execution.

Dreaming to advantage.

It is a custom among the Canadian Indians, that when one dreams that another has rendered him any service, the person dreamed of thinks it a duty to fulfil the dream if possible. A chief one morning came to the governor, Sir William Johnstone, and told him that he had last night dreamed that Sir William had made him a present of the suit of regimentals he wore. The governor readily presented them to him; but as the Indian was going out, "Stop," said Sir William, "I had almost forgot, but I dreamed about you last night; I dreamed that you gave me such a tract of land;" describing a large tract. "You shall have it," said he, "but if you please, Sir William, we will *not dream any more.*"

Death of Thomas a Becket.

In 1774, an accommodation was concluded betwixt Henry and Becket, in Normandy, where the king held the bridle of Becket's horse, while he mounted and dismounted twice. Soon after the archbishop embarked for England; and upon his arrival, received an order from the young king to absolve the suspended and excommunicated bishops; but refusing to comply, the archbishop of York, and the bishops of London and Salisbury, carried their complaint to the king in Normandy, who was highly provoked at this fresh instance of obstinacy in Becket, and said on the occasion, "That he was an unhappy prince, who maintained a great number of lazy, insignificant persons about him, none of whom

had gratitude or spirit enough to revenge him on a single insolent prelate, who gave him so much disturbance," or, as some report his words, "Shall this fellow, who came to court on a lame horse, with all his estate in a wallet behind him, trample upon his king, the royal family, and the whole kingdom? Will none of all these lazy cowardly knights whom I maintain, deliver me from this turbulent priest?" This passionate exclamation made too deep an impression on some of those who heard it, particularly on the four following barons, Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Breto, who formed a resolution, either to terrify the archbishop into submission, or put him to death.

Having laid their plan, they left the court at different times, and took different routes to prevent suspicion; but being conducted by the devil, as some monkish historians tell us, they all arrived at the castle of Ranulph de Broc, about six miles from Canterbury, on the same day, Dec. 28, 1170, and almost at the same hour. Here they settled the whole scheme of their proceedings, and next morning early set out for Canterbury, accompanied by a body of resolute men, with arms concealed under their clothes. These men they placed in different parts of the city, to prevent any interruption from the citizens. The four barons above-named then went unarmed, with twelve of their company, to the archiepiscopal palace, about 'eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and were admitted into the apartment where the archbishop sat conversing with some of his clergy. After their admission a long silence ensued, which was at length broken by Reginald Fitz-Urse, who told the archbishop that they were sent by the king to command him to absolve the prelates, and others, whom he had excommunicated; and then to go to Winchester, and make satisfaction to the young king, whom he had endeavoured to dethrone. On this a very long and violent altercation followed, in the course of which they gave several hints, that his life was in danger if he did not comply. But he remained undaunted in his refusal. At their departure they charged his servants not to allow him to flee; on which he cried out with great vehemence, "Flee! I will never flee from any man living; I am not come to flee, but to defy the rage of impious assassins." When they were gone, his friends blamed him for the roughness of his answers, which had inflamed the fury of his enemies, and earnestly pressed him to make his escape; but he only answered, "I have no need of your advice—I know what I ought to do." The barons, with their accomplices, finding their threats were ineffectual, put on their coats of mail,

and taking each a sword in his right hand, and an axe in his left, returned to the palace, but found the gate shut. When they were preparing to break it open, Robert de Broc conducted them up a back stair-case, and let them in at a window. A cry then arose, "they are armed! they are armed!" on which the clergy hurried the archbishop almost by force into the church, hoping that the sacredness of the place would protect him from violence. They would also have shut the door, but he cried out, "Begone, ye cowards! I charge you on your obedience, do not shut the door. What! will you make a castle of a church?" The conspirators having searched the palace came to the church, and one of them crying, "Where is the traitor? where is the archbishop?" Becket advanced boldly and said, "Here I am, an archbishop, but no traitor." "Flee," cried the conspirator, "or you are a dead man." "I will never flee," replied Becket. William de Tracy then took hold of his robe and said, "You are my prisoner; come along with me." But Becket seizing him by the collar, shook him with so much force, that he almost threw him down. De Tracy, enraged at this resistance, aimed a blow with his sword, which almost cut off the arm of one Edward Grim, a priest, and slightly wounded the archbishop on the head. By three other blows given by the other conspirators, his skull was cloven almost in two, and his brains scattered about the pavement of the church.

The assassins, conscious of their crime, and dreading its consequences, durst not return to the king's court at Normandy, but retired to Knaresburgh, in Yorkshire; where every body avoided their company, hardly any person even choosing to eat or drink with them. They at length took a voyage to Rome, and being admitted to penance by Pope Alexander III. they went to Jerusalem; where, according to the pope's order, they spent their lives in penitential austerities, and died in the Black Mountain. They were buried at Jerusalem, without the church door belonging to the Templars, and this inscription was put over them:

Hic jacent miseri, qui martyrizaverunt beatum Archiepiscopum Cantuariensum.

King Henry was much disturbed at the news of Becket's death, and immediately dispatched an embassy to Rome to clear himself from the imputation of being the cause of it. Immediately all divine offices ceased in the church of Canterbury; and this for a year, excepting nine days, at the end of which, by order of the pope, it was re-consecrated. Two years after, Becket was canonized; and the following year, Henry, returning to England, went

to Canterbury, where he did penance as a testimony of his regret for the murder of Becket. When he came within sight of the church, where the Archbishop was buried, he alighted off his horse, and walked barefoot, in the habit of a pilgrim, till he came to Becket's tomb; where, after he had prostrated himself, and prayed for a considerable time, he submitted to be scourged by the monks, and passed all that day and night without any refreshment, and kneeling upon the bare stone. In 1221, Becket's body was taken up, in the presence of king Henry III. and several nobility, and deposited in a rich shrine on the east side of the church. The miracles said to be wrought at his tomb were so numerous, that we are told two large volumes of them were kept in that church. His shrine was visited from all parts, and enriched with the most costly gifts and offerings.

Inflexible Justice.

Whilst More was Lord Chancellor, a person who had a suit in Chancery, sent him two silver flaggons, not doubting of the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, the inflexible Magistrate called one of his servants, and told him to fill the vessels with the best wine in the cellar; and turning round to the person who had presented them, said, "Tell your master that if he approves of my wine, I beg he will not spare it," and thus returned the cup.

Charles II. and Dr. Busby.

King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to doctor Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the King: — "I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

Origin of Duelling.

In the year 1527, upon the breaking up of a treaty between the emperor Charles V. and Francis I. the former told the herald

of Francis to acquaint his prince that from henceforth he would regard him not only as a base violator of public faith, but as an alien to the honour and integrity of a gentleman. Francis immediately determined upon a measure till then unresorted to by hostile sovereigns. He immediately sent back the herald with a cartel of defiance, in which he gave the emperor the lie in form, challenged him to single combat, requiring him to name the time and place of the encounter, and to choose his weapons. Charles accepted the challenge; but, after several messages respecting the arrangement of all the circumstances relative to the combat, accompanied with mutual reproaches, interspersed with much personality, the affair evaporated in scurrilous invective, and the meeting never took place. These personages, although great warriors and politicians, were, after all, it appears, destitute of personal courage; yet the example of this part of their history is said to have introduced a new spirit of honour all over Europe.

Retort of Farquhar.

While Mr. Farquhar was in Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a gentleman to borrow "*Burnet's History of the Reformation*"; but the gentleman sent him word "he never lent any book out of his chamber; but, if he would come there, he should make use of it as long as he pleased." A little while after, the owner of the book sent to borrow Mr. Farquhar's bellows; he returned him the compliment — "I never lend my bellows out of my own chamber; but if he pleases to come there, he may make use of them as long as he will."

The war horse.

The following whimsical circumstance, but which might have been attended with unpleasant consequences, occurred near Brighton. A gentleman on a strong spirited horse, passed a pedestrian on the slope of the Downs, at nearly full speed. The horse had formerly been a charger in the 10th Royal Hussars, and the pedestrian, who had known him when attached to that regiment, instantly recognized him. In a loud and authoritative tone, therefore, as he dashed by him, he vociferated the commanding term "HALT!" It was a mandate the animal had been trained in obedience to, and he had not forgotten it. The check it produced

was as sudden as effectual, and the rider, completely unprepared for such a shock, was thrown over the horse's head, and alighted on his back some yards in advance. Happily, he received no hurt of consequence.

The disconsolate Widow.

Mr. Samuel Fisher, the inventor of the Golden Snuff, was acquainted with a widow lady of excellent character, who resided in Cork. This lady was inconsolable for the death of her husband: the day was spent by her in sighs and incessant lamentations, and her pillow at night was moistened with the tears of her sorrow. Her husband, her dear husband, was the continual theme of her discourse, and she seemed to live for no other object but to recite his praises, and deplore his loss. One morning, her friend Fisher found her in a state of mental agitation, bordering on distraction. Her departed love, she said, had appeared to her in the night, and most peremptorily ordered her to enter the vault where his remains were deposited, and have the coffin opened. Mr. Fisher remonstrated with her on the absurdity of the idea; he said that the intensity of her sorrow had impaired her intellect; that the phantom was the mere creature of her imagination; and begged of her at least to postpone to some future period her intended visit to the corpse of her husband. The lady acquiesced for that time in his request: but the two succeeding mornings, the angry spirit of her spouse, she said, stood at her bed-side, and with loud menaces repeated his command. Fisher, therefore, sent to the sexton, and matters being arranged, the weeping widow and her friend attended the dismal vault; the coffin was opened with much solemnity, and the faithful matron stooped down and kissed the clay-cold lips of her adored husband. Having reluctantly parted from the beloved corpse, she spent the remainder of the day in silent anguish. On the succeeding morning, Fisher, who intended to sail for England on that day, called to bid his afflicted friend adieu. The maid-servant told him that the lady had not yet risen. "Tell her to get up," said Fisher, "I wish to give her a few words of consolation and advice before my departure." "Ah! Sir," said the smiling girl, "it would be a pity to disturb the new-married couple so early in the morning!" "What new-married couple?" "My mistress, Sir, was married last night." — "Married! — Impossible! — What! the lady who so adored her deceased husband, who was visited nightly by his

ghost, and who yesterday so fervently kissed his corpse? Surely you jest?" — "Sir," said the maid, "my late master, poor man, on his death bed, made my mistress promise that she never would marry any man after his decease till he and she should meet again, which the good man, no doubt, thought would never happen till they met in heaven; and you know, my dear Sir, you kindly introduced them to each other, face to face, yesterday. My mistress, Sir, sends you her compliments and thanks, together, with this bridecake, to distribute among your young friends."

Rich and the Hackney-Coachman.

As the late Mr. Rich, whose abilities as a harlequin are universally known, was one evening returning home from the play-house in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare market; just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexterously threw himself out of the coach window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step, then taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight, but at length looking into the coach, and seeing it empty he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to his stand, when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out, and after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money. "No, God bless your honour," said the coachman, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night." "Pshaw," says Rich, "your master is a fool, here is a shilling for yourself." "No, no," said the coachman, who by this time had re-mounted his box, "that won't do, I know you too well for all your shoes, and so, Mr. Devil, for once you are outwitted."

Women's Characters performed on the stage by men.

For some time after the restoration of King Charles the Second, young smooth-faced men performed the women's part.

That humourous monarch, coming before his usual time to Shakespeare's Hamlet, sent the facetious Earl of Rochester to know the reason of their delay; who brought word back, that the queen was not quite shaved. "Ods fish," his usual expression, "I beg her majesty's pardon! we will wait till her barber has done with her."

Sheridan and Cumberland.

When the *School for Scandal* was performing at Drury-lane Theater, with uncommon applause, the first season, C—d sat in the stage-box, and was observed never to smile at any of the good things which the author had put into the mouths of the scenic personages. When the comedy was concluded, he improperly remarked, "I am much surprised that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make me smile." As there are social traitors in all circles, this sarcasm was conveyed to Sheridan, who very coolly observed, — that C—d was truly ungrateful for not smiling at his *comedy*, as he had seen a *tragedy* of C—d's at Covent-garden theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!

Friendly stratagem of Colonel Guise.

General Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer, who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some arch rogues, whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It was all one for that, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards up comes the young officer to colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down the coffee room, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. "Sir, (replied colonel Guise) I have done my duty by you, and no more." "But, colonel,

(added the young officer, faltering) "I am told that, — I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody —" "Oh, Sir, (interrupted the colonel) your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman (pointing to a fierce-looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him he is well informed of his bravery, and that for that reason he must fight him. "Who, I Sir? (said the gentleman) Why, I am the *apothecary*."

Persecution prevented.

At the end of Queen Mary's reign, a commission was granted to one Dr. Cole, a bigotted papist, to go over to Ireland, and commence a fiery persecution against the protestants of that kingdom. On coming to Chester, the doctor was waited upon by the mayor, to whom he showed his commission, with great triumph, saying, "here is what shall lash the heretics of Ireland." Mrs. Edmunds, the landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portamenteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival, he waited upon the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his Lordship; but on opening it, there appeared *a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost*. The doctor was petrified, and assured the company, that he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The Lord Lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission, we will shuffle the cards the meanwhile." — Before the doctor could get his commission renewed the queen died, and thus the persecution was prevented.

Presence of mind in a Servant-maid.

A housemaid in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, who was inclined to take a draught of ale, after the family had retired to bed, glided silently into the cellar without a candle. As she was feeling about for the cask, the situation of which was not unknown to her, she put her hand upon something which she immediately

perceived to be the head of a man. The girl, with an uncommon share of fortitude and good sense, forebore to cry out, but said in a tone of impatience, "deuce take Betty, she is always putting the mops in the way. She then went on to the cask, quietly drew her beer, retired from the cellar, fastened the door, and alarmed the house. The man was taken, tried, and convicted; and declared, before he quitted the court, that the maid was entirely indebted to her presence of mind for her life, for had she cried out he must instantly have murdered her: but as he firmly believed she mistook his head for a mop, particularly as she had drawn the beer after she had felt it, he let her go away without injury, not apprehending that she could have given information of any one being in the cellar.

Garrick's Farewell Address.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It has been customary with persons under my circumstances, to address you in a Farewell Epilogue: I had the intention, and turned my thoughts that way, but found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it — the jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those, from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon that spot, where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed. (*Here for a moment he was unable to proceed until relieved by a flood of tears.*) Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impressions I have of your kindness will always remain here, (*putting his hand to his breast*) fixed and unalterable: — I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their stations than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your most obedient and grateful humble servant.

Politeness.

A proof of Sir Joshua Reynolds's nice discrimination of characters is seen in the distinction he makes between true politeness and the affectation of it, and is clearly given by him in the instance of two noblemen, to whom he paid a morning visit on a

Sunday. The first he paid his respects to received him with extraordinary affected condescension, and seemed very desirous to please, talked to him the whole time on nothing but his art, in order to give him a fair opportunity of appearing to the most advantage, and observed to him, that he had requested the pleasure of this visit on a Sunday that he might not occasion his losing that time which, on other days, could be so much better employed.

After quitting this nobleman, he paid his next visit to another (I think it was Lord Chesterfield), who, unlike the first, received him with the same freedom as if he had been his equal, never once spoke upon the subject of art, nor observed that Sunday was the day of rest for the laborious; but discoursed on the news and the occurrences of the day, and on such other topics as a gentleman of education is supposed to be acquainted with, and no word escaped him that denoted his recollection of any difference in their stations.

Aerial voyage across the British Channel.

The most remarkable aerial voyage that was ever made with an aerostatic machine, was the crossing of the English channel in an inflammable air balloon of twenty-seven feet diameter. One of the adventurers in this dangerous voyage was M. Blanchard, an intrepid Frenchman, who had already made five aerial voyages with the same balloon, both in France and in England.

On Friday the 7th of January, 1785, being a fine clear morning, after a sharp frosty night, and the wind being about NNW. though hardly perceptible, M. Blanchard, accompanied by Dr. Jefferies, an American gentleman, departed from Dover castle, directing their course for the French coast. Previous to departure, the balloon, with the boat containing the two travellers, several necessaries, and some bags of sand for ballast, were placed within two feet of the brink of the perpendicular cliff before the castle. At one o'clock the intrepid Blanchard desired the boat, &c. to be pushed off: but the weight being too great for the power of the balloon, they were obliged to throw out a considerable quantity of ballast; in consequence of which they at last rose gently and majestically, though making very little way, with only three bags of ballast, of ten pounds weight each. At a quarter after one o'clock, the barometer, which on the cliff stood at 29.7, was fallen to 27.3; and the weather proved fine and warm. Dr. Jefferies

describes with rapture of the prospect which at this time was before their eyes.

The country to the back of Dover, interspersed with towns and villages, of which they could count thirty-seven, made a beautiful appearance. On the other side, the breakers on the Goodwin Sands appeared formidable. Upon the whole, they enjoyed a view, perhaps, more extended and diversified than was ever beheld by mortal eye. The balloon was much distended, and at fifty minutes past one o'clock was descending, in consequence of which they were obliged to throw out one bag and a half of sand. They were at this time about one third of the way from Dover, and had lost distinct sight of the castle. Not long after, finding that the balloon was descending very fast, all the remaining ballast was thrown over, also a parcel of books, in consequence of which the balloon rose again. They were now at about half-way. At a quarter past two o'clock the rising of the mercury, in the barometer, shewed that they were descending, in consequence of which the remaining books were thrown into the sea. At twenty-five minutes after two, they were at about three-fourths of the way, and an enchanting view of the French coast appeared before their eyes; but the lower part of the balloon was collapsed, owing to the loss or condensation of the gas, and the machine was descending, which obliged them to throw over their provisions, the oars or wings of the boat, and other articles. "We threw away," said Dr. Jefferies, "our only bottle, which in its descent cast out a steam like smoke, with a rushing noise, and when it struck the water, we heard and felt the shock very perceptibly on our ear and balloon." But the balloon still approaching the sea, they began to strip and cast away their clothes. They even intended to fasten themselves to the cords and cut the boat away, as their last resource; but at this critical point, they had the satisfaction to observe that they were rising; their distance from the French shore, which they were approaching very fast was about four miles. Fear was now vanishing apace; the French land shewed itself every instant more beautiful, more distinct, and more extended; Calais, and above twenty other towns and villages, were clearly distinguished. Exactly at three o'clock they passed over the high grounds, and it is remarkable that the balloon at this time rose very fast, and made a magnificent arch; probably owing to the heat of the land, which rarefied in some measure the hydrogen gas. At last they descended as low as the tops of the trees, in the forest of Guinnes, and opening the valve

for the escape of the gas, they soon after descended safe to the ground, after having accomplished an enterprise which will probably be recorded to the remotest posterity.

Dr. Johnson's Appearance.

At the time when Sir Joshua resided in New port Street, he one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Miss Cotterells, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit; and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man servant. Johnson was the last of the three that came in; when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying, "you fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house." This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out like a bull, for he could not immediately articulate.

Affecting Occurrence.

During the disastrous retreat of General Moore's army from Spain, an officer of one of the British regiments overcome with fatigue and hunger, and no longer able to keep up with his companions, had dropped behind. He espied a tuft of trees in a field adjoining the road towards which he crawled, with a view of there resting his weary limbs secure from the sabres of the pursuing enemy. On his coming near to the trees he perceived a woman, seemingly a soldier's wife, stretched upon the ground, and a little infant lying near her. He approached to administer such assistance as was in his power. It was too late, the hand of death was upon her, and she was scarcely able to utter these words — "God bless you, it is all over," when she expired. The officer sat down beside her (he felt her hand, it was clay cold) he had nothing to succour her with, a brook was near, he filled his hat with water, and besprinkled her face and hands; all was in vain, and

he was convinced she was utterly gone. Having rested himself so as to be able again to go on, he tied the little infant in the poor woman's handkerchief, and having fastened it to his back, he pursued his march in this condition, procuring what sustenance he could for himself and the little orphan. He at last, after a long and wretched journey, reached the Port of Vigo, which at that time happened to be unoccupied by the French, he then got on board a transport and at last reached England with his little charge. His regiment (or rather the remnant of it) had arrived before him, and he joined it, still accompanied by the infant. He has it (it is a boy) always with him, and has one of the women of the regiment to nurse it, and he declares that this little orphan, whom heaven threw upon his protection, shall, let his future fortune through life be good or bad, share it with him.

No Admission.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson, whose company might generally be dispensed with, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, where he was considered as a disagreeable visitor, and not chusing to take the hint of "my master and mistress are out," &c. would often get admission by the following pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see made his appearance. "O! not at home! — well, I'll just step in and chat with the children," or — "I'll have a talk with the parrot;" or — "I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the staircase." One morning, however, the servant was prepared, and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door at the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed said, in a louder tone than ordinary, "Oh, sir! my master and mistress are both out — the children are all asleep — the parrot is dead — and the clock stands."

Astronomical prediction.

In 1715, when the scheme of the great solar eclipse, which foretold the precise time of its beginning and ending, was cried about the streets of London, there happened to be a Turkish envoy here, who at first thought the people distracted, for pretending to know so very exactly when the Almighty would totally overshadow the sun, a circumstance of which the Musselmans

were ignorant. He concluded that God would never reveal so great a secret to infidels, and keep it concealed from the true believers. However, when the eclipse came actually to pass as had been predicted, lord Forfar asked his excellency what he now thought of the English mathematicians? His answer was, "They must certainly have obtained their intelligence from the Devil; for he was sure that God would never correspond with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers."

Dean Swift.

Swift had some whimsical contrivances to punish his servants for disobedience of orders. The hiring of his maid servants he left to his housekeeper, and that ceremony over, acquainted them, that he had but two commands to give them — one to shut the door whenever they came into a room; the other to shut the door after them, whenever they went out of a room. — One of these maid-servants came to him one day, and requested permission to go to her sister's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place, distant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said he would lend her one of his own horses, with a servant to ride before her, and gave his directions accordingly. The maid, in her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door when she left the room; in about a quarter of an hour after she was gone, the Dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make all the speed he could to overtake them, and oblige them to return back immediately. They had not got more than half way, when he came up with them, and told them the Dean's positive commands, with which, however reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply: she came into his presence, with the most mortified countenance, and begged to know his honour's commands, — "Only to shut the door after you," was the reply. But not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to resume her journey.

Diseased imagination.

Heywood, in his *Celestial Hierarchy, or History of Angels*, has the following story.

A young hypochondriac had a strong imagination that he was dead; and did not only abstain from meat and drink, but impor-

tuned his parents that he might be carried to his grave, and buried before his flesh was quite putrified. By the advice of the physicians he was wrapped in a winding sheet, laid upon a bier, and so carried on men's shoulders towards the church; but on the way two or three pleasant fellows who were hired for the purpose, met the procession and demanded aloud whose body it was they were carrying to be buried. Upon hearing the name of the young man, "surely," said one of them, "the world is well rid of him, for he was a fellow of a very bad and vicious life, and his friends have cause to rejoice that he hath rather ended his days thus, than at the gallows." The young man hearing this, and not able to bear such calumny, roused himself up from the bier, and told them they were wicked men to do him so much wrong, and that if he were alive he would teach them to speak better of the dead. But they, paying no regard to this remonstrance, proceeded to defame his character, and to give him more contemptuous language; at which he leaped from the bier, and fell on them with so much fury, that he did not cease till he was quite spent; and by this violent agitation his disorder turned, and he awoke as it were out of a trance, recovering in a few days his health and understanding.

John Abell.

This celebrated English singer distinguished himself by singing in public in Hollaud, at Hamburgh, and other places; where acquiring considerable wealth, he set up a splendid equipage, and effected the man of quality, though at intervals he was so reduced, as to be obliged to travel through whole provinces with his lute slung at his back. In rambling he got as far as Poland, and at Warsaw met with a very extraordinary adventure. He was sent for to court; but, evading to go by some slight excuse, was commanded to attend. At the palace he was seated in a chair, in the middle of a spacious hall, and suddenly drawn up to a great height, and the king, with his attendants, appeared in a gallery opposite to him. At the same instant a number of wild bears were turned in, when the king bid him choose, whether he would sing, or be let down among the bears? Abell chose to sing, and declared afterwards, that he never sung so well in his life.

Dr. Arne.

The Doctor went to Cannons, the seat of the late Duke of Chandos, to assist at the performance of an oratorio in the chapel of Whitchurch, but such was the throng of company, that no provisions were to be procured at the Duke's house. On going to the Chandos Arms, in the town of Edgeware, he made his way into the kitchen, where he found only a leg of mutton on the spit. This, the waiter informed him was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The doctor (rubbing his elbow — his usual manner) exclaimed, "I'll have that mutton give me a fiddle-string." He took the fiddle-string, cut it in pieces, and privately sprinkling it over the mutton, walked out of the kitchen. Then waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim — "Waiter! this meat is full of maggots, take it away." This was what the Doctor expected, — "Here, give it me." — "O, Sir," says the waiter, "you can't eat it — 'tis full of maggots." — "O, never mind," cries the Doctor, "fiddlers have strong stomachs." So bearing it away, and scraping off the fiddle-strings, he got a hearty dinner.

Industry Rewarded.

A proud Welsh 'squire took it into his head to be very angry with a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, and actually applied to Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on a trade. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the 'squire he might depend upon it that the strictest justice should be done in the case; accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him, "How he dared to disgrace his diocese, by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The other, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children!" "That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate; "I'll inflict such a punishment on you, as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate, to a living of at least 150 £ per annum.

Oliver Cromwell and his Chaplain.

Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and a top wit of his court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young lady did not discourage him; and this piece of innocent gallantry in so religious a court could not be carried on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concerned at it, obliging the person who told him to be on the watch, and told him if he could give any substantial proof he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed the matter so close, that he hunted Jerry White (as he was generally termed), to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this news. Oliver in a rage hastened thither himself, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "may it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussey? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour I shall not be against him." "Say you so, my lass?" cried Cromwell: "call Godwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White had gone too far to go back; the parson came, Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion; and that, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except in one thing, which was, that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together nearly fifty years afterwards.

The Judge and the Culprit.

Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took to an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the

highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of such and such of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my lord! they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

Admiral Hardy.

In the reign of queen Anne, captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed off Lagos bay, happened to receive certain intelligence of the Spanish galleons under the protection of seventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo: upon which, without any warrant for so doing, he set sail and made such expedition, that he came up with, and gave the intelligence to Sir George Rooke, who was then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. In consequence of this information, the admiral made the best of his way to Vigo, where he took or destroyed all the galleons and the ships of war. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice he had received; but after the fight was over, and the victory obtained, he ordered captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance said, "You have done, Sir, a very important piece of service; you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are liable to be shot for quitting your station?" — "He is unworthy to bear a commission under her Majesty (replied captain Hardy), who holds his life as any thing when the glory and interest of his country require him to hazard it." On this intrepid answer, the admiral dispatched him home with the news of the victory, and a recommendation to the queen, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

Ferocity of a Shark.

About the latter end of the reign of queen Anne, captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant ship, arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having discharged the last part of the cargo, which was coals, the sailors went into the sea to wash themselves; but they had not been long there before a person on board saw a large shark making towards them, of which he gave them notice; and they all swam back and reached their boat ex-

cept one. Him the monster overtook; and griping him in the middle, cut him asunder, and soon swallowed the lower part of the body: the remaining part was taken up and carried on board where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices as implied, union and sympathy of souls: when he saw the severed trunk of his friend, he was seized with an indescribable emotion of horror. The insatiable shark still appeared in sight, ranging about in quest of the remainder of its prey; this animated the sailor with a spirit of revenge, and vowing that he would make the monster disgorge, he jumped overboard, armed with a large pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, than it made furiously towards him; but the moment its rapacious jaws were opened, the sailor dived, and grasping the fins, plunged his knife repeatedly into the belly. The enraged fish, after many unavailing efforts, finding an over-match, endeavoured to get away; sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing itself above the foaming waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw this unequal fight; but were uncertain from which of the combatants the streams of blood issued, till at length the shark made towards the shore, followed by the victor, who pushed his foe on with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide dragged it on the beach; he then ripped up the belly, and taking out the remaining part of his unfortunate friend, united it to the other, the whole of which was committed to the earth with christian burial.

Earl of Rochester,

The Earl of Rochester frequently played off his jokes upon Charles the Second.

One day the King said to him: "If I die before you, Rochester, it will be expected that you write my epitaph. Now, I should like to know what you will say of me. Rochester, with more readiness of wit than prudence, immediately wrote the following:

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one,

The satire was too just and biting to be endured, and Rochester was for some time in disgrace.

Rochester had a great dislike to the Earl of Lauderdale, who for a considerable time possessed much influence over the king, and a principal share in the management of affairs.

Lauderdale came one day to court in Rochester's week of waiting, and desired admittance to his majesty, but was refused, being told by Rochester that he was very ill. Lauderdale came constantly every day during Rochester's week, and as regularly received the same answer; at which, being surprised, he asked Rochester what was the nature of his majesty's illness — who told him the king had got a sore nose. Lauderdale came to court, when another lord was in waiting, and was immediately introduced to the presence-chamber. The king expressed his amazement at not seeing him for so many days, and on being informed of the impediment, the king called for Rochester, and demanded his reasons for saying he had got a sore nose. Rochester replied: "May it please your majesty, had I been led so long by the nose as you have been by Lauderdale, I am sure mine would have been very sore; so I conceived it at least my duty to deny all access to the immediate cause of your majesty's disorder."

Honour.

Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, relates the following circumstance, which shows that a sense of honour may prevail in those who have little regard to moral obligation: — After the battle of Culloden, in the year 1745, a reward of thirty thousand pounds was offered to any one who should discover or deliver up the young Pretender. He had taken refuge with the Kennedies, two common thieves, who protected him with the greatest fidelity; robbed for his support, and often went in disguise to Inverness to purchase provisions for him. A considerable time afterwards one of these men, who had resisted the temptation of thirty thousand pounds from a regard to his honour, was hanged for stealing a cow the value of thirty shillings.

Shenstone.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat in company with his Delia (her real name was Wilmot), when a man rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised and Delia fainted. "Money (said the robber) is not worth struggling for; you cannot

be poorer than I am." — "Unhappy man!" exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his purse to him, "take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so, threw the pistol in the water, and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his foot-boy to follow the robber, and observe where he went. In two hours the boy returned, and informed his master that he followed him to Hales-owen, where he lived; that he went to the door of his house, and peeping through the key-hole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground, and say to his wife, "Take the dear-bought price of my honesty;" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in enquiring the man's character, and found that he was a labourer oppressed by want and a numerous family; but had the reputation of being honest and industrious. Shenstone went to his house; the poor man fell at his feet, and implored mercy. The poet took him home with him, and provided him with employment.

David Hume.

David Hume was a member of the University of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, when he was presented with an office worth about forty pounds a year. On the day when he got possession of the patent, or grant, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on misery, bewailing his loss of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with great exultation; and his name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead on his own.

Seeing a Coronation.

A sad mistake was once made at court by the beautiful and celebrated duchess of Hamilton. Shortly before the death of George II., and whilst he was greatly indisposed, Miss Gunning, upon becoming duchess of Hamilton, was presented to his Majesty.

The king, who was particularly pleased with the natural elegance and artlessness of her manner, indulged in a long conversation with her Grace. In the course of this *tête-a-tête*, his Majesty asked her if she had seen this, and if she had seen that; and how she liked this, and how she liked the other. "Oh! (said the duchess, with great animation) I have seen every thing! There is only one thing in this world I wish to see, and I do long so much to see that!" The curiosity of the monarch was so greatly excited to know what was this wonderful thing she was so anxious to see, that he eagerly asked her what it was? "A Coronation," replied the thoughtless Duchess — nor was she at all conscious of the mistake she had made, till the king took her hand with a sigh, and with a melancholy expression replied, "I apprehend you have not long to wait; you will soon have your wish." Her Grace was overwhelmed with confusion.

Edward Lord Digby.

The following interesting anecdote of this young nobleman is related by a gentleman who enjoyed his friendship, and like all who knew him, revered and loved him. "Lord Digby came often to Parliament Street, and I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his dress and demeanour, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter he was more than usually grave, then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they enquired of the turnkey if such a gentleman (describing Lord D.) had not entered the prison? "Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath, "but he is not a man, he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them suffi-

cient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. "This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to day." — "Do you know who the gentleman is?" enquired the major. "We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

One of the gentlemen could not resist the desire of making some further enquiries relative to the occurrence from which he reaped so much satisfaction. The next time, accordingly, his lordship had his alms-giving coat on, he asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress? With a smile of great sweetness, his lordship told him that his curiosity should soon be gratified, for as they were congenial souls, he would take him with him when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted. One morning shortly after, his lordship accordingly requested the gentleman to accompany him on a visit to that receptacle of misery which his lordship had so often explored, to the consolation of its inhabitants. His lordship would not suffer his companion to enter the gate, lest the hideousness of the place should prove disagreeable to him; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the happy individuals he was about to liberate. Here the gentleman had the pleasure of seeing nearly thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at an inclement season of the year, being in the midst of winter, and not only released from their confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his lordship's bounty for their immediate support.

Lord D. went, some few months after these beneficent acts, to visit his estates in Ireland, where he caught a putrid fever, of which he died in the dawn of life, November 30, 1757.

Oratory.

At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behindhand in his payments to the workmen; and coming one day among them to see what progress they made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted; and, scratching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "Oh (cries the knight)

no matter for that; speak any thing that comes uppermost." — "Why then, Sir Richard (says the fellow), here have we been working for your honour these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?" — "Very well, very well (said Sir Richard), pray come down; I have heard quite enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

The Millennium.

The celebrated mathematician, William Whiston, though adverse to the orthodox creed, even to violence, was, notwithstanding, the most credulous of mortals. He was continually studying the prophecies, and applying them to the events of his own time. At length having, as he thought, discovered the exact period when the *millennium* was to commence, and of course, all things should be in common among christians, he published his prediction. About this time, Whiston having a small estate to sell, offered it to a gentleman who well knew the obstinacy with which he maintained his visionary notions; when, therefore, the old man asked him the value of thirty years' purchase, the other appeared astonished, and on being asked the reason of his surprise, as he had asked no more than what other people usually gave — "I don't wonder at other people (said the gentleman), because they know no better; but I am surprised, Mr. Whiston, that you should ask thirty years' purchase, when you know that, in less than half the time, all men's property will be in common, and no man's estate worth a groat."

Burke's Dagger.

In a debate on the Alien Bill in 1792, Mr. Burke inveighed with considerable warmth against the principles of the French Revolution, which not only went to overturn all government, but as atheism was the first fruits of French liberty, its natural effects would be to deprive man of all happiness in life, and of all consolation in death. He considered the Alien Bill as calculated to save the country; for although the number of suspicious aliens in the kingdom at this time might be small, yet it should be remembered, that the horrible massacres of Paris, in the preceding autumn had been perpetrated by a body of men not exceeding two

hundred. He averred that, at that very moment, three thousand daggers, of a peculiar construction, were manufacturing at Birmingham, under the orders of a certain individual. How many of these were intended for exportation, and how many were designed for home consumption, had not yet been ascertained. He then produced one of these daggers, and threw it on the floor, exclaiming, "These are the presents which France designs for you! By these she would propagate her freedom and fraternity! But may heaven avert her principles from our minds, and her daggers from our hearts!"

Remember Caesar.

When the earl of Portland was lord treasurer of England in 1684, he had, like other great statesmen, a crowd of suitors; among others was Mr. Caesar, master of the rolls, who had been soliciting the place of one of the six clerks in Chancery for his son, Mr. Robert Caesar, but was disappointed in his expectations; the lord treasurer promised to urge his majesty in favour of Mr. Caesar the next vacancy that happened; but the treasurer was as negligent as formerly, when lord Tullibarne eagerly solicited for Mr. Caesar, and was promised. Tired with useless application, he desired the treasurer to declare his intentions; and, he answered, that his intentions were for Mr. Caesar; but, that he might not forget it in future, he desired a token of remembrance, which the other readily complied with, and wrote on a paper, "Remember Caesar!" In the hurry of business even this was forgotten. Some time after, while the earl was looking over some loose papers, he observed one with this writing — "Remember Caesar!" The former circumstances had escaped his recollection; therefore, being greatly alarmed, he summoned his friends, to have their opinion upon it, who all agreed that an attempt upon his life was in agitation, and desired him to use every precaution. In consequence of this his house was baricadoed, guards were placed all around, and every thing had the appearance of danger and apprehension, when lord Tullibarne waited upon him again, but could not gain admittance, till he informed one of the treasurer's friends of the circumstance of the note, which brought the whole to the earl's recollection, and he complied with lord Tullibarne's request, Mr. Caesar being appointed one of the six clerks.

Garrick and Rich.

Soon after the appearance of Garrick at the theatre of Drury Lane, to which he, by his astonishing powers, brought all the world, while Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent Garden to empty benches, he and Mr. Garrick happened to meet one morning at the Bedford coffee-house. Having fallen into conversation, Garrick asked the Covent Garden manager, how much his house would hold, when crowded with company. "Why, master (said Rich), I cannot well tell; but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give an account."

Sir William Jones and Thomas Day.

One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth said, "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No (said Mr. Day, with coolness), I will not kill that spider, Jones: I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior Being, who perhaps may have as much power over you, as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, "Kill that lawyer; kill that lawyer!" how should you like that Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

Dr. Goldsmith.

A common female beggar once asked alms of Dr. Goldsmith as he walked with a friend up Fleet-street. He generously gave her a shilling. His companion, who knew something of the woman, censured the bard for excess of humanity, adding, that the shilling was much misapplied, for she would spend it in liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way," replied the doctor, "my end is answered." The doctor's humanity was not always regulated by discretion. Being once much pressed by his tailor for a bill of forty pounds, a day was fixed for payment. Goldsmith procured the money; but Mr. Glover calling on him, and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent doctor gave him the whole of the money. The tailor called, and was told, that if he had come a little sooner, he

would have received the money, but he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding, "I should have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved distress when in my power."

Discovery of a secret.

A learned Bishop being one day in company with the celebrated David Garrick, their conversation turned on the influence of language, of action, of truth, and of representation, on the passions of men. "But how is it," said his lordship, addressing himself to Garrick, "that you, who deal in nothing but fiction, can so affect your audiences, as to throw them into tears; while we, who deliver the most awful and interesting truths, can scarcely produce any effect whatever?" — "My Lord," replied the Actor, "here lies the secret: You deliver your truths as if they were fictions; but we deliver our fictions as if they were truths."

Origin of the term "John Bull."

Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, travelled for improvement, and having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer's, he placed himself under him as a *novice*; but a circumstance very soon convinced the *master*, that he was inferior to the *scholar*. The musician shewed John a song, which he had composed in *forty parts*! — telling him at the same time, that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding *another* part to his composition. *Bull* desired to be left alone, and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours, he added *forty parts* more to the song. Upon which the Frenchman was so surprised, that he swore in great ecstasy, he must be either the *Devil*, or *John Bull*; which has ever since been proverbial in England.

Seeing the King.

In one of George the Third's excursions, during the hay harvest, in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, he passed a field where only one woman was at work. His Majesty asked her were the rest of her companions were? The woman answered, they are

gone to see the king. "And why did not you go with them?" rejoined his Majesty. "I would not give a pin to see him!" replied the woman; "besides, the fools that have gone to town will lose a day's work by it, and that is more than I can afford to do. I have five children to work for, &c." "Well then," said his Majesty, putting some money into her hands, "you may tell your companions who are gone to see the king, that the king came to see you."

As his Majesty rode through Tewkesbury, on his way to Cheltenham, the people stood upon the walls of the bridge to see him pass; on which the good monarch, observing the danger of the situation, humanely addressed them in these words: — "My good people, I am afraid that some of you may fall. Don't run such hazards for the sake of seeing your king. I will ride as slowly as you please, that you may all see him."

One morning, when his Majesty was taking his usual walk alone at Cheltenham, after drinking the water, he met a farmer in a great burry. "So, friend," said the king, "you seem to be very warm." "Yes, Sir," said the man, "I came a long way, for I want to see the king." "Well, my friend," observed his Majesty, "here is something to refresh you after your journey," giving him a guinea. "But where, worthy Sir," said the man, with much eagerness, "can I see the king?" "Friend," replied the sovereign, "you see him before you."

Yorkshire wit.

A Yorkshire boy went into a public house, where a gentleman was eating eggs. The boy looked extremely hard at him for some time, and then said, "Will you be good enough to give me a little salt, Sir?" "Aye, certainly boy, but why do you want salt?" "Perhaps, Sir," says he, "you'll ask me to eat an egg presently, and I should like to be ready." "What country are you from, my lad?" "Yorskhire, Sir." "I thought so — there take an egg." "I thank you Sir," said the boy. "Well," added the gentleman, "they are all great horse stealers in your country, are they not?" "Yes," rejoined the boy, "my father (though an honest man) would mind no more stealing of a horse than I would drinking your glass of ale." "Your health, Sir," said he, and drank it up. "That will do," says the gentleman, "I see you're Yorkshire."

The maid of Orleans.

In the village Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, lived a country girl, about twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc, servant in a small inn. In that station she had been accustomed to tend the horses of travellers, to ride them without a saddle to the watering place, and to perform other offices which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the lot of men-servants. This young woman was of an irreproachable life, modest and gentle, and had not been remarkable for any peculiarity. The progress of the English in the siege of Orleans, the great distress of the garrison and inhabitants, with the extreme importance of the place to King Charles, excited the public attention; and Joan, inflamed by the general sentiment, was seized with a notion that she was appointed by Heaven to extricate her country from its present distresses. Her mind, brooding on this subject, began to feel the instigations of enthusiasm prompting to effect, and impelled by their influence, she waited on Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs, informed him of her inspirations, and conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, but to second her cause and purposes. The governor at first considered her as a simple visionary, but finding her afterwards possessed of a lofty and singularly intelligent spirit, he thought fit to send her to Charles, who was then at Chinon. By a singular coincidence, it happened that the appearance of this gentle, but intrepid heroine, was calculated to produce a deep impression on the mind of the king, to whom a pious nun of Avignon had, in the depth of his misfortunes, declared, that Heaven would arm one of her sex in defence of France — a declaration which had taken a superstitious hold of the minds of some of his courtiers.

When Joan d'Arc was introduced to the court at Chinon, she addressed herself directly to the king, discovering him among all his courtiers, though she had never seen him before, and he had taken pains to have nothing about him by which he could be distinguished in the crowd. Whether there was any patriotic fraud in this business it would be futile to conjecture; but several of the clergy, who were appointed to examine the fair enthusiast, declared that her mission had a divine character. She was then sent to the parliament of Poitiers, who were of the same opinion; and, finally, the king himself bore testimony to her power and knowledge, by publicly stating, that she had told him secrets which no mortal knew but himself.

Every one was now possessed with the greatest reverence for *the maid*, as she was called by way of eminence. All her actions, words, and questions, were carefully observed, construed to her advantage, and it was universally allowed, that she was animated by a noble genius, with great wisdom and magnanimity, and knowledge unusual to her sex, and far above her condition.

Meanwhile the siege of Orleans being vigorously prosecuted, Charles resolved to throw a convoy into the city. Joan desired to be of the party, and to have a man's habit, and that a certain sword should be brought to her from the tomb of a knight buried in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois. Being accoutred to her mind, she headed the guard of the convoy, and, with admirable intrepidity, effected her purpose, and entered the town amidst the acclamations of the people. She then made frequent sallies with the garrison, and in the end forced the English to raise the siege, displaying in all these enterprises a courage and heroism supernatural to her sex.

From his moment the affairs of the English declined in France. Defeat and disaster attended their arms, and nothing could withstand the enthusiasm with which the French were inspired by the example and influence of their female champion. But in the course of the following year she was taken prisoner by an officer in the Duke of Burgundy's army, and delivered to the Duke of Bedford, the English Regent of France. The regent, from the moment that he had her in his power, was determined to expose at once the fallacy of her pretensions, and to punish her as a rebel to what he considered the lawful authority of his king. There was undoubtedly both policy, prudence, and bravery in this determination. All France was possessed with the notion that she was sent from God, and the English untutored soldiers, in fighting against her, imagined that they were contending with the Devil. Wherever she appeared, they deemed the French troops invincible. It was, therefore, of the utmost consequence to the English cause, that the regent should remove the impression which her enthusiasm had produced; and the first thing that weakened the dread of this heroic maiden was, that she had been taken a prisoner. They naturally inferred, that if, indeed, she was the agent of Heaven, it was strange that she should have been allowed to fall into the hands of her enemies. It is, however, probable, when we consider the temper of the age, that the regent himself did actually believe she was possessed of the power of witchcraft and sorcery; certain, however, it is, that in the king's name, by the advice of

the privy-council of France, he ordered Joan to be tried as a witch, and that, pursuant to this order, she was delivered over to the ecclesiastical judges, who, having more concern in matters of this kind than common judges, were supposed the most competent to deal with Belzebub. These impartial judges, as they were deemed, after a long examination, condemned the Maid of Orleans as a heretic, and ordered her to do penance upon bread and water all the days of her life. Some time after, under the pretext that she had relapsed into her former errors, her cruel judges tried her again, and ordered her to be burnt alive. This sentence was executed in the old market-place at Rouen, on the 30th of March 1431.

There is a letter still extant, written, in the name of the King of England, to the Duke of Burgundy, upon this very subject. "It is now well known," as the letter states, "almost everywhere by common fame, that the woman, Joan d'Arc, has, for more than two years, wandered about in men's clothes, a thing abominable to God, and brought aid to our enemy. By this false intimation, and the promise of future victories, she turned the hearts of men and women from the truth to fables and lies. She likewise wore arms appointed for knights and 'squires, and set up a standard. Moreover, she demanded, with great pride and presumption, to bear the arms of France, which she partly obtained, as did her brother. In this state she took the field, led men at arms and archers, in great companies, to commit and exercise inhuman cruelties, by suffering herself to be honoured and revered as a saint, and by working other damnable deeds." The letter then proceeds to state, that Joan was found guilty of superstition, witchcraft blasphemy against God and his saints, schism, and of greatly erring in the faith of Jesus Christ; and that, to cleanse her from all this variety of wickedness, she was long and very charitably admonished to cast away her errors, and humbly to return to the paths of truth and holiness. But that, after she had made a show of recantation, she relapsed into her former errors, and was in consequence given over to the secular power to be burnt, and that seeing her end approaching, she confessed her sins and delusions, and acknowledged, that the spirits that had appeared to her were false and lying spirits; whereupon she was taken to the old market-place of Rouen and there publicly burnt:

To this letter, so illustrative of the opinions of the age, we shall now subjoin one from Joan herself, addressed to the English king and his generals. It is extracted from the work of de Serres a French historian.

"King of England,

"Do justice to the King of Heaven in his holy blood. Restore to the virgin the keys of all the good cities you have forced. She has come from God to demand the blood-royal, and is ready to make peace, if you are willing to do justice and restore what you have taken away. King of England, if you will not do thus, I am chief of the war. In what place soever I find your men in France, I will make them depart, whether they will, or no. If they submit, I will take them to mercy. The virgin comes from the King of Heaven to drive you out of France. If you will not obey, she will make such a havock as has not been known in France these thousand years. And be assured, that the King of Heaven will send to her and her good men at arms greater strength than you can have. Go, in God's name into your own country. Persist not obstinately in your opinion; for you shall not hold France of the King of Heaven, the Son of the Holy Mary. But King Charles, the right heir, shall possess it, to whom God has given it, and he shall enter Paris with a noble train. You, William Poulett, Earl of Suffolk, John, Lord Talbot, Thomas, Lord Senlis, lieutenants of the Duke of Bedford, and you, Duke of Bedford, styling yourself Regent of France, spare innocent blood. Leave Orleans at Liberty. If you do not justice to those you have injured, the French will perform the noblest exploit that was ever done in Christendom. Hear this advice from God and the virgin."

Garrick's Debut and Retreat.

A gentleman asked a friend, who had seen Garrick perform his first and last character, if he thought him as good an actor when he took his leave of the stage at old Drury, as when he first played at Goodman's Fields; he gave for an answer the following

Extempore.

I saw him rising in the *East*,
In all his energetic glows;
I saw him setting in the *West*,
In greater splendour than he rose.

Last days of Napoleon.

The Emperor for some time considered himself attacked by an internal disease, which would speedily prove fatal to him. He mentioned it; but it was supposed to be nothing more than the wandering of an active imagination left unemployed. A few weeks before his death, he laboured with a spade in his garden so long and so severely, as almost to faint from fatigue. Somebody suggested to him the probable injury to his health: — “No (said he), it cannot hurt my health — that is lost beyond all hope. It will but shorten my days.” He gave but little time to the composition of the Memoirs of his Life. Bertrand one day urged him to labour with more assiduity. “It is beneath me (said he), to be the historian of my own life: Alexander had his *Quintus Curtius*, and I shall have mine. At all events, my life is recorded in my achievements.”

A short time before his malady became serious, he abandoned his reserve, and became familiar with every body. He set a high value upon Bertrand, but did not like him. He said to him, one day at table, “Bertrand, it was not your attachment to me, but your love of glory that brought you to St. Helena — you would immortalize your name as my *fidus Achates*” (the faithful companion of the hero of the Aeneid). A little girl only nine years old, the daughter of a serjeant of the garrison, often kept him company. He took great pleasure in speaking to her, and on her coming, always kissed her on the cheek. He constantly provided himself with fruits or sweetmeats for her, and shortly before his death hung round her neck a small gold watch, and a gold chain. “Julie (said he), wear this for my sake.” With a pen-knife he graved on the cover, clumsily enough, it is true, these words — “The Emperor to his little friend Julie.” He sometimes amused himself in giving this child a lesson in drawing from the surrounding mountain scenery, with the most laughably whimsical figures and objects interspersed. His predilection for this child is extraordinary; she had nothing interesting in her person, and was in capacity rather below the average of the little girls of her age. The 2^d of April was the day on which he was observed to be seriously indisposed. He rose early, and walked in the garden. He, after a few minutes, sat upon a bank, apparently faint. Montholon went up to him, and asked him if he was taken ill. “Yes (said he) I feel nausea and sick stomach, the *avant couriers* of death.” Count Montholon smiled. Buonaparte took his arm, and

said, "My friend, we must not laugh at death when he is so near us." The little Julie soon appeared, with a basket, and caught his attention. He brought her into the saloon, where breakfast was prepared, and filled her basket with different sweet things, adding a bottle of liqueur, with these words, "This is for your father to drink my health." One day he sent for a jeweller to alter or repair some trinkets, and asked him if he could make a silver coffin. The jeweller tried to shift the question; Buonaparte repeated it — "I shall die (said he), in a few weeks." — "God forbid that we should lose your Highness," said the other. "God grant that I may die soon, — very soon," returned Buonaparte: "I am well convinced, that life is not a blessing but a curse."

He often stretched himself on a sofa opposite the garden window, and read with a loud voice from Telemachus, or the Henriade. He enquired one day, with great eagerness, whether an English journal could be procured him. With some difficulty a newspaper was provided. He took it, and glanced over it hastily, and suddenly exclaimed — "Ah! Naples! Naples! poor devils — Murat was the bravest king they ever had; but he did not know his subjects. They are all Lazzaroni, from the Duke of —, down to the lowest beggar!" The morning of the day on which he died he said, — "Death has nothing to affright me. For three weeks death has been the companion of my pillow. Now he is about to embrace me, and bear me away for ever."

Death of Henry IV.

Henry was subject to fits, which deprived him, for the time, of his senses. As his constitution decayed, his fears of losing the crown increased even to childish anxiety; insomuch that he refused to go to sleep, unless the royal diadem was laid on his pillow.

As he was one day in a violent paroxym, the Prince of Wales took up the crown, and carried it away; but the king soon after recovering his recollection, and missing it, demanded what had become of the crown, like a child robbed of its bauble. Being informed that the Prince had carried it off, — "What! (exclaimed the doating invalid) would he rob me of my right before my death!" But the prince, who, at that moment, entered the room, assured his father that he had no such motives, and replaced the crown.

Henry was seized with his last fit, while at his devotions before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, and was carried to the Jerusalem Chamber. When he recovered from his insensibility, perceiving himself in a strange place, he desired to know where he was; and being told in the Jerusalem chamber, he said, — “In this I see the accomplishment of a prophecy, which declared that I should die in Jerusalem;” and with these words he expired, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and thirteenth of his reign.

Deception.

The sieur Boaz (he slight of hand man) was accosted in the usual style by a retailer of oranges. “Well, my lad,” says the sieur, “how do you sell?” — “Two-pence a-piece, Sir,” quoth the man. “High-priced, indeed,” rejoined the deceiver; however, we’ll try them. Cutting an orange into four pieces, “Behold,” says the sieur (producing a *new guinea* from the inside of the orange) “how your fruit repays me for your extortion. Come, I can *afford* to purchase *one* more,” and he repeated the same experiment, as with the first. “Well, to be sure,” says he, “they are the first fruit I ever found to produce golden seeds.” The sieur then wished to come to terms for his whole basket; but the astonished Jew, with joyous alacrity, ran out of the house, and, reaching home, began to quarter the contents of the whole basket. But alas! the *seeds* were no more than the produce of nature — the conjuror only possessing the *golden art*.

James the First and the Lawyers.

This monarch, soon after his accession to the English throne, was present in a court of justice, to observe the pleadings in a cause of some consequence. The counsel for the plaintiff having finished, the King was so perfectly satisfied, that he exclaimed, „Tis is a plain case!” and was about to leave the court. Being persuaded, however, to stay and hear the other side of the question, the pleaders for the defendant made the case no less plain on their side. On this the monarch rose, and departed in a great passion, exclaiming, “They are all rogues alike.”

MICELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON, SATIRIC AND MORAL.

"And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest."

Retired from company, wearied with the insipid trifling, the noisy jars and the confused bustle of the inhabitants of this terraqueous and wretched settlement, I address myself to thee, O Moon! and would fain hold converse with some modest and intelligent being of thine unknown regions.

I would ask him if he is afflicted by the cries of age in penury, or of childhood in distress, soliciting the morsel from the hand of insatiate avarice. If, in any corner of his abode, the sons of anguish in tenements of wretchedness, let fall the tear unnoticed and unknown. If he has ever been an unhappy witness to a parent's tears over an abandoned child; to a wretched profligate's cursing the grey hairs of his venerable sire; to a dissipated husband's raising a hideous storm amidst his peaceful family, and by extravagance driving them to despair, to wretchedness, and death. If he knows ought of traffic, its cares, its frauds, its disappointments, or its dangers. If he ever saw a being formed for immortality toiling from morn till eve, and from youth to age, merely to possess a little clay and a multitude of cares.

I would ask him, if, in his orb, thousands are formed into fierce battalions, armed with instruments of death: if they are disciplined in savage manners, nursed in the most brutal vices, and led to the field of slaughter, to let fly the deadly weapon in the heat of murderous anger. I would know, if in his world pretended worshippers of the Deity pursue each other with infernal rancour, lighting up fires around the bodies of the conscientious, and pursuing them with anathemas and the terrors of civil justice, for a difference of sentiment in the mode of exercising their religious services.

I would inquire, if he ever beheld the felon's den, the gloomy gibbet, or the wretched exit of ignorance and vice. Whether he ever saw the murderous savage spring from the thicket, and imbrue his hands in the blood of the lonely, unsuspecting, and unoffending traveller; the child taking away the life of his father, or

the mother butchering her child. If he ever saw the sons of riot in their midnight revels, with disease and death for their companions. If he ever felt the rankling passions of jealousy, ambition, envy, anger, distrust, or terror, disturbing his bosom. If he is haunted with the fear of death. Or, if free from all these evils, peace and plenty, the calm of innocence, the joys of health, the social ties of friendship, and the sacred bliss of fond affection, prevail in his world. Happy! happy! thrice happy inhabitant, where this is the case! when shall I feel your pleasures? When shall I be released from all the ills and crimes which stain our mother earth?

Mentor.

MYSTERIES, MORALITIES, FARCES, AND SOTTIES OF THE DARK AGES.

The origin of the theatrical representations among the ancients has been traced to a Grecian stroller in a cart singing in honour of Bacchus. Our European exhibitions were as rude in their commencement, and were for a long time devoted to pious purposes, under the titles of mysteries, moralities, &c.

It is generally allowed that pilgrims introduced these devout spectacles. Those who returned from the Holy Land, or other consecrated places, composed songs of their travels, and amused their religious fancies by interweaving scenes, of which Christ, the apostles, and other objects of devotion, served as the themes. Menistrier informs us, that these pilgrims travelled in troops, and stood in the public streets, where they recited their poems, until they caused the citizens to erect a stage for their use, each having his staff in his hand, and his chaplet and cloak being covered with shells and images of various colours.

These spectacles served for the amusement and instruction of the people, and so attractive were they, however gross, that they formed a principal feature in the entertainments given to princes when they entered towns.

When the mysteries were performed at a more improved period, the actors were distinguished characters, and frequently consisted of the ecclesiastics of the neighbouring villages, who incorporated themselves under the title of *Confrères de la passion*. Their productions were not divided into acts, but into different days of performance, and they were represented on an open plain.

By a MSS. in the Harleian Library, quoted by Warton, it appears that these mysteries were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays acted at Chester in the Whitsun-week, commencing with the "Creation," and ending with the "General Judgment."

These exhibitions were at the expense of the different trading companies of that city, and the reader will smile at the ludicrous combination of actors. "The Creation" was performed by drapers; the "Deluge" by dyers; "Abraham, Melchisedech, and Lot," were acted by barbers; the "Purification" by blacksmiths; the "Last Supper" by bakers; the "Resurrection:" by skimmers; and the "Ascension" by tailors.

In these pieces, the actors assumed the person of the Almighty, &c. &c. &c.

SEPULCHRAL RITES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

All nations have agreed in paying some attention to the last sad rites of humanity, but, in this as in other instances, their conduct has been marked with great variety. The patriarchs, with their descendants, and numerous other nations of antiquity, buried their dead. The practice of embalming prevailed among the Egyptians. The Greeks and Romans sometimes buried, and sometimes burnt dead bodies; they were extremely tenacious of funeral obsequies, from a mythological opinion, that while the body remained without sepulchral rites, the souls of the departed were denied admission into the Elysian groves.

The terrific honours paid by the Goths and Huns to their deceased monarchs, is certain from the instances recorded in history. Attila, King of the Huns, died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champaign, in a coffin which was enclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron. With the body were interred, harness, embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks, and in fact whatever was most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged; and, that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, they deprived of life all who had assisted at his burial.

The Gauls had done nearly the same for Alaric in the neighbourhood of Calabria. They turned aside the river Dasento; and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, interred the king with a prodigious accumulation of riches; when, after having caused the river to re-assume its usual course, they murdered without exception, all who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

Laying up bodies in caves, appears to have been propagated by the Phoenicians wherever they sent their colonies. The Egyptian mummy pits, and the catacombs of the ancient Syracusans, are also objects of great curiosity and interest, and deserve a minute research.

Tumuli or barrows, composed of heaps of stones or mounds of earth, are held to be the most ancient and universal of sepulchral monuments, and are dispersed over every part of the globe. They are of various dimensions; some of them are very large, and can only have been produced by great labour. They doubtless were intended to perpetuate the memory of favourite chiefs; because, wherever they have been inspected, the remains of human skeletons, and implements of war have been found in them.

Of the contents of several of these barrows which have been opened in England, we have a particular account. In some of them perfect human teeth, burnt human bones, jaw-bones of horses and oxen, and tusks of boars, were promiscuously blended; in others, whole human skeletons were in perfect preservation, but fell to dust on being touched. Besides the remains of the principal ones, which were distinguished by being enveloped in a peculiarly rich black earth, those of other human bodies were scattered in different parts; and on perforating to the centre of the bottom of one of them, large heaps of ashes were found, in all probability the remains of a funeral pile which had been erected on the spot. These, as usual, were accompanied with urns, small round stones of different sizes &c.

These tumuli are ascribed to the ancient Britons, the Aborigines of the island; and prove, that the ancient Britons were in the habit both of burning dead bodies and of burying them entire. The captives, slaves, and animals, destined to appease the *manes* of the deceased chieftain, or to accompany his departed spirit, were killed and burnt on the spot, and a barrow was raised over their ashes, near the summit of which the body of the chieftain was buried entire. The urns probably contained ointments or other

valuable articles belonging to the deceased chief, in conformity with Caesar's account of the British funerals.

In *New South Wales*, if a mother dies leaving a young child, when the corpse is deposited in the grave, the father places the living child in it, and throws a large stone as a signal for the grave to be filled up. They attempt to justify this act, by asserting, that it must have suffered a worse death, had it not been interred with the mother.

Among the *Heruli*, when persons had attained a certain age, they were placed on a pile of wood, put to death, and their bodies consumed; and, when a man died, if his wife did not strangle herself, she became an object of universal contempt.

In some parts on the *Grain Coast*, the principal wife is interred alive, in the same grave with her deceased husband.

In *Thibet*, the bodies of deceased persons are exposed on the summit of some neighbouring mountain, to be devoured by beasts and birds of prey, or wasted by time and the changes of weather.

When a prince or grandee dies in *Japan*, it is common for ten or twenty of the youth of his household, to put themselves to death, at the place where his body is burned.

Of all the public ceremonies in *Tonquin*, the most solemn and expensive are their burials. The great object of ambition with many individuals, during life, is to save what will supply a fund for a magnificent display on that occasion, and it is common to have a sale of the property of the deceased, in order to make up the necessary amount. A superb interment is a point of the greatest consequence to the honour of a family, and is sometimes the topic of conversation and praise, after the lapse of half a century. To afford time for these extraordinary arrangements, it is often necessary to delay the interment; and, among the great, this is sometimes done for the space of twelve months, without being productive of any inconvenience, the coffin being of very thick wood, and hermetically sealed. The Tonquinese are very particular about the place of interment; and it would be both a disgrace and a calamity to a family, if any encroachment on it were made, as the deceased would be supposed to have lost the power of exerting himself for the benefit of his relations.

The funerals of grandees are conducted with incredible pomp and expense. At the interment of an emperor, the army, the elephants, and the galleys, are all employed: money and victuals are scattered with profusion, and enormous sums are buried with

the body. The mourning dress of the Tonquinese is white, and their long hair is cut so as not to overhang the shoulders.

DES MÔRCEAUX.

The wandering *Arabs* live almost without government, without law, without society; and their chiefs authorize theft and robbery. They are possessed of large flocks of sheep, and herds of camels and goats, and those who live in fixed habitations are distinguished for justice, temperance, and humanity.

The ancient *Turks*, are by historians divided into two classes; the one, inhabited cities and had permanent dwellings; and the other lived in tents after the manner of the Arabs. From the latter are descended the Turcomans, the ancestors of the present Ottomans. They believed in one only God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, to whom they sacrificed horses, oxen, and sheep. They held in high respect, water, air, and fire, and chaunted hymns in honour of the earth. Their natural disposition was gross and brutal; and they were always eminent for personal courage. Their priests pretended to foretel future events.

The *Tartars* excel in horsemanship, are dexterous hunters, and skilful archers. Their arms consist of the bow and arrow, the lance, and the sabre, and they always fight on horseback. Children are educated in the same profession as their fathers, for whom they entertain a very reverential awe.

The countenance and manners of the *Turcomans* shew them to be of Tartar origin. They are tall and robust, and have square, flat faces. They commonly wear robes of calico; and in winter, gowns made of sheep skins. In winter, they dwell in towns and villages, about the river Amu, and towards the Caspian sea; and in summer, they encamp where they find the best pasturage and water. They are all Mahometans, but do not pay much attention to the duties enjoined by their religion.

CHARACTER OF ALFRED, KING OF ENGLAND.

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch, or citizen, which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems indeed to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding it's proper bounds.

He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirits with the coolest moderation, the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most shining talents for action.

His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, has bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone by throwing him into a barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity. Alfred died in the year 897, aged 52.

Hume.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth, and yet there is scarce any, whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at

last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person, who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulence and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from less infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones.

Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states, her own greatness meanwhile remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory

visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity: but we were apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weakness by which her sex is distinguished.

But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

Elizabeth died March the 24th, 1608, aged 70, having reigned 44 years 4 months and 8 days.

Hume.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

If we suppose a period before any words were invented or known, it is clear that men could have no other method of communicating to others what they felt, than by the cries of passion, accompanied with such motions and gestures as were further expressive of passion: for these are the only signs with Nature teaches to all men, and which are understood by all. One who saw another going into some place where he himself had been frightened or exposed to danger, and who sought to warn his neighbour of the danger, could contrive no other way of doing so than by uttering those cries, and making those gestures, which are the signs of fear: just as two men at this day would endeavour to make themselves understood by each other, who should be thrown together on a desolate island, ignorant of each others language. Those exclamations, therefore, which by grammarians

are called *interjections*, uttered in a strong and passionate manner, were beyond doubt the first elements or beginnings of speech.

Interjections would be followed by names of objects, or *nouns*; these by names of action, or *verbes*; these by qualities of nouns and action, as *adjectives* and *adverbs*; and these would be successively followed by *prepositions*, *pronouns*, *articles* and *conjunctions*.

When more enlarged communication became necessary, and names began to be assigned to objects, in what manner can we suppose men to have proceeded in this assignation of names, or invention of words? Undoubtedly by imitating as much as they could the nature of the object which they named, by the sound of the name which they gave to it.

Wherever objects were to be named, in which sound, noise, or motion were concerned, the imitation by words was abundantly obvious. Nothing was more natural than to imitate, by the sound of the voice, the quality of the sound or noise which any external object made, and to form its name accordingly. Thus in all languages we find a multitude of words that are evidently constructed upon this principle. A certain bird is termed the *cuckoo*, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to *whistle*, and another to *roar*; when a serpent is said to *hiss*, a fly to *buzz* and *snow*, and hail to *rattle*, the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible.

Blair.

THE ENGLISH, ORIENTAL, LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES.

We Britons have been remarkable borrowers, as our multi-form language may sufficiently show. Our terms in polite literature prove that they came from Greece; our terms in music and painting, that these came from Italy; our phrases in cookery and war, that we learnt these from the French; and our phrases in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. These many and very different sources of our language may be the cause why it is so deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compensate the defect, that what we want in elegance we gain in copiousness, in which last respect few languages will be found superior to our own.

Let us pass from ourselves to the nations of the East. The Eastern world from the earliest days, has been at all times the seat of arbitrary monarchy: on its natives, liberty never shed its genial influence. If at any time civil discord arose among them, the contest was never about the form of their government, it was all from the poor motive of who should be their master; whether a Cyrus or an Artaxerxes, a Mahomet or a Mustapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the consequence? — Their ideas became consonant to their servile ideas. The great distinction for ever in their sight, was that of tyrant and slave; the most unnatural one conceivable, and the most susceptible of pomp and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themselves as the meanest and most abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every sentiment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus, though they sometimes ascended into the great and magnificent, they as frequently degenerated into bombast.

Wars and commotions, some foreign, some domestic, for seven hundred years wholly engrossed the thoughts of the Romans. Hence their languages became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expressive of things political, and well adapted to the purposes both of history and popular eloquence.

The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their liberty, were the most heroic confederacy that ever existed. They were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest of men. In the short space of little more than a century they became such statesmen, warriors, orators, historians, physicians, poets, critics, painters, sculptors, architects, and philosophers, that one can hardly help considering that golden period as a providential event in honour of human nature, to shew to what perfection our species might ascend.

And the language of these Greeks was truly like themselves; it was conformable to their transcendent and universal genius. Where matter so abounded, words followed of course, and those as exquisite in every kind, as were the ideas for which they stood. Hence it followed, that there was not a subject to be found which could not with propriety be expressed in Greek.

Harris.

THE SEASON.

Among the great blessings and wonders of the creation, may be classed the regularities of times and seasons. Immediately after

the flood, the sacred promise was made to man, that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, should continue to the very end of all things. Accordingly, in obedience to that promise, the rotation is constantly presenting us with some useful and agreeable alteration; and all the pleasing novelty of life arises from these natural changes; nor are we less indebted to them for many of its solid comforts. It has been frequently the task of the moralist and poet, to mark, in polished periods, the particular charms and conveniences of every change; and, indeed, such discriminate observations upon natural variety, cannot be undelightful; since the blessing which every month brings along with it, is a fresh instance of the wisdom and bounty of that Providence, which regulates the glories of the year. We glow as we contemplate; we feel a propensity to adore, whilst we enjoy. In the time of seed-sowing, it is the season of *confidence*: the grain which the husbandman trusts to the bosom of the earth shall, haply, yield its seven-fold rewards. Spring presents us with a scene of lively *expectation*. That which was before sown, begins now to discover signs of successful vegetation. The labourer observes the change, and anticipates the harvest; he watches the progress of nature, and smiles at her influence: while the man of contemplation walks forth with the evening, amidst the fragrance of flowers, and promises of plenty; nor returns to his cottage till darkness closes the scene upon his eye. Then cometh the harvest, when the large wish is satisfied, and the granaries of nature are loaded with the means of life, even to a luxury of abundance. The powers of language are unequal to the description of this happy season. It is the carnival of nature: sun and shade, coolness and quietude, cheerfulness and melody, love and gratitude, unite to render every scene of summer delightful. The division of light and darkness is one of the kindest efforts of Omnipotent Wisdom. Day and night yield us contrary blessings; and, at the same time, assist each other, by giving fresh lustre to the delights of both. Amidst the glare of day, and bustle of life, how could we sleep? Amidst the gloom of darkness, how could we labour?

How wise, how benignant, then, is the proper division. The hours of light are adapted to activity; and those of darkness, to rest. Ere the day is passed, exercise and nature prepare us for the pillow; and by the time that the morning returns, we are again able to meet it with a smile. Thus, every season has a charm peculiar to itself; and every moment affords some interesting innovation.

Melmoth.

POETICAL EXTRACTS.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO III.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have?
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearths would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me
Even now what wants thy stream? — that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensibly to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

And he had learn'd to love, — I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood, —
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know:
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

2.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And knowst them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Lord Byron.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey,
Seemed to have known a better day!
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy;
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a wellcome guest.
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
No humbler resting place was nigh:
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well.
When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought, e'en yet, the sooth to speak,

That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear?

The humble boon was soon obtained,
The aged Minstrel audience gained
But when he reached the rooms of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which makes security to please;
And scenes long past of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee,
Was blended into harmony.
And then he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
He had played it to king Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared to try,
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the *Latest Minstrel* sung.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said.

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream, still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettricke break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan."

Sir Walter Scott.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehova, Jove or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd,
To know, but this that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T'enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not on earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh lead me, whereso'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

*Pope. *)*

*) It is well known that Mr. Pope was a Catholic. Many effects, however were made to proselyte him from the Popish faith which all proved ineffectual. His friends conceived hopes from the moderation which he on all occasions expressed that he was really a protestant in his heart and that upon the death of his mother he would not scruple to declare his sentiments, notwithstanding the reproaches he might incur from the Popish party and the public observation it would draw upon him. The bishop of Rochester strongly advised him to read the controverted points between the protestant and the catholic church, to suffer his unprejudiced reason to determine for him, and he made no doubt but a separation from the romish communion would soon ensue. To this Mr. Pope very candidly answered, "Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess as ever I can do in any other. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good?"

to such a one the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so to renounce the other.

"Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, for I loved reading, and my father had no other books. There was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James II. I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, I found myself a Papist or a Protestant by turns according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop they are not so properly converted as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion; and, after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbours.

"As to the temporal side of the question I can have no dispute with you; it is certain all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to: but if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have, if possible, less inclination than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a disgust of all that the world calls ambition. I don't know why it is called so; for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words: In my politics I think no farther than how to preserve my peace of life in any government under which I live; nor in my religion than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered; and where they are, or may be, wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them, which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England."

Henke, Carl Joseph,

Neue Englische Sprachlehre nach Johson's und Murray's Grundsätzen mit
einer vollständigen Chrestomathie aus den Werken der beliebtesten neueren
Autoren zum Übersetzen aus dem Englischen ins Deutsche und einem Anhang
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